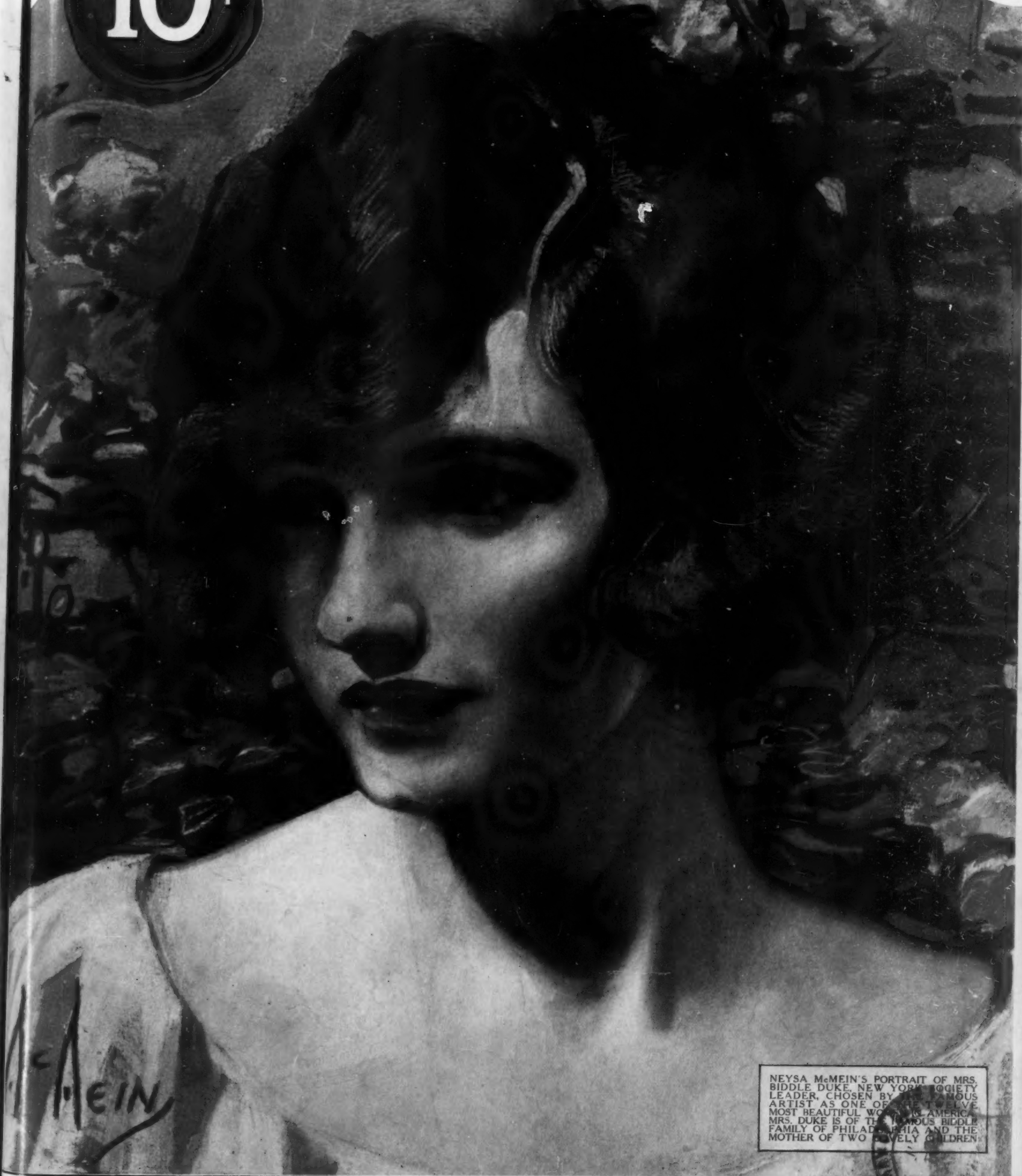


MCCALL'S

AUGUST

10¢



NEYESA McMEIN'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. BIDDLE DUKE, NEW YORK SOCIETY LEADER, CHOSEN BY THE FAMOUS ARTIST AS ONE OF THE TEN MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN AMERICA. MRS. DUKE IS OF THE FAMOUS BIDDLE FAMILY OF PHILADELPHIA AND THE MOTHER OF TWO LOVELY CHILDREN.

MIDSUMMER FICTION NUMBER



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Your best helper for all cleaning is Old Dutch Cleanser because it is so quick and active. It lightens work, and is most economical. Furthermore — it's safe. So you may be sure that everything you clean with it is absolutely clean and therefore hygienic and sanitary.

The secret of Old Dutch efficiency and economy lies in the character of its fine particles. They are flat-shaped, made that way by nature. Free from hard, jagged grit, which scratches the surface, grinds in the dirt, and can not clean efficiently. Old Dutch particles do not scratch; they erase the dirt. Being flat, they offer more cleaning surface, and do a greater amount of cleaning. That is why Old Dutch does more and better work than anything else you can buy.

Use it for all cleaning — floors, walls, sinks, tubs, utensils, etc., in fact, everywhere throughout the house.

There is nothing else
like Old Dutch



SILK

Silk?
What was it?
Did it grow on a tree?
Was it mined from the earth?
Was it the fiber of a plant?

Guess as they would, the Romans and other nations that lived, those centuries back, in the great, far-flung world outside the borders of the highly civilized Empire of China could not penetrate the secret of silk. For China protected that secret that gave her commercial greatness with all her diplomacy and her armies. And because she protected it so carefully, Jan Po was sent as a spy into the territory beyond her borders—to that great land where reigned the lovely and impetuous girl-queen—and one of the most beautiful romances ever told resulted from his expedition.

It is the epic of silk—this great novel of Mr. Merwin's—and it will be hailed as one of the masterpieces of the decade. It is a great novel, presenting in terms of teeming life a panorama of the far away and long ago—a film of the Orient when Greece and Rome were young in comparison with China which was surging with adult power. In the following article Mr. Merwin explains the setting and purpose of his great novel, "Silk," which begins in the September issue of McCall's.

The Splendid People and Jan Po

By Samuel Merwin

Author of "Red and Gold," "The Passionate Pilgrim," etc.

I WISH to enter your mind. It is difficult. On this particular occasion a laundryman stands in the way. I will try indirection. Let us imagine that our civilization grew from its earliest beginnings here within the boundaries of North America; that our culture proceeded from Aztecs; that names such as Leonardo, Velasquez, Shakespeare, Moliere, Dante, Horace, Caesar, Virgil sounded as strange to you as does today the name of Kuo Hsi.

And now let us imagine, it is fantastic enough, but follow me, that you are sitting, you and I, on a bootblack's stand in some conceivable Chicago or New York. One swarthy little man bends over your feet and another over mine. Their hands are grimy with blacking. They jabber unintelligibly as they work. Imagine, please, that not only have you heard only remotely of their native land, which happens to be Greece, but, what is profoundly more important, that your ancestors never heard of it at all.

This, of course, is by no means easy to imagine, because the culture of Greece has, most importantly, a part in your heritage, more importantly perhaps than you are aware. But we are trying to imagine that American life was otherwise rooted. Because I know the truth, I undertake to tell you something of the glory that was Greece. I point out how all that is fine in modern art and thought clings to what was Greece, how it has inspired us and molded us. And as I chatter on, what are you thinking? Oh, you are politely listening. But you don't believe me.

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Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady

By
Gene Stratton-Porter

Famous American author of
"Freckles," "The Girl of
the Limberlost," etc.

I do not know to what extent the environment influences the majority of people, in watching the growth of a family. I can pay no heed to the efforts of their parents to guide them; to guide them on life's journey. Again there are hundreds of women I know who are exact duplicates of their fathers facially and of their mothers mentally, or a combination of the mentality of both parents. Physically, I am a racial paternal duplicate, but I know I drew largely upon the mentality of both my parents. Of one thing I am sure. The environs of my home, the lessons I learned, and the controlling influence of my parents, are the controlling influences in my life today. My mother managed her personal conduct so consistently, kept her house so exquisitely, managed her intercourse with her friends so judiciously, that she earned the deepest love and the highest respect of all her children; while exactly the same can be said with equal emphasis concerning my father, in the performance of his obligations.

Allowing for the difference in time and the change in environment, I find that most of my ideas and opinions of today are ramifications of little thread roots that spread from a deep tap root striking straight and sure into the social earth of the world, to hold me erect and enable me

to weather the storms of life and the rapid and frequent changes of temperature; all of which is by way of introduction to what my father and mother thought about Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady.

These estimable people thought Judy a delusion and a snare. They fell back on the Biblical appellation for her, and in handling her without gloves, they called her the "scarlet woman" and re-enforced her with that terrible scarlet letter. In driving to town we did not pass her house unless

all other roads were impassable. But, on the other hand, I never knew one of these brilliant ladies having a lettered breast to approach either my father or my mother needing compassion, consideration, sympathy, or financial help that they did not receive it. There was always on the threshold of their lips: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

Dictating that sentence, a picture of my father flashed through my mind—an attempt to vision him with a stone in his hand and a woman as his mark. I have seen bread in my father's hands and the implements of the sower; I have seen books in his hands, and the touch of the healer, but never a stone. My vision of my mother is that of a lovely, small, pink and white woman with a rope of brown hair and wide open, questing eyes, while her hands, also, were filled with food—when they were not filled with flowers and babies—and her touch was always the touch of compassion, and her house was full of the material requisites of a neighborhood healer. I could write a volume on the days I have spent in the woods gathering sassafras and sarsaparilla, and carpenter-square, nettle roots—I cannot enumerate even the beginning of the list—for the teas and salves and lotions she compounded and that she used on our neighbors. One of the most exquisite things she did was to make the most haunting and enticing perfume I ever have scented, from the bells of blue Roman hyacinths, distilled in bowls lined with unsalted butter—the fresh, gold clover butter of the country. The few drops of perfume so extracted, carefully bottled, formed an essence, distilling a fragrance that always comes to my nostrils with my memory of her.

It did not cost her any trouble to explain Judy O'Grady. She knew precisely how the Judys of this world happened. She considered her a sick spot, a cancer on the breast of the community and of the nation, but she could look at the festering wound and tell you what caused it. She could not tell you how to cure it, because the laws are laws that were made by men and on this one question they are not fair laws. They are laws which allow a man to sin

and go free; which leave a woman with a little life beating below her heart and a scarlet robe for her body, and an awful letter to burn forever on her breast.

I think it was Mother's rooted opinion that Judy O'Grady was predestined. I think she felt the Judys of the world were very frequently the result of lax morality and vile conceptions on the part of a man, met by much the same attitude on the part of a woman; so that the product brought into the world, little children who were not going to think straight, who were not going to see far into the future, who were not going to give heed to today or care particularly about tomorrow—little creatures of sunshine and the present hour, very like warmth and light-loving animals who are not required to give much heed to the future.

IN watching a great many parents today, I am led to wonder what they think their own rules of life or their own conduct can produce in the way of children. One night last winter, leaving a theater which had had an unusually long program, I went with some young people to a café where food, dancing, and a midnight show were the nightly program; because I make it my business to see what life has to offer all the way from the vilest cell in the Los Angeles jail to the best of culture that the greatest club in the world has to offer, with the midnight cabaret or an Ambassador ball thrown in by way of knowing what actually is taking place between these two extremes. And it was at this midnight cabaret that I saw a scene I never shall forget.

A handsome young chap of perhaps twenty-four or twenty-five, having just a shade of weakness in his chin, a hint of wavering in the light of his eyes. With him was a girl from twenty to twenty-two, a pretty thing of distinctly the flapper type and she, too, was on the borderland between strength and weakness. With the right man and the right impulses she might have made a cultured and a good woman, and, conversely, you could see how she could easily be influenced to become a bad one. In the man's arms, with a

[Turn to page 25]



At half past one, the baby was lying on the bench and its father and mother were still dancing



Gene Stratton-Porter



SANTELMANN

SOUSA

PRYOR

The Victrola and the great bands of the world

Summer-time is band time. Hundreds of bands are delighting millions of people at the parks and seashore playgrounds of the nations. Here, Sousa's Band, Pryor's Band, and Captain Santelmann with the United States Marine Band; in England, the Band of H. M. Coldstream Guards; in France, the Garde Republicaine Band; in Italy, the Banda Municipale of Milan; in Spain, the Banda de Alabarderos; in Brazil, the Banda do Corpo de Bombeiros; in Mexico, the Police Band of Mexico City.

To record and reproduce the soul-stirring music of a military band is a matter of the greatest difficulty, but with Victor Records played on the Victrola you miss none of the thrills you would get in attending the concerts by these famous bands.

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Victrola No. 80
\$100
Mahogany or walnut



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Victrola

Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks
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Maids' aprons and caps must be white and fresh. By washing them with P and G, keep them from becoming gray and old-looking. P and G washes them *clean-white* and quickly removes most stains.



Children's hands and men's dark clothes soil tablecloth edges—this is where wear first shows if cloth has to be *rubbed* clean. P and G removes this "edge-soil" *without rubbing*—saves linen, and keeps it gleaming white.

Why Mrs. Palmer never needs to apologize Her clothes are not just "white enough," but WHITE

MRS. Palmer learned long ago that even a good laundress can't get clothes *really* white unless she is provided with just the right soap for whiteness.

Mrs. Palmer considers the personal selection of the soap as her own privilege and duty—she never permits anyone else to choose for her.

She knows that "white enough" doesn't mean *white*.

"White enough" is a compromise for all the world to see.

You Should Choose the Soap Yourself

If your laundress doesn't get your clothes white, don't blame her until you are sure she is using the right soap.

A large proportion of families throughout America have already proved conclusively that for *real constant whiteness* P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the right soap.

Safe for fabrics and colors

P and G washes white, because it has certain unique properties which endow it with power to wash *clean*, to act upon *dirt* without injury to fabrics or colors, and to rinse out thoroughly, leaving no soapy odor.

Many a woman has transformed a mediocre laundress into a good laundress merely by supplying her with P and G The White Naphtha Soap.

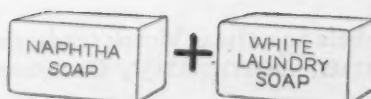
Watch the improvement

Such a transformation cannot take place in a day, however. The grayness has been *boiled* into your clothes week after week. You will find an improvement after the *first* washing with P and G, but look for really *white* results after the third or fourth washing.

So many women have proved the remarkable safe whitening powers of P and G that this soap has become the largest selling laundry and household soap in America.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

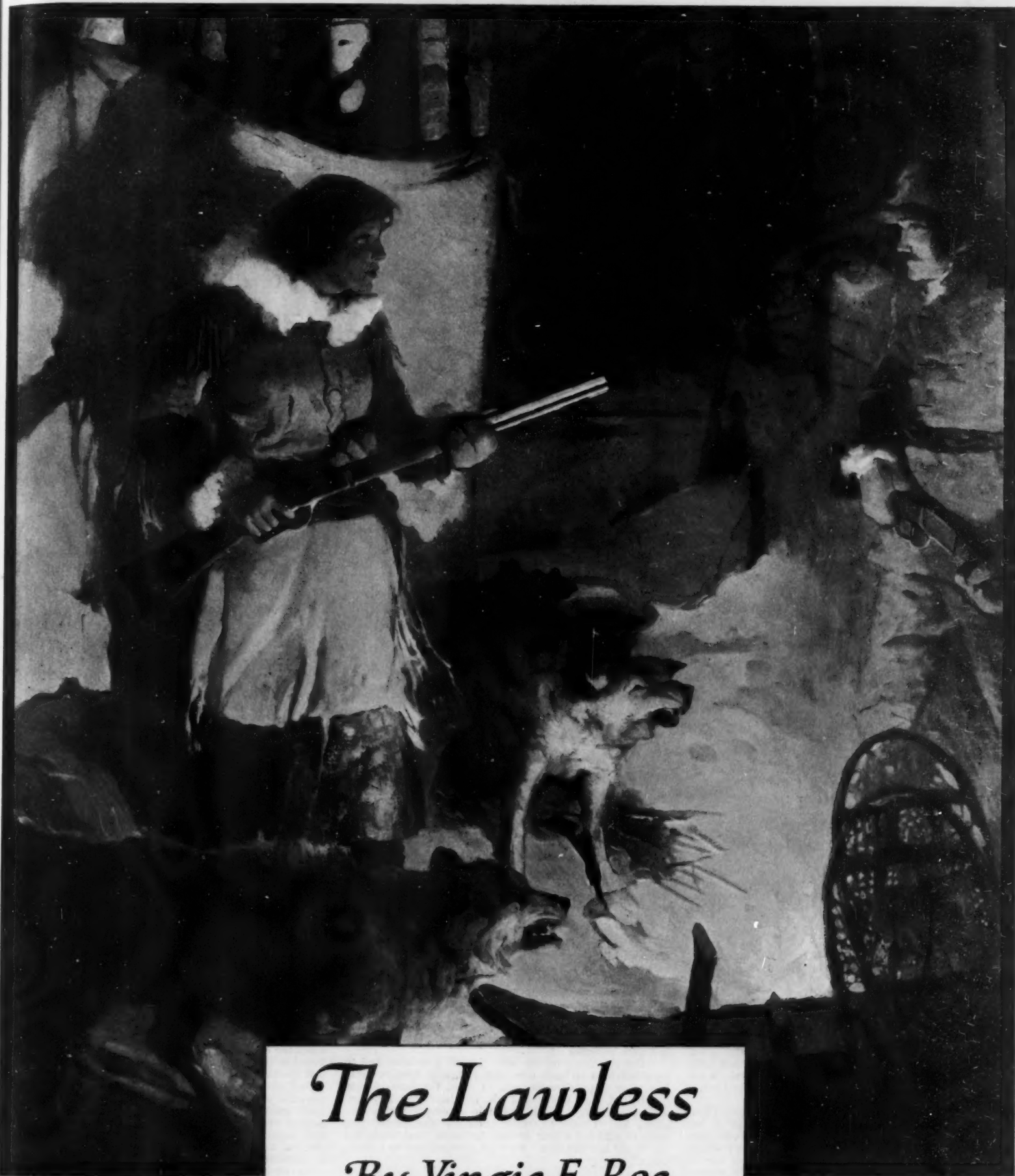
Not merely a naphtha soap,
Not merely a white laundry soap,
But the best features of both, combined



Speed + Safety



A great story—a veritable epic—of a woman who gave up love to save her lover from himself



The Lawless

By Vingie E. Roe

Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover

The girl's heart leaped. "Back—or I fire!" But John Cameron strode straight toward her

FRANCINE GITOU, her name was. She was big as a man and as strong as one—but oh, the woman-soft laughter of her eyes! They were black, with so large an iris that it swam against the edges of both lids at once with indescribable beauty.

Her arms were long and round, tapering from the slow-moving brown fingers to the imperious shoulders—and the rest of her was in keeping. She walked slowly, for the most part, with an undulant swing that made every man-jack who beheld her turn round, but when need was she could leap like a cat, as quick and as far.

She lived in a cabin on Bissarge Flat, and she had a family.

That is, she had received as a parting gift from her twin brother, who had died of smallpox at Fort a la Baine, his spindling wife and three obstreperous offspring. That was

a heavy load to hand a girl, for Lorene, the wife, was the wailing kind, and the three small ones were imps of Satan.

When poor brother Cine had been decently buried by the Factor and the surplus of his credit for his last year's catch delivered to his widow, Francine Gitou put her hands on her hips and surveyed the situation.

"Mother of God!" she said aloud. "Five to feed instead of one! But, *chere Madre*, I am of good health and the strength *magnifique*, for which I thank thee. . . . Maria, stop stealing your sister's bread!"

As Maria did but glance at her sidewise under scowling brows and declined to obey, Francine reached for her and proceeded to administer the first punishment of Maria's short life. Lorene shrieked and bridled like an angry hen, but Francine, with the yelling child on her hip, faced her.

"You are alone in the world, and helpless and Cine has given me all four of you to keep, is it not so?"

"Yes," said the other, "but—"

"There is no *but*! There is my cabin on Bissarge Flat and my good year's credit from the trapping. If I am to give up all my quiet and my comfort—*Voilà!* it is at the price of decency from these wild brats. Do you come? Say quick, for I make ready soon for the return journey."

Lorene had agreed, and that was the end to that. As the weeks of the winter drew on, there was a marvelous change in the three wee ones, and they fervently adored their *Tante Francine*.

There was softness in Francine, as her laughing eyes attested, and many were the romps the four of them had on the cabin floor of nights when she had come in from her trap lines. It was man's work she did, cold, lonely work and it was somewhat grim—but what would you? The twins had been left orphans in their teens, with nothing

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Bloom of the Plum

By SOPHIE KERR

Illustrated by Gerald Leake

Course you're going to see Lucia graduate," said Marian Haines as soon as the first greetings had been exchanged and she had settled herself in the corner of the sofa that took up a third of her hostess' tastefully furnished living-room. "Oh yes," said Caroline Tennant, and at the mention of Lucia, her worn, fine face, too old for its years, brightened back almost to youth. "I wish I could go earlier—I'll be there just for the last two days of it. But the commencement here, in the high school—" she made a quick gesture of finality.

The other woman, white-haired, exquisite, the somber magnificence of her black gown brightened only by the sheen of her splendid pearls, watched her a little wistfully. Caroline Tennant was poor, and had to drudge at teaching, year in and year out, but, for all that, Caroline had something she had not, for all her money. Caroline had Lucia. "You ought to make them let you go," she said with the freedom that comes from long and understanding friendship. "Oh—I know you won't. I've scolded you too often about this sort of thing to be hopeful of having any effect now. Don't laugh at me. I'm not going to say another word. What I came to talk to you about today was really Lucia—what she's going to do after graduation."

"She's crazy to do social-service work," answered Caroline, half-smiling, half-rueful. "Most of the girls in her class are—it's this year's fad, apparently. I haven't discouraged her, but—I'd like to. You know I don't believe in putting these fresh, untouched, ignorant girls of ours in contact with the cynic sophistication and worldly wisdom of the average slum foreigner. However, I haven't said much—" she smiled. "The easiest way to change Lucia's mind is not to try to do it. But I've been frightfully puzzled about it."

"The Inevitable Young Man has not appeared on the scene, then, I take it?" said Marian, quizzically.

"No—not a sign of him. Of course Lucia's had suitors, as she calls them—we used to say beaux—ever since she was sixteen. But she hasn't the least idea of anything serious."

THAT clears the way for what I want to ask," said the other. "You know last year she helped me a little when Miss Bristol was ill? And she was remarkable, really. I never told you half how well she did. Now Miss Bristol is going to get married—it's a secret yet, so don't tell, but I know you won't—and I'd like to offer her place to Lucia. I'd want her to help me with my charities, with the collections, everything. Maybe the charities would have enough of the social service flavor to appeal. And I know she'd like the collections—she loves beauty, and she has taste—"

"She gets that from her father," said Caroline. Her eyes turned involuntarily to the photograph of John Tennant that stood on her desk always, a young, keen, ardent face.

"Not wholly, I think," said Marian, gently. "I'd pay well of course—as much as to Miss Bristol. She gets three hundred a month—and her living. I'd be willing to make it a thousand more to Lucia, because she'd live at home. Well—what do you think, Caroline?"

"My dear, I'm—I'm overwhelmed. But I think you're over-paying her."

"No, I'm not—she'll have to work, you know. Hard work. I've got one or two pet new schemes on foot that will take honest-to-goodness labor to put through. It really isn't easy to be rich, if you've got a conscience. Then you'll talk to Lucia about it, and let me know when you come back."

"It will be the best graduation gift I could take her. Marian, I can't thank you." Tears stood in her eyes. Her lips were quivering.

"The gratitude's on my side. Lucia's a wonder, and to have her here at hand now that Elizabeth Bristol's going is a piece of unbelievable luck. I spent two years finding the Bristol, you know, and oh, the lame and lazy and the incompetents I tried! That two years in the nightmare of my life. I must go. Give Lucia my love, please. I'm going to send her a little present, just some coral beads, but they'll suit her duskiness. She's got looks as well as a brain, Lucia."

SHE rose and pulled a bit of sable around her throat, a slender, commanding figure, and she leaned to kiss Caroline Tennant affectionately. All the Haines money had never altered her feeling for Caroline Tennant, though Caroline's path had lain in a far different direction from ease and wealth. Intimates they had been as girls, and intimates they remained. The one complaint that Marian Haines chiefly cherished against Caroline was that she would accept no benefits from her, yet she was honest-minded enough to admit that if Caroline had been less scrupulous, their friendship would have necessarily altered and lowered. Long ago Marian had stopped offering the things that Caroline would not take.

She was greatly relieved by Caroline's reception of her offer to Lucia, but she was bound to admit that every word she had said about the girl was true—she'd be a far better executive than Miss Bristol, and much more agreeable personally. Through Lucia, Marian Haines planned to reach to Caroline and try once more to mitigate her lot.

But she did not dream, as she settled herself complacently in her big car and sped up to the more open and expensive neighborhood of Haines Place, how greatly she had already mitigated it. Caroline, coming back to her little apartment after her guest had gone, was seeing at last an open door, a release from heavy chains. Even now she could not quite take it in.

She looked about her tiny living-room. It was one of those rooms where poverty and makeshift would be

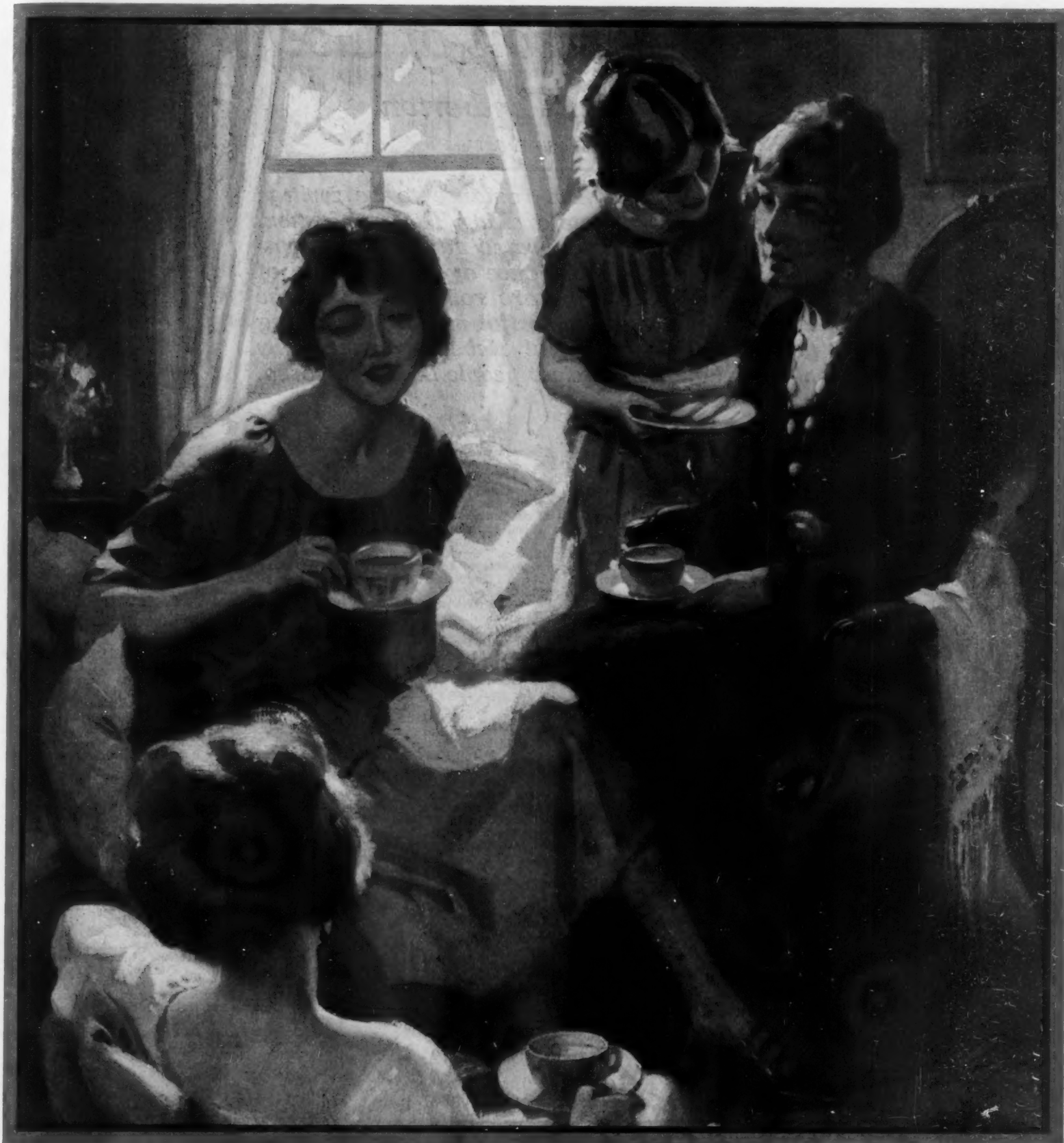
How had she guessed—she who had worn the talisman of love—the talisman which ever after opens the secret hearts of others?

overlooked by the casual eye because of its harmony of color, its essential good taste. But Caroline Tennant saw everything. There was the gate-legged table that she had stained and rubbed with her own hands to its present mellow beauty. How she had worked over that table, and how she had hated the dark stain that had got under her fingernails, and how her arms had ached from the endless rub—rub—rub that she had forced herself to give it. There were the cheap wicker chairs, painted that odd shade of dull green that everyone admired so much, upholstered with a remnant of really good linen, picked up on a bargain table. She had painted those chairs, she had made those cushions. She had painted the bookcases, too, and made the curtains, curtains that by their unusual cut and elaboration, gave an air to the room. Her very lamp had been an ugly, staring china thing, impossible until she gave it a coat of bronze luster and had it fired. It had come out distinctive, lovely; people noticed it and spoke of it. And she had made the lampshade herself, dyeing the silk to just the right shade of tawny gold. Oh, her endless contrivances and labor to have an interior that Lucia would like, that she would not be ashamed of. It had all been for Lucia.

She could not spend more on her living because she must save all she could toward Lucia's education, and to give her clothes like the other girls. It had been her one thought, her goal. Now she had reached it. Lucia, graduating this year, going straight to Marian Haines, could take up the burden.

CAROLINE was sure of Lucia. She had never been a moment's disappointment to her mother, always a joy. Lucia was lovely, tall and dark and blooming; she had taken easy honors all through her college course, she had never exhibited any of those signs of "wildness" and self-will and sulkiness that worried other mothers. "She really is exceptional, even though she is my child," Caroline had told herself so many times, so proudly.

But oh, it had been a long, hard way. Once Caroline had been as gay, as blooming, as lovely as Lucia herself. At twenty she fell in love with John Tennant, and married him, for if he hadn't money, at least he had a brilliant brain and a boundless ambition. He was sure—and so was Caroline—that it was only a question of time when he would be, not only the leading lawyer of the city, but of the state.



They were nice girls, interesting girls and prettily deferential to Caroline, but their interests lay with Lucia's. After a little, Caroline sat silent and let the three chatter

Nor was their vision unjustified—only, while he was still on the lowest rungs of the ladder, a quick violent attack of pneumonia ended that promising career forever. Caroline was left with her memories of a year and a half of perfect happiness, her four-months-old baby and a thousand dollars in life-insurance money. That was all.

SHE had no relatives able to help her, nor had he, even if she would have accepted help. So she hunted work, and presently found herself teaching literature and history in one of the high schools.

There she had remained, too unsure of herself and her abilities to strike out and try for bigger things, and broader fields, but a good teacher, faithful, painstaking, apparently contented in her work.

No one knew how she hated it with a sick, helpless loathing—hated it as only those can hate who are doing work that they must have, to live, when it is not the work that is suited to them. There are so many of these pitiful misfits in every walk in life. They are in a treadmill from which there is no escape.

So with Caroline Tennant, and she had trod her treadmill proudly, outwardly serene, hiding her inward rebellion securely even from suspicion. Lucia was worth it.

Twice she could have married again, married well, men of means and character and position, men who could have given her solid affection, ease, comfort, but she never even considered it. She could not give a stepfather to John Tennant's child. Lucia was John Tennant over again, his color, his swift speech, his laughter, his engaging ways, and in his child Caroline saw her lover and was passionately true to him. The short time they had had together had been so radiantly happy, so perfect, she would have felt faithless to this golden memory if she married again.

Everything about John Tennant she had loved, and she held it all in her heart. Little memories—why, Lucia had been named for the first opera they saw together just after they were engaged! He had loved music. He had loved all beautiful things. Every trinket he had given her she had saved, and not even at her neediest would she have parted with one of them. Not that they were worth much. Her engagement ring was only a little half-hoop of pearls. There was a chain with a pear-shaped dangling amethyst, a brooch of silver with a turquoise, some books and prints. One of these he had specially liked. It was Japanese, a twisted spray of flowering plum, exquisitely natural in its rich, compact bloom, a thin scroll beside it. The Japanese who sold it to John Tennant had translated this scroll's Oriental hieroglyphics into slow painstaking English.

"One—who has seen—the bloom of the plum—can never after—be poor—in heart."

"You see," exclaimed John Tennant tenderly when he brought it to her, "the bloom of the plum is our loving each other. It is so beautiful that we can never be poor while we have it."

HE had spoken confidently, secure that their love would last forever. How often Caroline had thought of it, as she looked at the print, hung always above her desk. Ah, her love had lasted, had made her hard life rich and beautiful. And she was sure that somewhere beyond the veil of silence, John Tennant's heart still beat on with love of her, in answer. No woman could be poor who had had such riches—"bloom of the plum," indeed.

Sometimes she wondered if Lucia might have had more "advantages" if she had married again, if, by her constancy to John Tennant she might not be cheating his child. She could not be sure. There was the chance that another tie

might have loosened unconsciously the bond between herself and her daughter, lessened their devotion. More painful still, a second husband might have been a real stepfather to Lucia. No, she would rather go on with her hated work forever than put her darling in such peril, hugging her chains and never letting the world outside have an inkling of how they chafed and bound her.

BUT now—now it was over. Marian Haines' offer had done it. The money was more, far more, than Caroline's teaching afforded, so she could give it up with a good grace, secure that Lucia's salary would provide amply for them both. And now she realized how tired she was, and how heavenly it would be to shift her burden. No more trying to choke Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton and Pope into the minds of unwilling youngsters! No more asking "And what was Magna Carta?" or "What relation was Queen Victoria to King George IV?" of boys and girls whose chief interest was the new Pickford film, or Fairbanks' latest exploit. No more dreary teachers' meetings with the bumptious principal setting forth his views on "discipline" and "silent influence." No more nerve-racking examinations—no more tedious commencements, no more piles of themes, inexpressibly callow in thought and phrase. Oh the glory, the delight of it. Tears came into her eyes. She fairly trembled with emotion.

"I know now how prisoners feel when they serve their term and step outside the bars," she told herself. "And oh, I haven't shirked, I haven't. That's why I feel I dare be free at last. Eighteen years. Eighteen years of hard labor. And when I tell Lucia!"

She was so sure what the response would be. Lucia had never failed her. Lucia would understand. And Lucia would

[Turn to page 30]

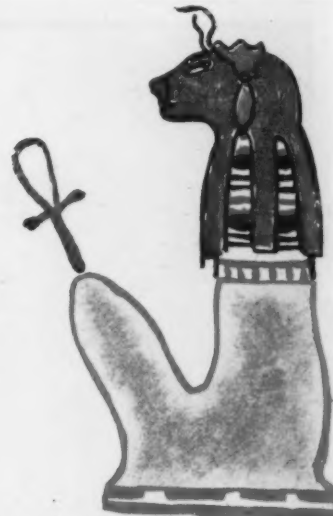
The Horizon of God

By Max Pemberton

Illustrated by E. F. Ward



Ra, the sun god



Atmu, the oldest of the gods

Here you find the first romance to be written about life in the time of King Tut-ankh-Amen. It is the work of a celebrated author and Egyptologist, and in it flows once again the blood of Old Egypt. Centuries are rolled away by the author's magic, and a lustful monarch, a young priest, and the beautiful Rebecca dramatically portray how this ancient people lived and loved.

REBECCA, creeping from the camp of the Israelites to the rush-bound bank of the River Nile, watched the procession of boats go by and knew that the good King Akhnaton would reign no more in the City of the Horizon of God. And so, she told herself, the dream was at an end; and the children of Jehovah might have no more hope. For the king had believed, even as they, in the Most High and in none other; and for his faith he had abandoned even his kingdom to the Syrian and the Philistine. "There is but one God," Akhnaton had said, and prostrating himself to Ra, he had worshiped the sun.

Egypt heard him indifferently; for Egypt loved her gods, and in every city there were the temples where sacrifice must be made to divinities whose very names ultimately were to be forgotten. Ra, the Lord of the Sun, was favored as but one among many. To her the new gospel of their Pharaoh, the belief in one God, was a heresy accursed and many among her priests attributed it wholly to the teaching of the Israelites whom Egypt was then holding captive.

Was there not a Man of Levi, a slave moreover, who had the king's ear through the mouth of his dark-eyed daughter, Rebecca, and was he not the one who had taught Akhnaton his impieties? A new hatred toward the captive people filled many hearts. Yet no man had dared to say of the beautiful Jewess that she was aught but a prophetess.

It was she who now crept to the river's bank to see the cortege pass by and to know that the end of the dream had come. There, on yonder splendid barge, was the pitiful lifeless image of the king whom men

had worshiped yesterday. The man who, a few days ago, had lifted his arms to the sun and had cried: "There is one God; let us worship Him."

The procession moved slowly onward, and she watched it draw in toward the shore and pass in stately splendor toward that tomb wherein all was darkness and none might comfort the great king who had befriended her for the faith's sake.

Israelites were waiting here, and the lash was lifted for them and the bullocks who were to drag the heavy burden through the deep sand beyond the rushes. The barges were piled high with bejeweled caskets containing priceless treasures which the dead king would carry with him into the world of eternity—a world which, Rebecca knew, took no account of the brazen pomp of power. The shattered forms of the Israelites were bowed under the weight of these treasures, as they bore them across the fiery sand to the gaping mouth of the tomb. Rebecca's heart was heavy as she watched them at their task and she was weeping when she turned away from the great king's burial place.

THE obscure Sakere died in the autumn of the year, and the young Tut-ankh-Amen reigned in his stead. No longer was he known as the Living Image of Aton but had become the servant of Amon and the ancient gods. And he lived no more in the City of the Horizon of God but reigned and ruled in the mighty Thebes of the Hundred Gates. Old temples were now reopened and forgotten images restored. Once more incense was burned at neglected shrines and the wild beasts were driven to the service of the priests. A lighter rule of conduct prevailed and, throwing off abstinence, men

Rebecca had followed the young king to Thebes when he turned his back upon the Horizon of God. With the

Levi," her father, she had taken up her residence in a little house near the tombs and there she plied her trade of dress-maker to the royal house. But her heart was heavy and she thought often of those brethren of hers who bore the heat and burden of the day in the quarries and upon whose backs the whips of the taskmasters fell without mercy. Sometimes she feared all the sensuality and voluptuousness of this mighty city and would ask herself why she dwelt therein when faith had departed and she might hope no longer that her people would win freedom. But one friend remained—a young priest of Ra, Ama by name, who served the temple which others had deserted. This man of giant stature and the eyes of night could mold her as he willed. It was he who told her one day that she could buy her freedom of Tut-ankh-Amen if she had but the mind.

Do you not see that the king is in love with you?" he said, almost angry, as though this fact had long been known to all about the palace. Rebecca, however, answered him with the simplicity of a child.

"What! you say is treason, Ama, and not to be believed. What am I but the lowliest of the king's slaves and how should he remember me at all. Say no such thing lest you be punished for the words. Nor put such thoughts into my mind, since I may not think of any lover until my people have their freedom."

They were alone in the temple of Ra when he spoke and incense burned sweetly before an image of the god.

"Child," Ama said, "you do well to rebuke me, but your knowledge is not of this world and there is evil where your young eyes see but good. The king loves you, but because of what you were to Akhnaton, the holy one, he spares you when he might command. Think how many thousands of the women of your race would go gladly to the palace this night if he did but beckon them."

She turned almost fiercely upon him. This insult to her race—how dare he utter it! And yet she quivered when he looked into her eyes.

"The women of my people suffer slavery but not dishonor. You do them a great wrong, Ama, and I should never speak to you again because of it. Yet you also were the great king's friend and I cannot forget that you have done very much for my brethren and still wish well to them."

The priest cast down his eyes and the color mounted his cheeks. "Child," he admitted at length. "I am justly rebuked and yours are words of wisdom. It would avail you nothing to sacrifice your honor. Nevertheless, much may yet be done



Tut-ankh-Amen beckoned to the young Jewess and, pushing her way amid the crowd, Rebecca made obeisance at the royal chariot-side and asked what was her lord's will



She looked up at him with eyes which the hope of love made to shine like the stars of an Eastern night

and while I have your good-will I myself will seek to do it; not in vain does the daughter of Akhnaton reign in the palace, nor is her ear denied to me. I shall see her frequently and the name of Israel will be often on my lips."

Rebecca trembled; she knew not why.

Watching her eyes with a lover's gaze—for love of women was not denied to the priests of Ra—Ama observed the strange light in them. And he scarce dared believe it, but he saw that she loved him even as he loved her; and his whole soul was shaken by the tremendous thought that it should be in his arms and not she must lie.

Rebecca looked up shyly into Ama's face.

"Truly I know that you are my friend, Ama. This can be no land for you now. The old gods are set up again and they mock Jehovah. But with us you can worship the Most High and you would teach us even as we teach you. Ah, if that dream could come true, what a happy day it would be!"

He shook his head. Not by that road would freedom be won. He loved a Jewess, but well he knew that to Israel's eyes his love would appear but an infamy. "A dream, truly," he said, since the king hears your scribe no more and Amon reigns. They will never let you go, Rebecca. Our road must be to the south when the good day comes.

God keep you, my child, and give you courage. I have put my faith in Him and He will lead us." And, bending down, he kissed her on the lips—the first time that he had done so in all the months of watching and of praying together. She left him with that kiss burning upon her mouth and went back slowly to her father's house on the south side of the city.

Tut-ankh-Amen, following the custom of his people, would often drive out to the Luxor Gate and thence to the desolate hills beneath which he must some day sleep until the gods should summon him.

There he would watch the slaves at work; hundreds together dragging the great stones up the hills as though men had been bullocks, while the taskmasters cracked their whips and the weak fell by the way. The great Akhnaton proposed to give these slaves their freedom: but the young king with the hot blood in his veins took a savage delight in their labors and their punishment.

DRIVING to Luxor after the heat of a day of spring-time, Tut-ankh-Amen was caught in one of the sandstorms which every dweller in the southern country feared so greatly. The air was darkened, the wind blew as though the spirits of evil drove it and the voices of the dead were to be heard in its wailings. All sought shelter in that fearful tempest, and even the chariot of the king came to a standstill at the Luxor Gate, where many of the humble people were congregated—and Rebecca among them, a scarlet mantle drawn about her head, her wonderful eyes shining like stars in the gloomy light of the archway.

Instantly the king perceived her, and as swiftly his old passion for her was awakened. He spoke his thoughts aloud to Sherdan, the Arab sheik who rode by his side. "Saw you that woman, Sherdan?" said the king. And knew he asked as though he did not know her. "Was she not Rebecca—the daughter of the Man of Levi?"

"O king, indeed it is so," rejoined the cunning Arab, with the air of one who was glad to be the bearer of good tidings.

Tut-ankh-Amen stroked his clean-shaven chin; and thinking upon it a little while he signaled to Rebecca to advance, and, pushing her way amid the press of the people, she made obeisance at the chariot-side and asked what was her lord's will. And the crowd watched eagerly.

"We have not seen you these many days, my daughter. Report said that you were at Alexandria. Did the tongues lie, then, or are you but newly come from that far city?"

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While the crowd, surging among the camels and chariots, watched eagerly

"They told me I should find you here," he said, and came and sat down beside her

Tetherstones

By Ethel M. Dell

Author of "Charles Rex," "The Lamp in the Desert," etc.

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

Part Three



"My father!" said Arthur Dermot. The old man had reached them. He stood, leaning on a knotted stick, looking at her. Again she marveled, for it was the face of a scholar—a dreamer—that she beheld.

"Is this our visitor from the moors?" he asked, in a feeble tenor voice that somehow stirred her compassion.

"Yes, Miss Thorold," Arthur's reply was curt, almost as if he resented the old man's presence.

"I am very pleased to meet you," said Mr. Dermot, courteously addressing Frances. "I was so grieved to hear of the unfortunate result of your adventure. I trust you are now nearly restored to your normal health?"

"I am much better," Frances said. "I have been telling your son how very, very grateful I am for all the kindness that has been shown me here."

"Not at all—not at all," said Mr. Dermot. "It has been a great pleasure to us all to be of any service to you. It is strange that you should have been found at the Stones." The tired old face reflected her smile. "There is a tradition hereabouts that the devil walks there at night. You did not meet him by any chance?"

"No," Frances said. "I did not meet him. Curiously enough, I have never even seen the Stones. I did not know they were there. The night was so dark and misty."

"It is a very interesting spot," said Mr. Dermot. "A druidical circle—according to some—though others believe it to be the result of a volcanic upheaval many thousands of years ago. I myself hold the former theory. There are certain marks which in my opinion can only have been made by iron staples. This supports the current belief that druidical victims were chained there previous to sacrifice. Hence the name Tetherstones."

"What a ghastly idea!" said Frances. "It is somewhat gruesome certainly, but it holds considerable interest for the student. If you are at all attracted by this type of research I shall be very pleased to conduct you to the Stones one day and to point out all the features which in my opinion tend to support this theory. My son Arthur"—again he smiled—"has no use for relics of any description. He is too busy tilling the ground to give his attention to the study of mere stones."

"Too busy grinding his bread from them!" put in Arthur with a cynical twist in the lips. "Miss Thorold will not be equal to a climb to the Stones for some time yet."

"Little Ruth has been telling me about them," Frances said.

"Ah! The child! The little blind child who lives with us! Yes, yes, of course, the child!" The old man's voice was suddenly vague. "It is strange how little her infirmity hampers her," he said, after a moment. "I sometimes think she has an inner vision that serves her more effectually than physical sight."

"She seems wonderfully happy," Frances said.

"Yes, yes, she is always happy—like another child I used to know." Old Mr. Dermot's eyes took a sudden pathetic look. "I lost that child," he said. "There are a great many others—a great many others; but she was the darling of them all." He turned with sudden querulousness upon the younger man standing silently by. "Why don't you go back to the grinding of your stones?"

"I am waiting for Ruth," his son made quiet rejoinder, without the movement of a muscle. "I have sent her to fetch something."

Mr. Dermot's fine mouth curved satirically. "My son likes to be waited upon," he observed to Frances. "When you are well enough, he will make use of you too. We all have to work for him. He is a hard taskmaster."

FRANCES smiled. "I shall be only too glad to be of use to any of you," she said. "I am very much in your debt at present."

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense!" he returned paternally. "We do not talk of debts at Tetherstones. Nor do we let our visitors work. Unless," he smiled back at her with a kindness that won its way to her heart, "you would like to help me perhaps. I am writing a book on the Stones."

"Miss Thorold is not well enough to do anything at present," said Arthur with brief decision. "We must not worry her. Remember, she is an invalid, and she must be treated as such."

"Oh, but I am much stronger," Frances said quickly, for it hurt her to see the sudden animation fade from the gray old face. "I should love to help you—if I can."

"I don't know," said Mr. Dermot, and she was surprised by an odd, hopeless ring in his voice. "A great many have tried to help me, but it is a very difficult matter, and no one has succeeded yet."

The dreaminess of tone and words smote upon her senses like a knell. She tried to find some comforting words, but they were checked by the sight of Ruth coming across the grass in her light, confident fashion. The old man moved to meet her.

"Oh, are you back again, Grandpa? I am so glad you are back. My dear Granny said I might go to the Stones. I want to gather some giant harebells for Miss Thorold."

"May I have my pouch?" said Arthur.

She had it in her hand. She turned and gave it to him. "And there is a letter for Miss Thorold. Aunt Maggie told me to bring it out. Old Mrs. Trehearne has just brought it."

"A letter!" said Frances, and felt her heart jerk upon the word.

SILENTLY Arthur handed it to her. One glance at the address was enough. She could not control the swift tremor that went through her as she murmured her thanks.

"And Dr. Square is here," said Ruth. "He is drinking elder-flower wine in the kitchen. He told me to say he is just coming out to see Miss Thorold."

"Then we will go," said Mr. Dermot, turning toward the couch with a courteous gesture. "Miss Thorold, I hope I have not tired you. You are very pale. Give Dr. Square my compliments, Arthur! Tell him I am back again and feeling much better. Good-by, Miss Thorold! When next I have the pleasure of seeing you, I shall be bringing you my book to read."

The rest of the morning passed uneventfully. She slept deeply during the afternoon, only awaking when the shadows were beginning to grow long. Then, looking forth from her window, there came to her the sudden memory of the letter she had forgotten. A gleam of something white under the cedar-tree where her couch had been, caught her eye, and she realized immediately that it must have fallen there when they gathered up her rugs. The house was very still and seemed deserted. There was no one to send for her letter, and that sense of shame with which the bare thought of Rotherby now inspired her urged her strongly not to leave it for any chance comer to discover. She was stronger

far than she had been, and she made swift decision to use her strength. She got up from her bed and slipped on her shoes. She was already dressed, and she only paused to throw around her a shawl that Dolly had left handy. Then, with an odd feeling of guilt, she opened her door and went out into the dark oak passage.

protest and half appeal. "And I don't know what Arthur would say. He'd half kill you."

"Oh, damn Arthur!" came the cheery response. "Why can't he get a girl of his own? P'raps he'd be more human then."

"He wouldn't—he wouldn't! Nothing would make him that, so long as—" Again the words broke off in half-hearted remonstrance.

"Rot!" said Oliver. "Once you were married to me, he'd have to come into line."

"No, he wouldn't! You don't understand."

Maggie's answer came with a sound of tears. "You don't know him if you think that. He would simply kick you out of the place. And mother—mother would break her heart if I went too."

"Don't cry!" said Oliver softly.

Maggie was plainly sobbing against his shoulder. "I can't help it. Oh, Oliver, we'll have to

There was almost a wail in Maggie's words, but Oliver's hearty laugh drowned it. "Bless the girl! What next? Seems I'd better carry a pitchfork about with me. No, now listen! I'll fix it all up, and I won't even tell you till it's all cut and dried. Then one day you and I'll go into Fordstown to market, and when we come back we'll—" Inarticulate whispering ended the sentence. "There now! Will you do that?"

"I don't know, Oliver. I'm frightened. I'm sure it isn't right, and yet I don't know why."

Maggie's answer sounded piteous, yet somehow Frances knew that her arms were clinging about her lover's neck.

There came a pause, then Oliver's cheery voice. "There now! Don't you fret yourself! You may take it from me, it is right. And I'm going in to Fordstown tomorrow to get it settled. Mind, I shan't say another word to you till everything is ready. You won't back out? Promise!"

"Back out! Oh, darling—darling!"

Broken sounds came from Maggie that brought Frances to an abrupt realization of her position. She straightened herself and got up. Her knees were still trembling, but she forced them into action. She tottered down the passage to the nearest door and out onto the brick path that led to the garden, where at last she came upon a rough bench set against the wall out of sight of the house and dropped down upon it with a feeling that she could go no further.

How long she had sat there she could not have said, for she was very near to fainting, when there came the sound of a man's feet on the path beside her, and, looking up, she saw Arthur in his shirt-sleeves, a spade on his shoulder.

He stopped beside her, and drove his spade into the ground. "Miss Thorold!" he said. "What are

they all thinking of? How did you come here?" She tried to smile in answer, but her lips felt very cold and numb. "Oh, I just—walked," she said.

Arthur growled something very deeply into his chest, but he checked his first impulse at her behest.

"Well, but what are you doing here? Why did you come out?" he asked after a moment.

She hesitated to answer him. Then: "I dropped a letter," she said. "It is under the cedar-tree. I just thought I would fetch it."

"You must be mad," he said.

"Stay here while I fetch it!"

He strode away, and she sat and waited for his return, shivering against the wall, wondering if Maggie and Oliver had separated, wishing with all her heart that she had not overheard their talk. She heard the tramp of his heavy boots returning.

He came back to her. "The letter is not there," he said briefly. "Does it matter?"

She started. "Not there! But—I thought I saw it from my window. I thought—"

"It is not there," he repeated. "It has probably blown away. Is it of any great importance?"

His tone seemed to challenge her. She looked up and met his eyes watching her with a certain hardness.

"No," she said, and wondered what impulse moved her to utter the word.

He dropped the subject without further discussion. "I had better carry you back now," he remarked, and stooped to lift her.

She drew back sharply. "Oh, don't, please! I can walk quite well."

"You're not going to walk," he said, and in a moment the strong brown arms encompassed her.

He carried her straight through the house and up to her room. "I hope you will not attempt that again before you are fit for it," he said, as he deposited her upon the bed.

"Thank you very much. I hope I shall soon be fit," said Frances.

What Has Happened in Preceding Instalments

FRANCES THOROLD had thought for a time that she loved Montague Rotherby, the nephew of her employer. But when, lost in a storm on the bleak moors, she had seen the man in his true character, she fled from him, and guided by Ruth, a blind child whose keen spiritual insight made up for her physical infirmity, found sanctuary at "Tetherstones," a farmhouse over which, as she discovered while she convalesced there, a strange mystery brooded.

She has felt an inexplorable bond of sympathy with Arthur, the hot-tempered son of the family, and is just meeting his father—an old man with the face of a scholar, whose role in the drama of mystery that she dimly realizes is being played around her, she cannot yet understand.

be patient.

We'll have to wait."

"But what are we going to wait for?" There

was a hint of exasperation in Oliver's query. "I

don't see what we gain by waiting. You're

twenty-eight. I'm thirty-two. We've both of us

waited five years as it is."

"Yes—yes! But let's go on waiting—there's a darling.

Something'll happen some day. Something's sure to happen. And

then we'll get married. And we are—very happy—as we are."

More tears followed the assurance.

Maggie was evidently aware of pleading a lost cause.

"Oh, we're awfully happy, aren't we?" said Oliver, grimly humorous. "Don't cry, darling! I want to think. There's

no law against our getting married."

"No." Dubiously came Maggie's answer. "But then, Oliver darling, what's the use? We couldn't be together any

more than we are. And we—"

"That's rot, isn't it? Well, anyway, you marry me and see!"

"Ah, but I'm afraid. The beast—the beast might do you a mischief!"

It seemed to her that the stairs had become inexplicably steeper, and her hold upon the rail had developed into a desperate clinging with both hands before she rounded the final curve which brought her in sight of the bottom. Her heart was thumping uncontrollably, and her legs were almost refusing to support her by the time she reached the last stair. It was necessity rather than expediency that induced her to sit down there at the foot to gather her forces afresh. So sitting, with her throbbing head in her hands, there came to her words at first dimly then with a growing meaning which, too late, she realized, were never intended for her ear to hear.

"I'd do it in a minute—you know I would,"—it was Maggie's voice,—"if it weren't for Mother."

There was a brief pause, then a sudden movement, followed by a muffled whisper from Maggie that was half

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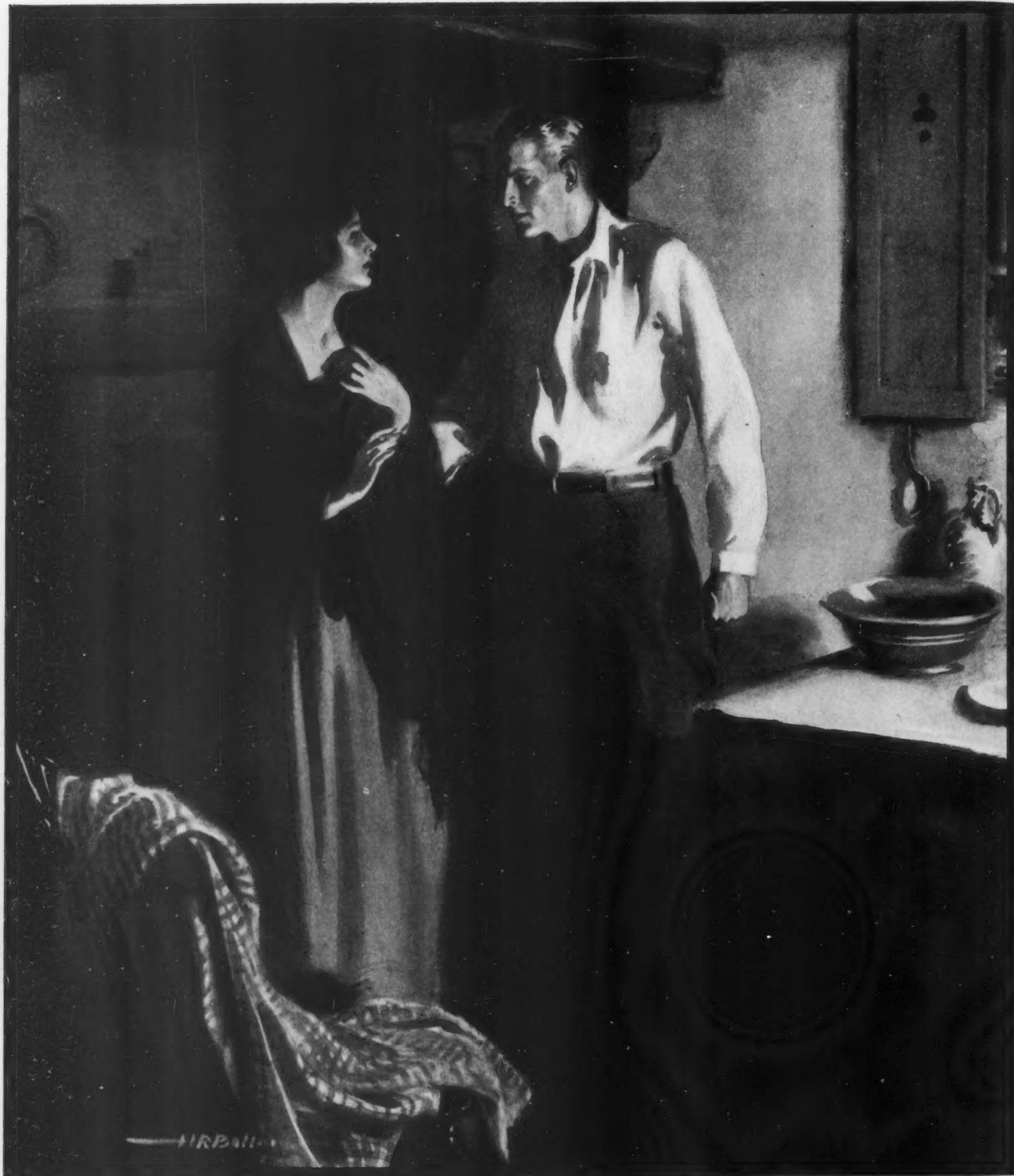
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"I'll fix it all up," Oliver said. "You won't back out? Promise!"

He lingered in the doorway, his rugged face in shadow. "I hope you won't," he said suddenly and unexpectedly, and in a moment flung away down the passage awkwardly, precipitately, as if he feared he had stayed too long.

"Good gracious!" whispered Frances to the lengthening shadows. "What—on earth—did he mean by that?"

Frances slept badly that night. There were a good many things to trouble her and keep her brain at work. The thought of Maggie's clandestine love affair worried her most, though why this should have been so she could not have said.

With the early morning came sleep that lasted till the sun was high, and Ruth came in to perch on her bed while she breakfasted. She had been out in the corn-fields, she said. They were cutting the corn in the field below the Stones. Next week, when Frances was strong enough, they would go and sit among the sheaves. Or perhaps they might go today if Uncle Arthur would take them in the dog-cart. The idea attracted Frances, though she only smiled. She did not know that the child had read acquiescence in her silence till later, when Dolly suddenly announced that the cart would be round in half an hour, and they must hurry.

So, armed with her beloved box of paints and brushes, Frances presently descended to find Arthur waiting somewhat moodily at the door with a piebald cob harnessed to a light dog-cart.

They were out in the winding lane before Frances found breath to ask for Ruth. "Won't she come with us?"

"We never trouble about Ruth," he replied. "She finds her own way everywhere. She will probably go across the stepping-stones and get there first."

"Are you never afraid of her coming to harm?"

"She never does," said Arthur. He spoke briefly, and immediately turned from the subject. "Do you mind if we go for a stretch first? The horse is fresh."

"Mind!" said Frances. "I'd love it!"

He laughed, and she knew in a moment that the plan was by no means an impromptu one. "It will do you good," he said, and turned the horse's head toward the moors.

They followed a direction she had never explored, and presently turned off up a wide track that seemed to wind into the very heart of the hills.

They came presently to a track crossing the one they were following.

He reined in as if he had reached his destination. Frances looked about her. The place was lonely beyond description. Here and there vast boulders pushed through the short grass, surrounded by tufts of heather that seemed to be trying to hide their nakedness. They were closely surrounded by hills, and the gurgle of an invisible stream filled the air with music.

"Have you ever been here before?" said Arthur.

"Never," she said.

"Yes, you have," he returned bluntly. He pointed with his whip along the track they faced. "You and Roger!" he said. "Don't you remember?"

She uttered a gasp of surprise. "Why—yes! But was it here?"

"It was round the curve of that hill," he said. "Afterward, you came on here alone, and lost your way, took the wrong turning. Remember?"

"I wanted to get to Fordstown," she said. "But I was tired. I fell asleep."

He nodded. "And then you wandered up to the Stones."

She felt herself color. With an effort she answered him. "It wasn't quite like that. I met—a friend, or rather—he found me here. We got lost in the fog."

"Yes," said Arthur.

He turned the horse up the wild track to the left without further words, and they went on in silence at a walk. A great stillness brooded about their path. A certain awe had taken possession of Frances.

"You are taking me to the Stones?" she said at length, and unconsciously her voice was sunk almost to a whisper.

"Yes," he said.

They went on up the lonely track. She tried to picture her walk with Montague through the blinding fog. Here she had slipped into bog, there she had stumbled among stones. Then, as now, the vague sounds of running water had filled the desolation as with eerie, chanting voices.

They went on up the grassy track, mounting steadily. The hills closed gradually in upon the track till it was little more

[Turn to page 40]

The Romance of a Rogue

By Ruby M. Ayres

A Great Novel
For Summer
Reading

Complete in
Two Big Parts

I

THE Rogue came out of prison on a morning when the sky was blue, and autumn sunshine flooded the ugly gray pile of buildings in which he had passed the best six years of his life.

He had vanished from the world, a young man in the prime of life, tall, handsome and full of the joy of living, and he came back to it again with ugly lines of resentment in his face, and bitterness in his heart.

The lines in his face hardened brutally as he trudged forward in the teeth of a chill east wind. The world had robbed him of something which he could never regain, and he would not forget it; he would have his revenge. Six years! Six priceless summers and winters, six such lovely autumns as this had come and gone while he lay rotting in prison for a crime which, he told himself, had been no crime because the victim had so well deserved to meet his death.

The Rogue's mind traveled back to the first days of his incarceration; to his despair and frenzy when he realized the full meaning of his sentence. It was Charmian who had finally killed his despair and rebellion, he had at least to thank her for that, and for this sullen resignation and resentment into which he had slowly fallen, until now his heart was cased about with lead, and his mind had grown to be a hard, cunning thing, suspicious of everything, trustful of none.

And Charmian had done this for him; the girl he had adored, and for whom he would once have given his life, had killed the last spark of remorse and nobility that had remained in him, and which might in the end, have proved his salvation. Even now, though it was six years ago, he could remember the thrill that had passed through him as he held the envelope in his shaking hands; could recall the agony of relief that had brought the scalding tears to his eyes as he drew out the letter which was to save or ruin him forever. And this is what she had written: "I have done with you. I pray to God that I may never see your face again."

A man had died in the Rogue's cell that night, and in his place had been born the convict who now shuffled along the road through the fall sunshine.

When presently he reached the station, he took a ticket to London because he did not know where else to go. He found a seat in an empty third-class compartment, and because the bright sunshine hurt his eyes, he put up a hand and jerked down the blind of the window against which he sat; then he leaned back and closed his eyes. But he could not sleep; the wheel of thought turned ceaselessly in his brain. What could he do? Where could he go? He had heard nothing of his people for years; for them he had ceased to exist that last day in court. He could still remember the hatred in his brother's eyes, and the deadly unforgiveness, when their glances had met for the last time across that crowded courtroom. What could he do with freedom now it was his? Which corner of the earth would give him friendly sanctuary?

THE train slowed down a little, and the Rogue passed a shaking hand across his eyes and looked out of the window. They were on the outskirts of London now; the fields and the trees had given place to streets and houses, and presently the sun shone down on the murky waters of the Thames, the gray buildings of Westminster. London! The same London, and yet not the same; something tore at the Rogue's heart as he descended from

the train and walked along the crowded street; and there was an odd tightening in his throat which angered him. But the little pool of hatred in his heart burned less fiercely, and presently against his will, his footsteps turned him westward, in the direction of the house he had once called home.

HE had so often visualized this moment; the confusion and consternation his reappearance would cause. It had given him the keenest satisfaction to picture his brother's dismay when they stood face to face again; but now all that seemed changed, and for the first time in six years, the Rogue knew the meaning of shame, as he stood there in the sunshine, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his shabby overcoat, and he would have turned away, had not the door of the house abruptly opened and a man came out onto the steps, who paused uncertainly when he saw the Rogue.

"My God!" he cried. "You!"

The Rogue laughed. "Yes."

"Well, what do you want?"

The question came sharply, and the Rogue's face seemed to fold up into ugly lines as he answered as brusquely: "Nothing, from you!—unless you can give me Hardingham's address."

A look of relief flashed into his brother's eyes. "I can't; I've heard nothing of the fellow for years. He's gone to the devil I should think, and I can't understand your being anxious to renew friendship with him," he added sneeringly.

The Rogue made no reply.

A car turned the corner and glided silently across the square, and Edward Lowry looked after it uneasily. "I must be getting along," he said. "If there's anything you want—in reason—"

"There isn't."



"So you're out of prison," she said, after a moment, still in that same reckless voice

A moment's silence followed, then the elder man said, again with a touch of anger: "Why have you come here? I should have thought you would be glad to keep clear of London. If a passage to the Colonies is any good to you—"

The Rogue turned on his heel and shuffled away without answering, and now the little pool of hatred in his heart was like molten fire, scorching his soul.

The sun had disappeared now, the rain was pouring down and the wind blew keenly. The Rogue shivered; he walked up the street with a growing sense of desolation, and stopped under the lights of a saloon bar.

It looked warm and comfortable enough inside, and there were sounds of laughter and cheerful voices.

The Rogue pushed open the door and walked in. He made his way to the fire, his wet coat steamed in the sudden warmth, and a man on the other side of the hearth, after eyeing him for a moment in friendly fashion, said:

"Wet night, sir."

The Rogue started, then nodded dumbly.

"A stranger to London, I suppose?"

"No; but I've been away from it for some time."

"I see." The morose dark eyes considered him silently for some seconds.

"Will you do me the honor to drink with me?" He went over to the bar, and presently returned with two steaming tumblers. He gave one to the Rogue and sat down beside him on the bench in confidential fashion.

"It is a queer world," he began sententiously. He sipped his hot drink appreciatively. "A very queer world. I've traveled a great deal in my time, and I'm not a bad judge of character in my way." He took another sip. "For instance, I knew directly you came in, that you were a gentleman." He laid a thin forefinger on the Rogue's arm. "In spite of your shabby coat," he added.

The Rogue said nothing, surprised because he felt no resentment, and the elder man went on again invitingly. "Now I daresay you would not find it difficult to guess what profession mine is?"

The Rogue looked at him disinterestedly. "I haven't the vaguest idea."

The man looked faintly disappointed; he drained his glass and set it down on the table beside him.

"I am a musician," he announced rather shortly. "A musician now—but at one time an operatic singer."

THERE was a vague silence; the Rogue did not know what to say, but after a moment he asked: "What do you play? What instrument, I mean?"

The other man's somber eyes brightened. "The violin," he said, a warm note of affection in his voice. "The most wonderful—the only instrument in the world."

"My most precious treasure, she and—Here, Beauty."

There was a little shuffling movement from a corner of the saloon, and a half-breed spaniel came obediently forward and lay down at its master's feet.

The Rogue roused himself sufficiently to ask a question. "Where do you play?—at concerts?"

The other man shook his head. "Not now; things are bad now in the concert world; the profession is overcrowded like everything else," he half sighed. "No, at the moment, and just to mark time as one might say, I am playing in an orchestra at a dance hall."

His companion seemed to be considering things for a moment, then he said again with slow deliberation: "My work does not commence until nine, and you will be very welcome to accompany me to the hall. You will find it amusing, and"—his voice changed subtly, though unintentionally—"they give you supper," he added.

The Rogue shook his head. "I'm much obliged to you, but I've got to find somewhere to sleep tonight—"

For some seconds neither of them spoke, then the elder man said again: "My name is Christopher—John Christopher. I have a room in the Edgware Road. There is only one bed, unfortunately, but if you will take a shake-down on the sofa, you are very welcome."

At the hall Christopher led the way through a side door and up a narrow back staircase and paused.

At the top of the stairs presently they came into a large brilliantly lit room with a shiny parquet floor, and a small raised platform at one end, on which stood a piano and some music stands.

Christopher was consulting his big silver watch.

"Five minutes to nine; they should be here! Ah! here comes a little woman I should like to present you to, if you have no objection."

The Rogue rose reluctantly to his feet; he was in no mood to meet strangers; he felt awkward and nervous; all the savoir-faire which had been one of his charms in the old days, had deserted him during those six years' incarceration. He glanced apprehensively across the room at the girl who was

Christopher turned round from the piano. "Now then—if you please," he said courteously, and Bruce Lowry came back to the present with a start, and the discovery that



It was impossible to draw back and she gave a little start and stifled cry, before she recognized him

coming slowly toward them. She wore a gaudy evening frock; her bobbed hair was obviously hennaed, and the make-up on her face was too badly done to be in the least artistic.

There was a worn, weary look about her too, though she made an effort to smarten herself up when she saw a stranger on the platform with Christopher, and into her eyes came a little inviting smile as she raised them to Lowry's tall figure, and for a moment they looked at one another. It was only for a moment, but long enough for the Rogue to live through a thousand years of torment; the blood hammered in his pulses, blinding and deafening him to everything but the shock and horror in his heart.

The girl was Charmian.

Charmian recovered herself a little. "Well, how did you find me?" she asked jerkily.

The Rogue's tongue felt stiff, and his throat was dry, but he managed one word. "Accident."

She tossed her head. "I don't believe you; someone told you, and you came to gloat."

HE shook his head dumbly. It was a nightmare, an appalling nightmare. The room with its flaring lights, the monotonous twanging of Christopher's violin, and this woman with the painted, defiant face.

"So they've let you out," she said after a moment, still in that same reckless voice. "How long ago?"

"Today."

Her eyes seemed to narrow, and her lips compress as if she were in pain, then she shrugged her shoulders. "Well, what are you going to do now?" she asked.

He shook his head again; he felt dazed, stupefied. Charmian! how could it possibly be she? What devil's work had dragged her down to this?

She was watching him with her painted eyes, and suddenly she said in a hard voice: "If it's any consolation to you to know it, you've done this for me—you're responsible."

The Rogue ran a shaking finger round the inside of his collar; the choking feeling had him by the throat, making speech impossible.

there were several other men on the platform, and that the room had begun to fill.

Christopher indicated an empty chair. "If you will sit there," he said in an undertone.

Charmian had taken her seat at the front of the platform, and the Rogue found his eyes turning again and again to her wan face.

She had aged years, many years more than the six that had passed since last he saw her.

THE violin was tucked beneath her chin, and her head bent over it in the attitude he so well remembered, but in place of the soft fairness of the hair he had so loved, the hideous tint of henna gleamed harshly in the many lights, and the rouge on her thin cheeks stood out in patches. What in God's name had happened? Where was her father? Where were all her friends? His mind was a chaos of unanswered questions.

It was two o'clock in the morning before the last dance was played, and the crowded room began to empty. Christopher put his violin tenderly away in its case, and Beauty woke from behind her master's chair and stretched herself. Charmian alone sat where she was, the bow hanging limply from her slim hand, the violin lying in her lap as if she was too weary to rise or put it away. The other musicians scattered hurriedly, and Christopher gave a last look round.

"Come, Miss Lee—" She rose then, heavily, as if she could hardly force her limbs to move.

"I'm so tired," she apologized.

She disappeared into a small side room, and when Christopher and Lowry came out onto the stairs with their hats and coats, she was a little ahead of them. When they reached the street it was pouring with rain, and the depressing neighborhood looked its worst. The Rogue's eyes were fixed on the shabby, slim figure in front; he saw the involuntary pause she made at the door, and the way she shivered as she looked down the wet, wind-swept street, and he took a swift step forward.

"May I walk home with you?" Charmian turned her head swiftly and looked at him with tired eyes; then she laughed.

"You! No, thank you." She gathered the thin, shabby coat closer around her, and glanced over her shoulder at Christopher.

"Night, John—see you tomorrow—" and the next instant she was across the road and out of sight round a corner.

Christopher's room was up three flights of stairs—a small room with a sloping ceiling and overcrowded with furniture. But it was clean, and the window was open, as a little puddle of rain on the bare boards beneath it, testified.

Christopher lit a gas jet above the mantelpiece, and carefully blew out the candle; then he shut the door and looked at Bruce with a deprecating smile.

"And this is where we live," he said.

WHEN Bruce Lowry woke from the sleep of utter exhaustion into which he had at last fallen, he lay for some moments on his back, staring before him with blank eyes.

He made his toilet as best he could, and came back to the fire. There was a large pot of tea on the small round table, and two kippers simmered on a hot dish in the grate. "I hope you slept well, and were not too uncomfortable," Christopher said courteously.

"Your trust in me deserves my confidence in return. I should like to tell you my story."

Christopher interrupted quickly. "I have not asked for it, and neither do I expect to hear it unless the telling will be of satisfaction to you. We all have dark and secret places in our lives; only as I said just now, we are not willing to admit that they exist."

The Rogue seemed not to hear. "Six years ago I was a well-to-do man. At the present moment my brother Edward is one of the best-known and richest men in London. I had everything I wanted. I was engaged to be married but like many of us, I was too ambitious. I was not content with having enough money; I wanted more. I wanted to be rich and influential, one of the great men of the world. It was then that I met Hardingham and his friend Biscoe. There is no harm in my mentioning their names to you, because I know you will respect this confidence. They were a most extraordinary pair, and they attracted me from the first. Biscoe was a South African Jew, a quiet sort of man with a cultured voice and irreproachable manners. Hardingham was a very different type—younger, and he had a most marvelous personality. I can't describe it, but from the first he made me believe in him absolutely!" He laughed bitterly. "There was a time when I would have taken that man's word before the world. They were financiers, these two! Or, at least, that is what they called themselves, and they said quite openly that they

had come from the Cape to arrange for the completion of a scheme they had in hand; a scheme by which they could make a fortune for themselves and half a dozen other people besides. I need not go into details—they would not interest you.

Well, of course, the whole thing was a gigantic swindle. I went into it entirely on my own judgment. As I said, I would have sworn by Hardingham, and he let me down. I lost every farthing I had. When I realized how bad things really were, I appealed to my brother to help me. He refused, of course! Laughed and told me I should have asked his advice before I made such a fool of myself. Then I appealed to Hardingham, which proved that I was indeed the fool Edward had called me.

I was to have been married in a month, and I was broke—ruined! I was afraid to tell the girl I was to marry; she would not have understood how I came to be mixed up with such men, and I was afraid that her father would insist on the engagement being broken. He was a poor man himself, but he was ambitious for his daughter; she was his only child, you see. I was at my wits' end. Then I found out that Hardingham and Biscoe had both feathered their own nests pretty luxuriously, and were making plans to clear out of the country. That finished me, and I was desperate that last night when I left my brother's house to find them out. I don't know what I intended to do, plead with them, perhaps threaten them! But nothing more, on my honor—" He broke off and passed a shaking hand across his eyes. "Biscoe was alone in his office when I got there—sitting at a table, writing. I can see it all as if it were yesterday. He smiled when he saw me, a sneering, contemptuous smile that drove me mad. I called him a thief and a crook—some such words! One thing led to another, and finally he ordered me out of the room. I refused to go, then he tried to put me out. I can't remember quite what happened, but the touch of his hands on me turned the world red. . . . There was a heavy ruler lying on the desk, and I struck him with it—"

There was an eloquent silence.

BRUCE LOWRY went on. "I sent for the police myself—and a doctor. He died the following day. I was arrested, of course, and tried for murder. To cut a long story short, they brought it in as manslaughter, and I got six years."

He broke off, but after a moment went on.

"That's my story. I went to prison for six years—six eternal, damnable years. The—the girl I was engaged to threw me over, and that was the last straw. I got reckless and brutal. The only thing that kept me from trying to end my life was the hope that some day, when I got out, I could have my revenge on—on—her, and Hardingham. I meant to hunt him down and punish him if it took me till my dying day. . . . I meant to find—her, if I had to search every corner of the earth."

Christopher stooped and stroked Beauty's soft head. "But—you have not had to search so far?" he said quietly.

The Rogue turned round from the window; his face was strained, but there was a softened, humbled look about him that gave him youth. "You guessed then—last night?"

Christopher was stroking Beauty again, and he did not look up as he nodded slowly. There was a long silence,



The Rogue leaned over her, waiting till her lids fluttered and the faint color stole back to her lips

broken only by Beauty's gentle breathing; then the Rogue said hoarsely: "For six years I prayed to God to curse her for throwing me over as she did; and last night when I saw her again, I knew that although it seemed as if my prayer had been answered, the curse had come home to roost, for last night it was I who suffered—more than she." Bruce Lowry came back to where Christopher sat. "What do you know about her?" he asked urgently. "Where does she live? Why has she changed to—to what I saw last night?"

CHRISTOPHER shook his head. "I know very little. She has only been in my orchestra for a few weeks. She has never told me where she lives, or anything about herself. I have tried to help her in small ways. It is not in my power to do much; but what little I have been able—and she is proud, very proud."

Bruce wandered back to the window again. "My God, if I could only undo the past," he broke out with sudden passion. "Six wasted years . . ."

Christopher rose and followed him. "If you can admit that they are wasted years, you can be very sure that they are not," he said kindly. "You are still a young man—"

"Young! If you knew how old I feel!"

"It is never too late to be what one might have been," Christopher said.

It was arranged that Bruce should stay with Christopher until he could make other arrangements; and each was secretly much pleased with the other's confidence.

Bruce Lowry walked as far as the Marble Arch, then took a bus to Chancery Lane. There he got down and walked slowly along, looking up at the buildings on his left. It had been here, he was sure, that Smithers had lived; good old Smithers, who had done his best for him during those last terrible days. Ah! There it was! The same small brass plate, and dark doorway; the Rogue's heart began to beat fast as he entered it and began to climb the stairs.

A moment later, and he was in Mr. Smithers' private office, and the lawyer had risen from his chair to greet him. There was a little silence; then the Rogue said:

"Edward told you I was—out, of course."

"Yes. And we are not all like your brother, my boy," he said.

The Rogue stared, the blood rushing in a painful flood to his forehead; then he took a blind step forward and their hands met.

"I didn't think . . . I wondered . . . I mean . . ."

The Rogue broke off in his stammered attempt to defend himself, and turned away.

Mr. Smithers blew his nose violently. "There's a cold wind today, a very cold wind," he said. "Sit down, and I'll

stir up the fire; wait a moment—" He went to the door and spoke to the office boy who was evidently lingering close at hand. "I'm not in to anyone, until I ring," he said. "You understand?"

Then he came back and shut the door. "Now then, we shall be undisturbed," he said cheerily; he stooped and tipped some more coal on to the fire. "Sit down, my boy, and tell me all about yourself; where are you living? What are you going to do?"

Lowry shook his head; he had thought himself impregnable to all emotion, and yet half a dozen times already since he came back to the world, he had suffered almost unbearably.

"I only came out yesterday. I saw Edward—he wouldn't have anything to do with me, of course; at least, he offered me a passage to the Colonies, which I refused—" He raised defiant eyes to the old man's face. "Why should I be hounded out of the country? I can make good; I know I can if they give me a chance, I—" He broke off, and for a moment hid his face in his hands.

It was not for himself now that he cared, but for the sake of a tragic, unhappy woman who last night had looked at him with the eyes of Charmian Lee.

Mr. Smithers cleared his throat. "Where did you stay last night?" he asked after a moment.

Bruce looked up. "An old musician named Christopher took me home with him," he said huskily. "I met him in a public house; he knew I was a jailbird, but he didn't care; he's been damned good."

"Why didn't you come to me?"

"To you!" Bruce laughed. "I'd already received one rebuff from Edward. I came to you today to ask if you can suggest something for me to do. I've got to work. I've got to live, and make money. I'm strong—I'll do anything; I had to, where I've come from—"

THERE was a little smile in Mr. Smithers' eyes.

"Do you remember the Silver Heel Mines, Bruce?"

The Rogue nodded. "They were one of my dud speculations. Why?"

"We all looked upon them as worthless six years ago," Mr. Smithers said quietly. "And so they were and are, for their original purpose, but four years since, they struck a vein of gold on the estate—accidentally; and subsequent experiments . . . Steady, boy, steady. . . ."

Bruce had started up, his face crimson, his breath coming fast. "Well—well?" he said hoarsely.

Mr. Smithers rose too. "I am glad to say that your shares which, if you remember, we did not think worth troubling about when . . . six years ago you needed money, will make you—if not a rich man—at least in-

dependent of your brother or anyone else, for the rest of your life."

Half-way through the evening a sudden thought came to Bruce; when he found an opportunity he spoke to Christopher.

"All this music is strange to me; don't you ever play any of the old stuff?"

"Sometimes we do, but the popular taste is all for something fresh."

Bruce took up a pile of music lying on a chair beside him and idly turned it over.

"There was rather a pretty thing—a waltz tune I remember," he said constrainedly. "Was it called 'Destiny' or something like that?"

"There is a waltz of that name, but we seldom play it," Christopher answered. "I believe we have the music; would you like to hear it?"

"If you have no objection."

To Bruce that dreamy waltz tune brought back a hundred happy memories, all of which had been shared with Charmian; he had waltzed to its mournful strains with her so often! Gone forever, those happy days; gone, the youth from her face and the trustful happiness from her eyes; gone, her love for him, her belief in him. . . . He rose hurriedly to his feet as Charmian's violin fell to the platform, and she slipped fainting from her chair.

IT was he who reached her first and lifted her in his arms. "Get some water," he said curtly. He put Charmian down in a chair in the room where the meager supper was laid for the members of the orchestra, and stood beside her, gently chafing her hands.

The rogue leaned over her, waiting till her lids fluttered, and a faint color stole back to her lips. She sighed and opened her eyes to the Rogue's face, then she sat up with a little swaying movement.

"I'm all right—if only there was a little air—"

Bruce Lowry opened the window, and with an effort she struggled to her feet and went over to it, leaning heavily on the narrow sill. From the ballroom the last haunting refrain of the Destiny waltz still filled the air, and Charmian turned and looked up at the man beside her with hard eyes.

"You told him to play that, of course."

"Yes."

The hot blood dyed her thin face. "I suppose you asked him to play it, to see if I remembered, and still—minded! . . . Well, I don't mind! Why do you come here?"

"Why are you here, Charmian?"

"Why do you think I'm here? Why, to earn my living, of course. I've got to do something to live."



"Your father—?"
The faintest shadow of pain crossed her face.
"He's dead," and after a moment she added fiercely: "I never meant to tell you, but, after all, I think I will. I don't suppose you'll care, but you might and I'd—like to hurt you."

That was how he had felt about her during the past six years; he had longed to hurt her, longed to see her suffer, and now that the wish was fulfilled he would gladly have given the remaining years of his life to have known it undone. She went on, her darkened eyes still fixed on his face. "It broke my heart when you were sent to prison. Perhaps you remember that I was ill—after it happened. I couldn't come to the trial—I was too ill to move! But all the same, when it was over—when they'd sentenced you, I had to be told, and father told me himself; he cried! I think he was sorry too—in his own way. I didn't cry. I just lay there in bed, and if I had had the strength, I believe I would have killed myself, but I was too ill and weak. I know I just lay there and cried out your name over and over again, 'Bruce! Bruce! Bruce!'"

"Charmian! for God's sake . . ."

A LITTLE flicker of amazement crossed her eyes. "Does it hurt you to hear that?" she asked. "It doesn't hurt me. I've got over it all, years ago. . . . I got over it all that night—the night they took you away. I'd always thought so much of you—you know that! And it was as if I had seen someone tear a mask off your face and show me . . . a devil, grinning, instead." She pushed the hair back from her forehead with a shaking hand. "That's all. I got well, quite well, and life went on. Then father died, and there wasn't any money, and I was lonely—" she broke off with a discordant laugh. "But you don't want to hear about every step of the way that brought me here. Christopher says I'm killing myself, and I hope I am. I think life is—rotten!"

Ghostly memories of the past crowded upon him—memories of happy, quiet days spent with Charmian in the country

She stopped suddenly and then: "What are you going to do?" she asked after a moment.

"It depends on you, Bruce Lowry said in a shaken voice. "I'd give my life to help you, Charmian, to put you back—where you were."

She stared at him, her face whitening; then she laughed. "How melodramatic! Sorry, but I don't believe you; and anyway, I'm not sure that I want to go back. I've done with love—it's the falsest thing in the world. I've done with all the sickly sentiment, and—"

"Charmian! Charmian!"
The anguish of his voice penetrated even her hardness, and for a moment she sat silent, then she rose to her feet. "I'm going home. Christopher's a good sort—he'll let me off."

"May I come with you? You're not fit to go alone. I'll only just see you to your door—"

She looked him up and down with dull eyes, then she said in a slow voice of finality: "I finished with you—six years ago."

When Christopher tramped wearily home in the early hours of the morning with Beauty at his heels, he found that Bruce

had lit the fire and was making the tea. He greeted Christopher apologetically.

"You didn't mind my running away? I couldn't stay. . . ."

"Not at all. You were quite right. And Miss Lee? How is she?"

"I wanted to see her home, but she would not allow me to."

Christopher gave Beauty her supper, took off his boots, and sat down by the fire with a little contented sigh. There was a profound silence till Bruce asked abruptly:

"What sort of a salary does Miss Lee receive?"

Christopher shot a swift glance at him. "I believe she gets two pounds a week," he said after a moment. "I may be wrong, of course, but my belief is that she has someone who is dependent upon her; someone she has to support."

Bruce made no answer, but his heart gave a quick throb of apprehension. Charmian's father was dead; who could be dependent upon her? She had no brothers or sister; who, then, could it be for whom she had to work?

Presently he said abruptly:

"Would you—could one . . . would it be possible to—to increase her salary, say by another pound a week?"

Christopher considered.

Bruce Lowry laughed self-consciously. "This morning I called to see the solicitor who arranged my affairs when I . . . six years ago; and he told me that some worthless shares I had bought then, and forgotten, have turned out to be very profitable. Gold has been found on the estate, and with care I shall have sufficient money to make me independent for the rest of my life."

Christopher's eyes gleamed with pleasure. "Your luck has turned already!"

"But with regard to Miss Lee," the elder man went on, "as I have just said, she is very proud, and were she to suspect—"

"I leave that to you, to see that she does not," Bruce said quickly. Christopher nodded gravely. "I promise to do my utmost."

"So you will no longer need my poor hospitality," he said after a moment.

Bruce turned eagerly. "I was thinking—before you came in—I should be only too pleased and honored if you could see your way—you and Beauty, to share a home with me. We could find a little house, in London, or the country, whichever you prefer—"

He stopped, warned by something in the elder man's face.

"Beauty and I will be only too pleased to visit you, if you invite us," he said courteously. "But we like our own home; we like our independence, eh, my dear?"

Beauty wagged her feathery tail in lazy agreement, and Bruce flushed.

THERE was a letter from Mr. Smithers in the morning. Bruce had given him Christopher's address, and he wrote asking him to dinner that night. "Come and dine informally; we shall be quite alone. I know your first thought will be to refuse, but I beg of you not to. Let us help you to get back to the world you ought never to have left."

Bruce showed Christopher the letter. A dozen times during the day he made up his mind not to go to Mr. Smithers', but in the end Christopher's persuasions won, and at seven o'clock he found himself giving his coat to the Smithers' maid-servant.

And then he was shaking hands with Mr. Smithers, and meeting the kind, diffident eyes of his wife.

"We are so pleased to see you again," she told him. "And—Stella—you remember my daughter Stella, Mr. Lowry?"

No, he had not remembered, and he flushed a little as he bowed to the girl who came forward rather shyly.

She was small and dark and dainty, and she wore a gray silk frock with a short frilly skirt that made her look almost a child.

"You were a little girl when I—when I last saw you," Bruce Lowry said awkwardly, and wondered why he had said it, seeing that still she was only a little girl.

"I remember you quite well," she told him. "I remember you mended my doll once, when she broke her arm."

Yes, he remembered that too; and the recalling of the little incident seemed to remove the last trace of embarrassment. He felt stimulated, refreshed by the girl's beauty.

She sat beside him at dinner, and there were flowers on the table, and silver dishes, and shaded lights. And the warmth began to come back to Bruce Lowry's heart, and hope, and the joy of living, and for a little while he was almost happy.

Later, in the drawing-room, Bruce sat with his eyes fixed on the fire while Stella played the violin. Mrs. Smithers accompanied her, and the very homeliness and charm of the scene tore his nerves unbearably.

He turned his head and looked at Stella. Her head was bent over her violin; her pretty face utterly absorbed.

"You must come again. I do hope you will come again," Mrs. Smithers told him when he rose to take his leave. "We shall always be pleased to see you."

"Yes, do come again," Stella urged shyly, and her eyes followed him with a little eager light in their depths as he went away.

Bruce Lowry went to the Elixir Hall the following night with Christopher. Charmian looked thin and pale.

There were moments when he told himself that her hatred of him was unjust, and then again moments when he knew

[Turn to page 53]

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER



Thirty-two! Well, I should worry
Campbell's chefs can work and hurry!
Everything they make is fine
But Vegetable's the soup for mine!

No doubt if you wished to go to all the trouble and expense of making your own vegetable soup, it would be good soup. But even then—

Would you be able to extract all the nutritious juices from the joint of the beef richest in appetizing flavor to make your broth or stock?

Would you insist upon your dealer delivering Chantenay carrots just because you know them to be unsurpassed in flavor and color?

Would the corn have to be Country Gentleman and would the potatoes have to come from Maine simply because the finest potatoes in the country are grown there?

Would you search through all the markets of the world to make sure that each ingredient was the very finest that could be obtained?

Would you use thirty-two different ingredients, including fifteen tempting vegetables, invigorating beef broth, substantial cereals, fresh herbs and dainty seasoning?

Yet all of these things are done for you in Campbell's Vegetable Soup!

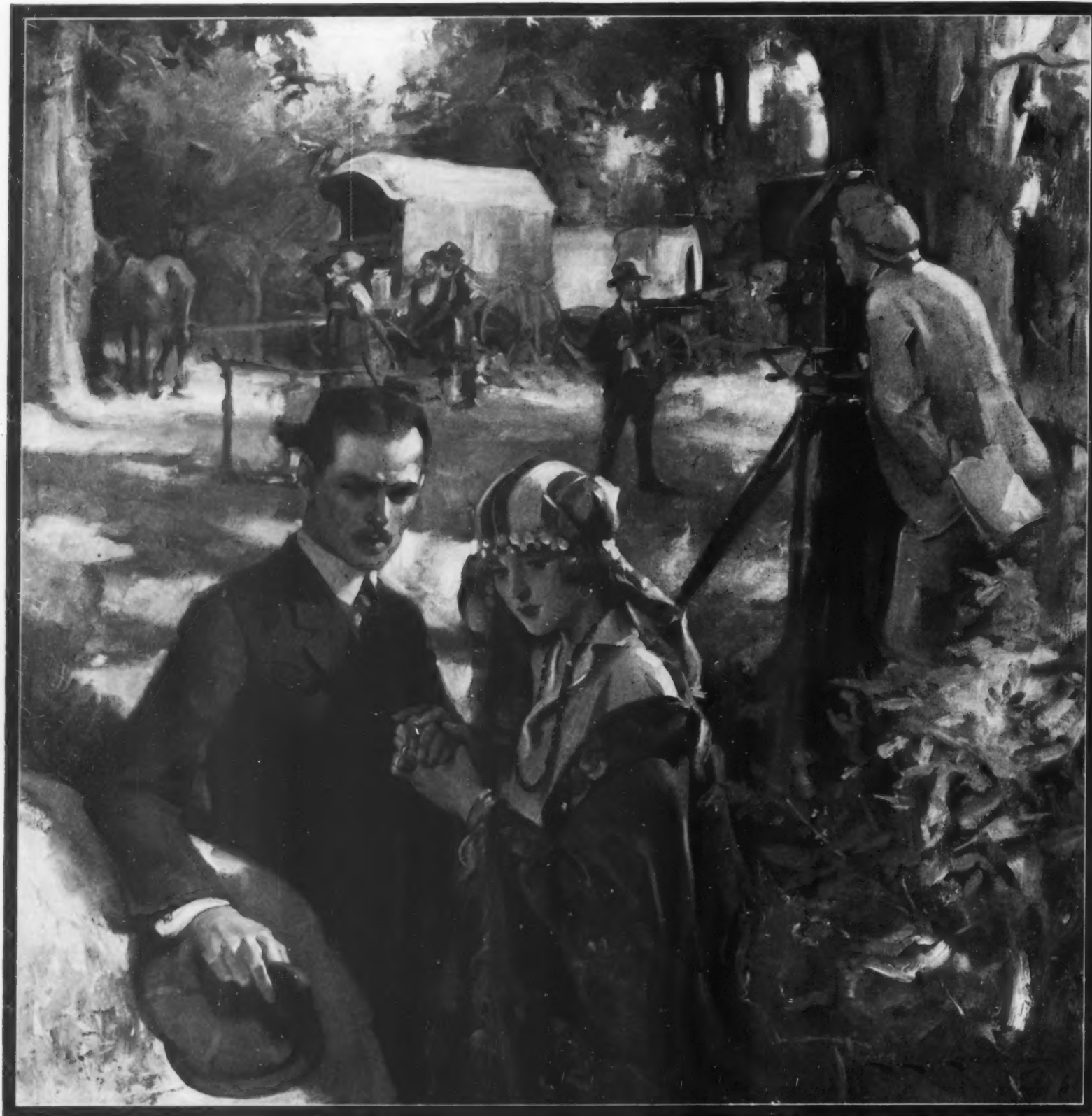
21 kinds

12 cents a can



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



During the winter Annan went to visit Eris at the California film colony three times. Both, however, thought it best for him not to remain



ERIS



Conclusion



ANNAN'S letters came to Eris every day during her visit at Whitewater Farms. She answered infrequently, not oftener than once a week. Other letters were forwarded from Jane Street—persistent letters from Smull begging to know where she had gone—abject letters betraying all the persistence of a man who knows no pride, no shame in pursuit where there ever had been an end to gain. Eris read only the first of Smull's letters. The others went, unopened, into the kitchen range. Twice, also, her husband wrote her, evidently aware of annulment proceedings, vaguely threatening her in case she married Smull, furnishing her with a mass of filthy detail concerning Smull's private life, menacing her and him, pleading, sometimes begging for money. She read both letters, sent them to her attorney, and cleansed her mind of them and of the creature who had written them.

The time was shortening; the days were drawing near when she must report for work. Her last year of work, perhaps. The last year, maybe, of her screen career.

She wrote to the man who already had become the object paramount of her life:

Dearest: Your daily letters reassure me. You do me a great kindness in writing them. Long ago, before I knew what love was, your unvarying kindness won me. Always, to me, it remains the most wonderful thing in the world.

We are not yet in full autumn here at Whitewater Farms. Few leaves have turned. Except for miles of golden-rod and purple asters on fallow and roadside, and acres of golden stubble, and the wine-red

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Flaming Jewel," "Cardigan," etc.

Illustrated by C. E. Chambers

acres of reaped buckwheat, one would scarcely believe that summer had ended in these Northern hills.

I shall leave here soon. My stepmother and my half-brothers are kind to me. My father, too, in his own way. But I shall not come to Whitewater Farms again.

I am not really welcome; I am pleasantly endured. My people have nothing in common with me. It always has been so. I seem to have been born an outsider. I still am. They can't help it; nor can I. There seems to be no bond, no tie, no natural obligation of blood, none of custom, to hold me here. It is a lonely feeling. But it has been mine from earliest recollection.

Your attorney writes to me occasionally. He assures me he is speeding the annulment. To me, that brief phase was vaguer than a dream of which one remembers only an indefinable discomfort.

When it is brushed away forever I shall marry you. If children come I can't go on acting—or only between times. Not even then, because I shan't leave them or you;—or you, Barry—chiefly you. I shall be a good wife and a good mother. And you shall provide our fame.

ERIS.

Camille Armand, Gowns, 57th Street, sent Betsy Blythe an estimate for her personal adornment in the proposed production of a super-picture to be called *The Devil's Own*.

Betsy sent the outrageous estimate to Frank Donnell. Donnell sent it to Albert Smull. Smull telephoned to Donnell that he'd drop in and discuss cuts in the morning. A minor accident detained Donnell's suburban train. Smull arrived at Donnell's office and sat down at Donnell's desk to wait.

Donnell's secretary opened the director's morning mail and laid it on his desk under the ruddy nose of Albert Smull. On top was a telegram to Donnell from Eris, dated from Whitewater, N. Y.

Smull, as a matter of course, read the telegram:

Arrive Saturday evening, Jane Street. Would love to see you before I begin work. Do call me up after Monday. Best wishes always. ERIS.

Smull was standing by one of the windows looking out on Broadway when Donnell arrived. They discussed the estimate Betsy had submitted, and parted.

Smull went downtown. But he could not keep his mind on business. He had a row with Shill, was brutal to a stenographer, made enemies of one or two customers, bullied his personal office force, and finally put on his hat and light overcoat and departed, leaving everything in a mess.

At the Patrons' Club that afternoon he saw Annan passing, and saluted him; and was ignored. This didn't suit him. He turned back, and, coming up alongside of Annan—"What's the matter?" he asked; "anything wrong?" "Yes, you are," said the boy.

[Turn to page 22]



Make this test:
Wash your bedlinens and spreads with Fels-Naptha Soap. Compare the results with those by other methods. Even the surface will show you greater whiteness and brightness after several Fels-Naptha washings.

What is FELS-NAPTHA Cleanliness? More than the cleanliness you can see!

It goes deep down below the surface, and carries the healthfulness of sunshine to every thread. Sweetness and purity go with it. It is *hygienic* cleanliness—the kind everybody wants in clothes.

And what makes the difference?

Real naptha combined with splendid soap gives Fels-Naptha its advantage in cleansing. The naptha, with its surprising dirt-loosening ability, breaks the hold of dirt with ease and safety. Not a speck escapes it. Yet the clothes are left unharmed—no hard rubbing is needed.

The soapy water, working back and forth between the threads, flushes all the dirt away. *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness* takes complete possession, and healthful clothes are assured.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha combination of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that gives you the best of both these two safe cleansers at the same time, and in the one quick-working, labor-saving, health-preserving bar.

Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's. Use it for all your soap-and-water cleaning, and make your home glow with *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness*.



You can tell Fels-Naptha by its clean naptha odor

Fels-Naptha Soap increases the joy of camp life through its ability to work well in cool water. It makes every brook a kitchen sink, and every stream a laundry.



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

GET acquainted with Fels-Naptha's sanitary work. Send 2¢ in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1923, Fels & Co. Philadelphia

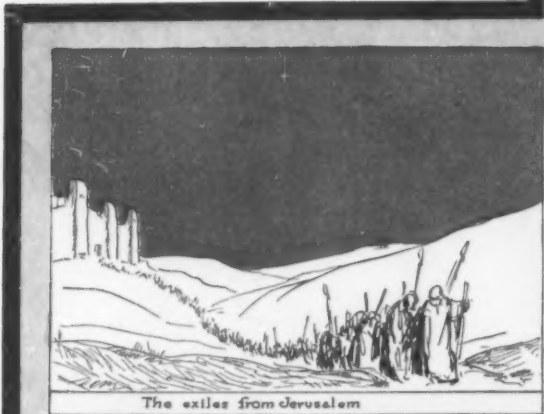


SAMSON asked Jehovah to grant him one final prayer—to let him have his old strength for a single moment.

They placed Samson in the center of the temple, between the two pillars which supported the roof.

Slowly his fingers touched the cold stone. While the crowd around him went into wild yells of joy, his hands grasped the blocks of granite. With a sudden heaving of his broad shoulders, he pushed the pillars away from him. They crashed into a multitude of pieces. The roof fell in. The people in the temple and those on the roof were all killed. And underneath the ruins lay the broken body of Samson.

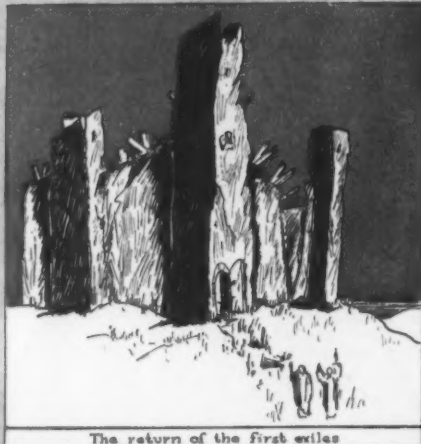
After a time a very different sort of leader was found. This was the famous prophet Samuel. His father was called Elkanah and the name of his mother was Hannah. For many years, Hannah had had no children and she used to go every year to the temple in Shiloh to pray that she might be given a son. When the child was born, his



The exiles from Jerusalem

The Story of The Bible

by Hendrik Willem van Loon



The return of the first exiles



Jeremiah's last view of Jerusalem

happy mother called him Samuel, and when he was old enough to walk, she took him to Shiloh and asked Eli, who was then judge, to give him some work to do in the temple that he might be ever in the presence of Jehovah. Eli liked the boy, who was very bright, and because he had given up all hopes that his own two sons, Phinehas and Hophni, would amount to anything, he began to train little Samuel as a possible successor.

ONE night, when Eli was closing the doors of the sacred building, he heard a voice calling Samuel by name. The child, who was asleep on a couch, awoke and said, "Yes, Master, I am here. What do you want?"

Eli answered that he did not want anything and that he had not called. The boy lay down again, but for a second time, the voice called, "Samuel!" This happened three times in succession. Then Eli understood that it was Jehovah who had spoken. He left Samuel alone, and Jehovah thereupon told the boy that the sons of Eli must



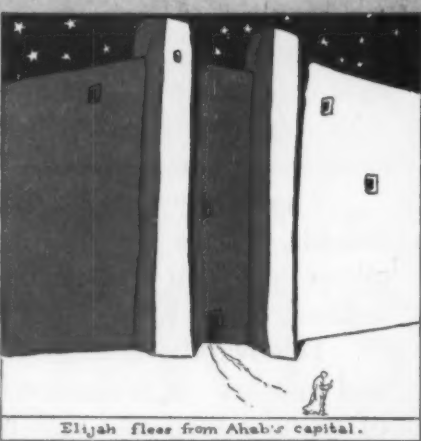
The Jews watch the coming of the Persians

trophy, but still able to influence the fate of nations and the lives of men. For no sooner had the Philistines carried the Ark into the presence of Dagon than the image of their god was struck down by invisible hands and was broken into a thousand pieces.

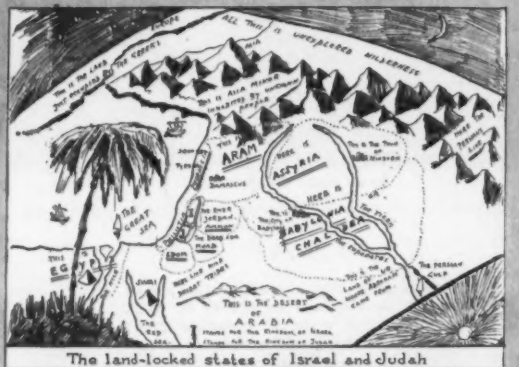
The Philistines, in great fear, took the Ark away and carried it to the city of Gath. Immediately all the people fell ill. After that there was no end to the ill luck of poor Philistia. They took the Ark from north to south and from east to west, but everywhere disaster followed. Until, in utter despair, the Philistines filled the Ark with gold, hoisted it onto a cart, harnessed two cows in front of the cart, and set the animals free to wander whither they pleased, provided they took this terrible curse away from their country. The driverless cows started eastward. One beautiful morning, several Jewish farmers who were working in the fields saw the wagon with its holy load standing in the middle of the road. Hastily they built an altar and all the people from the neighborhood flocked together to worship. Later they brought the Ark to the house of a



The United Kingdom



Elijah flees from Ahab's capital.



The land-locked states of Israel and Judah

be killed for their sins because their wickedness threatened to destroy all of the people of Israel.

The next morning Samuel told Eli what had been revealed to him the night before. Soon all the people heard of it. Thereafter, they treated Samuel with great respect, and they said to each other that the boy would surely grow up to be a great prophet and perhaps their ruler. But ere that day came, and while Eli was still judge, the Philistines had once more taken to the warpath. Now it was the habit of the Jews, whenever they went forth to battle, to carry the Ark with them. Phinehas and Hophni, being the sons of Eli, who was both judge and high-priest, were ordered to conduct the sacred shrine to the Jewish camp. This they did, although they had offended against all the laws of the land and had greatly displeased Jehovah. The Ark, without the presence of the spirit of Jehovah, was just a plain wooden box. Of course it could not avert disaster under such circumstances, and the battle which followed ended with a terrible defeat for the Hebrew army. Not only were the depraved sons of Eli killed, but the Ark itself was captured by the enemy. When news of this disaster reached Eli, he gave a great sigh and died, and Samuel was elected judge in his place. It was one of the worst days in all Jewish history. The Holy of Holies, which had been carried from Egypt to the land of Canaan, was now reposing in the new temple which the Philistines had erected upon the ruins of the ancient structure destroyed by Samson. It was a war



The Author of Ecclesiastes

Levite priest called Abinadab. There it stood until it was taken to Jerusalem many years later, when David was king and dreamed of building that famous temple which was finally constructed by his son Solomon.

THERE lived a man in the town of Bethlehem who was called Elimelech. The name of his wife was Naomi and they had two sons, Chilion and Mahlon. Elimelech was well-to-do, but when a famine came to the region around Bethlehem, he lost everything he possessed. He had a rich cousin whose name was Boaz. But Elimelech was too proud to beg. Rather than ask for assistance, he took his wife and his boys and moved into the land of Moab to make a new start. Soon he was hard at work. But he died quite suddenly, and his widow was left with the care of her two sons. They were decent young fellows. They helped their mother on the farm and when they were old enough, they married girls from a nearby Moabite village and they all expected to end their days among the kindly strangers of their adopted country. But Chilion and Mahlon, who seemed to have inherited their father's weak constitution, were both stricken with illness and died within a short time after each other. Their mother, bowed down with grief, decided to go back to the old country, that she might spend the last years of her life among people whom she had known from childhood and who spoke the language with which she was familiar.

[Turn to page 53]



"Some skins are especially susceptible to blackheads; if your skin belongs to this type you need to use a special method of cleansing."

Blackheads are a Confession

Blackheads are a confession that your skin is not getting the care it needs.

Some skins are especially susceptible to blackheads; perhaps your skin belongs to this type.

If so, you must use a special method of cleansing to overcome this trouble.

Blackheads are caused by excessive oil collecting dirt in the pores of your skin. If your skin has a tendency to be large-pored or oily, or if it is very much exposed to dust and soft coal smoke—then you must take special measures to prevent blackheads.

This treatment has benefited thousands

Thousands of girls and women, by using this special treatment, have found that they can keep their skin absolutely free from blackheads—fresh and smooth and clear as a child's in this respect—

Every night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Use this treatment persistently, and within even a week or ten days you will see a decided improvement. In time this disfiguring trouble will vanish altogether.

This treatment for blackheads is only one of the famous treatments given in the booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* which is

wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. You will find a special treatment for each different type of skin in this booklet.

Each one of these famous skin treatments has been tested through years of study and experience. By using them regularly, thousands of girls and women have overcome the faults in their complexion, and have gained the lovely clear skin they longed for. Begin, today, to give *your* skin the treatment that will make it fresh, radiant, flawless as every woman's skin should be.

Why skin disturbances often occur on the face

It is a well-known scientific fact that the nerves which control the blood supply are more sensitive in the skin of your face than elsewhere—and that consequently the skin of your face is more liable to disturbances.

For this reason the soap which you use daily on your face should be of the best quality obtainable.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and see what an ideal effect it has on your skin. Woodbury's Facial Soap is made of the purest ingredients, by a formula perfected through long study of the skin's special needs. The regular use of Woodbury's in your daily toilet will tend to improve the whole tone of your complexion.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three Woodbury skin preparations—guest-size—for 10 cents

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.

1508 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch."*

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1508 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.
English Agents: H.C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Name

Street

City State

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today

Smull was still smiling his near-eyed smile, but his sanguine features reddened more heavily.

They had walked as far as the Strangers' Room. There was nobody there, not even a servant.

"What's all this about?" demanded Smull.

"I don't get you, Annan—"

"You don't get anybody. That's why your activities are ridiculous and you obnoxious."

Smull's grin became mechanical. "Are you trying to quarrel with me over a skirt who has made monkeys out of both of us—"

Annan hit him hard. He lost his balance, stumbled backward and landed on a leather sofa, seated. His left eye was already puffing up. He seemed too astonished to stir.

Annan went over to the door, locked it, leaving the key there. Then he came back and waited for Smull to get up.

Which he did after a moment, and began to recover his coat and waistcoat.

"We'll both be expelled," he said coolly, "but it's worth it to me—"

A heavy automatic pistol fell from an inside coat pocket to the carpet.

"That's what I ought to use on you," he remarked; but he picked it up and dropped it into the side pocket of his coat. Then he turned and was on Annan like a panther. Both fell, smashing a chair; both were on their feet the next second. But Smull's bolt was sped. His face was congested; he was panting already. He had lived too well. Annan walked toward him, perfectly aware that he could hit him when and where he chose. But after he had selected the spot he couldn't do it. In fact, there was nothing further to do or say.

DRIPPING his hands into his pockets, he turned on his heel, walked slowly to the door, let himself out, closed the door quietly behind him.

From the club Smull called up his limousine. When the doorman announced it, he threw aside the evening paper, took a look at his damaged eye in a mirror, put on hat and overcoat, and went out to where his car stood.

"You know where," he said to his chauffeur, "—and stop somewhere for the evening papers."

A newsboy on Forty-Second Street supplied the papers. Smull continued to read all the way to Jane Street. But when his car drew up along the east curb of Greenwich Avenue, he laid aside the papers and settled back to watch.

Through the early October dusk, illuminated shop windows and street arc-lights shed conflicting rays and shadows over passers-by.

Smull's vision, too, was impaired, and he squinted intently at every taxi, watching for one that would turn into Jane Street. He could see the front of the house where Eris lived. He could see, also, that her windows were unlighted. It was evident that she had not yet arrived. He hadn't the least idea what time she would appear.

Smull's chauffeur, reposing resignedly at the wheel, straightened up abruptly, then left his seat and came around to the open window of the car, and said:

"That bum is over there on the corner again, Mr. Smull."

"Where?"

"He's in the shadow of that doorway—just south of the corner, sir."

"All right," nodded Smull.

He smoked four large cigars and was lighting a fifth. It was ten o'clock. No taxi had turned into Jane Street. The windows of the house he watched remained unlighted. And, across the street, the shadowy shape had not stirred. Undoubtedly the fellow had recognized Smull's car. Which concerned Smull not a whit.

However, he was growing restless. He had over-smoked, too. Now he flung away the cigar just lighted, opened the limousine door and got out.

To his chauffeur he said: "That's all. Call up at eight-thirty tomorrow morning."

"That bum is still over there, sir—"

"All right, Harvey. Go back to the garage. And I'll want the coupé tomorrow."

"Very good, sir."

Smull watched the car glide away down Greenwich Avenue, turn east, disappear.

Then he walked across to Jane Street and as far as the house he was watching, and gazed up at her darkened windows.

For half an hour or so he sauntered back and forth between her house and the corner. And once, although his contempt for Carter remained supreme, he ran his right hand over the coat pocket where the pistol sagged—a movement involuntary and quite unconscious.

A little before eleven a taxi-cab suddenly turned out of Greenwich Avenue and halted before the house in which Eris dwelt.

SMULL was prowling some distance to the westward on the opposite side of the street; and the sudden appearance of the cab caught him unprepared.

He started back instantly; but even before he arrived opposite the house she had entered it, carrying her suitcase.

Her taxi-cab, however, remained waiting.

Smull looked up at her windows. Suddenly a light broke out behind the lowered shades. He looked across at the waiting taxi. He was going to have another chance.

When the light went out behind the yellow shades it would be time enough to cross the street. He thought so. Meanwhile, he would wait. He'd take his time. What's time to a gentleman?

Eris had lighted the apartment, had taken one swiftly comprehensive glance at the dusty solitude about her, then she hurried to the telephone and gave Annan's number. And heard his voice, presently:

"Who is it?"

"Darling!"

"Eris! Where on earth are you?"

"Home."

"I'm coming—"

"No! It's dusty and messy and horrid. May I come to Governor's Place? I have a taxi—and I'm starved—"

"Jump into that taxi instantly! I'll find Xantippe and have something for you in a few minutes."

"I'm on the way, Barry."

She was on the way. But it was the feminine way.

First of all she had a toilet to make, a complete change of



ERIS



[Continued from page 18]



Eris, lovely grand-daughter of the Comtesse d'Espremont

clothing to effect. She went to the windows to reassure herself that the shades were properly lowered. Her taxi was both visible and audible below. She noticed nothing else in the street except that it was beginning to rain. Probably she could not have recognized Smull, even if she had caught sight of him on the opposite side of the way.

There is an old brick building there, untenanted, its shabby façade running westward toward the North River. Against it Smull stood in darkness.

But already another person had discovered Smull; had recognized him; and now was shuffling slowly along toward him.

Smull, intent on the lighted windows above, did not notice the other man until he was close to his elbow. Then he turned. It did not suit Smull to have any altercation then or there. He said in a guarded voice: "Get out of here, you—!"

"I want to talk to you," said Carter, hoarsely. "I've got to have some money—"

Smull, infinitely annoyed, turned his back and walked westward, turning up the collar of his light overcoat as the drizzle thickened from the river. He walked a few paces, stood looking back over his left shoulder at the windows where light shone behind the yellow shades.

Presently he was aware of Carter close behind him. Smull turned on him savagely. Neither stirred. But it was too close to her house: and Smull, deciding to end the matter quickly, turned once more and walked toward the North River.

When he concluded that he was far enough away in the obscurity he halted, listening for the shuffle of feet.

But Carter came very silently; was at his elbow again before he heard him. Then, for the first time, the stealthy movements of the man seemed to convey a vague menace to Smull.

As he confronted Carter he began to unbutton his overcoat, deliberately at first, then more swiftly as he saw the expression in his enemy's eyes.

White as a corpse, Carter said something to him he did not understand as his hand closed on the pistol sagging in his coat pocket.

Then Smull saw a pistol in Carter's hand; felt a terrific blow in the stomach that knocked him against the brick wall behind him.

As he slid down to a sitting posture, all darkness seemed crashing down around him. And through the rushing chaos he freed his pistol and fired at a gray blur above him—fired again as sight failed in his dying eyes—lay very still there in the rain.

ONLY in books does the story of any individual begin and end. But birth cannot begin that story; nor can death end it. Sequel and sequence, continued and continuous, serial interminable.

At the autopsy enough coal-tar was discovered in the viscera of Mr. Carter to account for the large orifice he blew in the abdomen of Mr. Smull. The motive, too, seemed to be clear enough. Smull had been instrumental in sending Carter to prison, where he had become an addict. Also, Mr. Smull exhibited letters in which Mr. Carter promised to "get" Mr. Smull unless a satisfactory financial arrangement were made for his personal maintenance. The name of Eris did not appear in the newspapers.

Saint Berold's Chapel indorsed Smull. The music was especially fine. The Crook's Cantata for Carter; Broadway's roar his requiem. However, what was left of Eddie, coal-

tar and all, went to Evergreen Valley Cemetery in an automobile hearse, followed by one trailer.

A young girl got out of the trailer after the coffin was lowered, the grave filled and the mound deftly shaped. She laid a bunch of wild blue asters and golden-rod on the mound.

Then, after she had stood motionless for a minute, she got into the trailer again, where a young man awaited her.

There still remained for the career of Eris an autumn, a winter and a spring in California.

She wore his betrothal ring when she went away. Annan stood the separation for a month, then went after her. During the winter Annan went three times to the coast. Both, however, thought it best that he should not remain.

Eris made three pictures. Two were the species known as feature pictures, the third a super-picture.

She was paid for her work five hundred dollars a week. She was offered twice as much to sign for another year. Then twice as much again. She refused both offers.

As for Annan, excepting his brief journeys to the coast, he passed a miserable, apathetic, unreal winter. To Coitfoot it was painfully plain where was the true and only source of the boy's inspiration. Everything else now appeared to be only a sort of native ability polished with usage to cleverness where technical fluency and journalistic nimbleness in narrative did brilliant duty for the real thing.

For a few days, after being with Eris, enough of her in him lasted so that he could get on with his novel. Then he needed her again. But realized his necessity only when he had gone on for a while without her.

Dark days came for the boy; incredulity, alarm, chagrin, the struggle renewed, doubt, helplessness, and the subconscious cry for her, never written nor voiced, yet somehow heard by her at the edge of the other ocean.

Always the occult appeal was answered; always she responded in a passion of tenderness and abnegation—her promise that the days of separation were drawing to their end, that soon she would come to him forever.

SHE came when May was ending.

It transpired that she still had a few days left of her career—spots to fill in with "Eastern stuff," where the continuity called for it—a location here, a set or two to be knocked together, nothing exacting.

Then the professional career of Eris was to be "irised out."

After dinner on the evening of her return, in his study, he sat at his desk with the typed manuscript over which he had agonized all winter. Eris, perched on the arm of his chair, read it over his shoulder, page after page.

"It seems to be getting on, darling," she ventured.

"Well, I've got to talk it over with you. I want it to be the real thing."

"You'll make it so."

He looked up at her. In his eyes there was a sort of tragic curiosity. Her heart seemed to stand still.

Suddenly he smiled, bent and touched his lips to her betrothal ring.

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme," he murmured. "And these things are in you."

She bent her head close to his: "What do you mean by 'things unattempted'?"

"Milton's line, Eris, not mine. 'Things unattempted.' And latent in you. Not within me—unless you give them."

Her gray eyes said: "If they truly are in me you have only to take." Her lips tenderly denied such possession, attributing all origin to him.

The boy said: "God knows where it comes from; but it is in me only when you are near."

She rested her cool cheek against his. Her career was paid for.

"One thing," he said with an embarrassed grin, "is likely to annoy you. But I've got to show it to you. You haven't seen today's papers, have you?"

"No. . . . Oh, Barry!"

"You bet, sweetheart. It's the announcement of our engagement."

"Darling! How wonderful! And what do you mean by my being annoyed? I authorized you to announce it any time in May it suited you."

"That's it," he admitted. "I was to send the announcement to the papers. But I didn't know how such things were done so I was ass enough to go to my aunt about it."

Eris flushed. "Was Mrs. Grandcourt annoyed?"

"I'll tell you what happened. I knew she had just arrived from Bermuda, and I went yesterday afternoon. Well—my aunt is my aunt. We don't get on. We went through our semi-yearly financial pow-wow. That's all fixed for the next six months."

"Then she gave me an opening by asking, suspiciously, whether I knew where you were. When she mentioned you I said, 'Oh, by the way, I'm marrying Eris in June. I meant to mention it—'"

"Dearest, the extraordinary face my aunt made at me stopped me. I think she was too astounded to understand whether she was pleased or not. And— Did you suppose my aunt could swear? Well, she can. She swore at me for ten minutes, threatening dire things if I philandered with the granddaughter of Jeanne d'Espremont—"

"Barry!"

"Well, she did. And when finally it filtered through her skull that I was semi-decent, she became very much excited. You've got to have a very grand church wedding, Eris. Do you mind?"

"Darling! I'd adore it!"

"Well, for heaven's sake— Well, I'm glad you feel that way. Men usually don't, you know. But it's all right—"

"Oh, Barry!" she said in ecstasy, clasping her white hands as unconscious of dramatic effect as when she had pleaded with Mr. Quiss on Whitewater Brook.

He said: "My aunt's a snob. Here's the announcement she sent out yesterday afternoon—"

He opened a drawer, took out a dozen clippings. They read them together:

Mrs. Magellus Grandcourt announces the engagement of Eris Odell, granddaughter of the late Comtesse Jeanne d'Espremont, of Bayou d'Espremont, Louisiana, to Barry Annan, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Grandcourt Annan, of New York.

Miss Odell is the descendant of one of the oldest Royalist families of France, her great grandfather coming to this country as a refugee

[Turn to page 56]

Raspberry Shortcake

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Swift's "Silver-
leaf" Brand Pure
Lard
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking
powder

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
Fresh raspberries

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, salt and
sugar; work in Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand
Pure Lard; add milk. Roll and bake in a hot
oven. Split, spread with butter and serve
with sweetened raspberries and cream.



Strawberries, raspberries, peaches, apricots for filling —but shortcakes vary mostly in the crusts

FOR most folks, no dessert can come up to the old-fashioned shortcake—the double-deck kind with its layers of biscuit fluffy, white; between them and on top crushed fruit aplenty.

And now it's raspberry time. Give your family a treat tonight!

You can be sure of success if you use the recipe above. It tells just how to make shortcake with light and tender and fluffy crusts. And that's where shortcakes vary mostly.

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard is the ideal shortening not only because it's of just the right consistency to work in best with the flour, but because, as older cooks emphasize, it imparts a certain delicacy of flavor which only a very pure lard can give.

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard is always uniform, always pure—and equally fine for frying or baking use.

You can buy it from your grocer or your butcher.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



"Best to buy for
bake or fry"

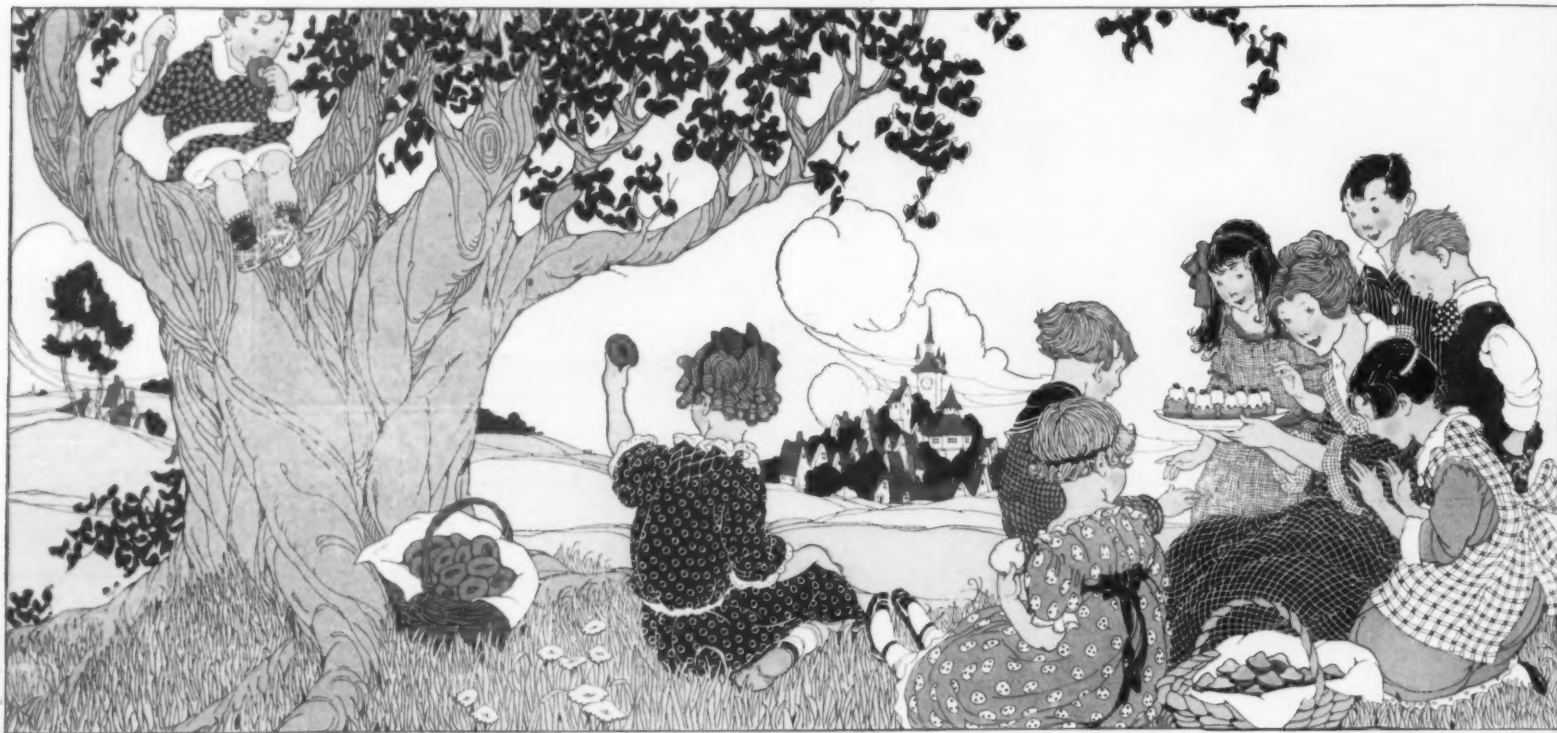
Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard comes in sanitary 1-pound cartons and in convenient pails of 2, 5 and 10 pounds. These containers keep its purity and freshness unimpaired—another reason why thousands of particular home cooks choose this finer lard

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard



What's this? A party? Yes, and a very unusual party it is, too. Under the quaint old tree sit our young friends Conny and Prudence and Jack and Jim with some of their little guests. They are having all sorts of delightful cakes and cookies and Mother has never once said, "Be careful." Instead she keeps on saying, "Help yourselves." At first you may think that our little friends' mother is not cautious.

But indeed she is—most cautious and careful of the health of all young boys and girls. But she has found a way to make cakes and pies and cookies which are perfectly digestible—a way to the hearts of children, too. Her method is not really a secret. Any mother can learn all about it by reading the message below.



What a great doctor says about children's need for fats

Fats, you know, furnish one-third of the body's energy. If deprived of fats, boys and girls would quickly lose their "go." Of this need for fats in childhood's diet, Dr. Robert Hutchison's standard work, "Food and Dietetics," says:

"One can understand the enormous importance of establishing good 'digestive habits' in the young. If a child is encouraged to avoid fats, for example, he may ultimately lose the power of producing the secretions specially suited to the digestion of fatty foods and may thus, with the best intentions, be unable to eat much fat all his life afterward and so suffer from impaired nutrition."

Why this shortening is wholesome

Mothers should understand the peculiar importance of choosing a shortening which is readily digested.

For shortening is probably the most commonly used cooking ingredient.

If your shortening is indigestible, little stomachs must struggle daily with indigestible foods.

Crisco is a *vegetable* shortening. It provides in digestible form the fats which children need and lends its own digestibility to fried foods, pies, cakes and cookies.

Thoughtful mothers appreciate so healthful a shortening and gladly pay for Crisco a few cents more than the cost of "average" fats. They would no more deliberately choose indigestible shortening than they would deliberately choose inferior milk.

But a care-free pleasure in giving your children the foods they crave is only one reward of using Crisco. Women tell us, often, that their delicious Crisco results give them a new interest in cooking.

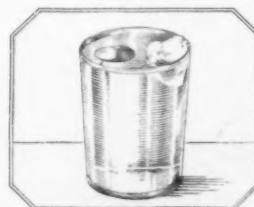
Crisco cakes are light and tender and stay fresh longer. Crisco pie

crust is flaky and Crisco fried foods have a delicate flavor and a crisp brown crust.

The really progressive grocer, you will find, prefers to sell the most healthful food ingredients. More and more he is recommending Crisco to take the place of shortenings whose ease of digestion may be questioned.

Delicious results from your own favorite recipes

With Crisco, use all your own precious recipes just as before—with perfectly delicious results. As *shortening*, however, you can employ 1-5 less of Crisco than you would of animal fats. And in *frying*, remember that you can strain Crisco and use it again and again.



Two simple home tests

Low Melting Point Easy Digestibility

Into half a glass of lukewarm water drop a small lump each of Crisco and any other shortening. With a spoon gradually add hot water until Crisco melts. You will find that few other fats melt at this point. Food authorities say that an easily digested fat should melt near body heat—98 2/5 degrees. Crisco you will find melts even below this temperature. It melts at 97 degrees. (This test does not necessarily condemn the digestibility of the other fat, but it will aid you to establish Crisco's fine digestibility.)

Avoid Smoke and Odor!

Put into separate pans equal amounts of Crisco and any other fat. Heat slowly for eight minutes or until they reach a temperature where a bread crumb browns in 40 seconds.

Notice that the Crisco, unlike most cooking fats, does not smoke at this proper frying temperature.

You will find that frying with Crisco will be very helpful in keeping your whole house fresh and free from the odor of cooking fats.



For delicious, digestible cakes
For digestible and flaky pastry
For crisp, digestible fried foods

Copyright 1923 by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

Digestible Vegetable Shortening



Making Jelly the New Way

*The Sunshine, Color and Full Flavor of Summer
Are Stored Away in the Little Glass Jars*

By May B. Van Arsdale and Day Monroe

Department Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

WERE you ever a judge of jelly at a fair or a food show? There are always many contestants for the blue ribbon because the attainment of skill in jelly-making is considered a justifiable reason for pride and local prestige.

But of the numerous entries there are always many which cannot even be considered when they are turned from the glasses. Some are too soft—a good jelly should stand up in its dish, while waiting to be served. Others are too stiff—we want a quivering expectancy. Some string when they are cut. Others are dark and cloudy—not clear and sparkling. Of course there must be no crystals. The skilful jelly-maker must avoid all of these pitfalls.

For a long time there was little knowledge as to why jelly was sometimes good and at other times poor. By practise a woman learned that certain fruits, as sour apples, green grapes, crab-apples, sour red plums, gooseberries and currants could be depended on to make good jelly. Through failures she also discovered that peaches, pears, rhubarb, strawberries and blackberries were undependable. But why this was true and why green fruits were so much better for jelly than ripe ones she did not know.

Through investigation, chemists have shown that jelly is the result of combining sugar in the proper proportion with a fruit juice which contains a certain amount of acid and a substance called pectin. They found that the fruits, which the housewife had learned were well adapted for jelly-making, contain a great deal of pectin and are all moderately tart (acid). As fruit ripens, the pectin changes and decreases—hence the difficulties with ripe grapes.

THE knowledge of the importance of pectin led to a search for some definite way of finding out how much of it a fruit really contains. The test which seems to be most satisfactory is made by taking a tablespoon of hot fruit juice, ready to cook for jelly-making, adding to it a tablespoon of alcohol (denatured will do) stirring it, and allowing it to stand a few minutes. If a thick, gelatinous mass results there is a great deal of pectin in the fruit juice. But if there is only a small amount of this jelly-like material, it indicates but little pectin. This is a danger signal in good jelly-making—you must be careful how much sugar you use and add pectin if possible.

Formerly the old rule ran "a cup of sugar to a cup of juice." Nowadays, we know that it is the use of too much sugar which causes most of the soft, "runny" jelly. If a fruit juice gives an exceptionally good pectin test, the cup of sugar will yield a firm jelly. But in the majority of cases, even with a fruit fairly rich in pectin, three-fourths or seven-eighths of a cup of sugar will give a more tart and appetizing jelly without the danger of being too soft. Fruit containing only a small amount of pectin will still yield jelly if only one-half cup of sugar is used.

With the fruits low in pectin, the juice must be concentrated to about one-half

its bulk. But for most of us, not fortunate enough to own orchards or berry patches, fruit is expensive and if we boil down the juice we have but little jelly to show for our money and our work. Hence we prefer to add pectin, especially since this can be done without detracting from the flavor.

The oldest way of adding pectin is by using a volume of apple juice equal to that of the juice from the "doubtful" fruit. This has been practised by the wise house-keeper for years, though she did not know that it was pectin she was adding. Apples are cheaper than other fruits, in most sections of the country, and the flavor of the apple is so mild that when blended it is not noticeable. If you live where oranges are cheaper than apples you can make pectin from the inner skins.

Or you can buy a prepared pectin, put up in bottles, which has no flavor and will solve your problem. Adding pectin by any of these means makes jelly cheaper. The juice need not be boiled down, more sugar can be used, and a larger yield obtained. In the Food Workshop we saved as much as two cents on a small glass of jelly when the fruit used for the flavor was expensive. The addition of apple juice, or other pectin, is desirable even with a fruit, rich in pectin, such as currants, when currants are expensive.

NOT only is economy practised, but twice as many varieties of jelly can appear on the shelves of the fruit cupboard. By adding pectin you can make cherry jelly, using the fresh fruit, or the juice from the canned cherries you have made into cherry pie. Pineapple jelly can be made of the juice drained from the fruit used for salad, or even better is the mixture of pineapple and orange. Peaches need pectin and a little acid too, as lemon juice, but peach jelly is an economy because the fruit pulp left is especially good for butter or conserve. Rhubarb, blue plums, and strawberries may also be made to help fill the jelly cupboard.

Raspberries and blackberries, if not too ripe, usually will yield jelly without adding pectin, if only one-half to three-fourths cup of sugar is used. But as a rule these are so expensive that it is better to put in pectin. They have such strong characteristic flavors that concentration of the juice is not at all necessary.

Mint jelly may be made by adding a little green coloring and a few sprigs of fresh mint to apple jelly during the last few minutes of cooking.

Sweet apples and quinces do not need pectin but they lack acid. Enough lemon juice should be added to give the tartness of green apples. This should be done after the juice has been cooked, else it will be too tart.

The addition of pectin not only widens the field of jelly-making and reduces the cost, but it also extends the jelly-making season throughout the entire year by making it possible to utilize the left-over juice from the canned fruits used during the winter.



Bottle fruit juices now and make jelly whenever you want it, a glass at a time. With prepared pectin, it's easy. Send for special recipes to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope



Think of the milk
children use with

**Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES**

Kellogg's Corn Flakes mean so much to the health of little folks during the warm summer months! Not only are Kellogg's beneficial, but they are an ideal milk conveyor!

Children who balk at drinking milk will consume a quantity in eating a generous bowlful of Kellogg's Corn Flakes!

No worries about over-filled little stomachs! Kellogg's digest easily and are as ideal to "play-on" as they are to "sleep-on." Yet, Kellogg's Corn Flakes are sustaining, for the youngsters as well as grown folks! And, most satisfying!

This summer go light on the heavier foods. Give stomachs a vacation. Let the children eat plenty of Kellogg's Corn Flakes—with the luscious fresh fruits in season—and see how well and happy they continue.

Invite all the family to eat generously of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Prove how much better every one feels when stomachs are not over-taxed. All grocers sell Kellogg's Corn Flakes.





One of the most popular all-purpose Keds. For sports as well as general wear.

Summer styles move constantly toward greater comfort

WHAT a few years ago was considered *négligée*, today has become accepted style. Greater comfort in dress has become the dominant note in summer fashions.

Nowhere has this result been more marked than in summer footwear.

The perfecting of Keds as a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes has made it possible for millions of mothers to secure for their children and themselves what a great orthopedic surgeon has called "the greatest blessing that has been offered to mothers in a very long time." Keds come in many styles—high shoes and low, pumps, oxfords and sandals.

A welcome relief from stiff hot shoes. Tired feet can now return to their natural form and breathe, and foot muscles can be strengthened. Keds are anatomically correct for all normal feet.

Why you should insist on Keds

Keds are the standard by which all canvas rubber-soled shoes are judged. They make you proud of their appearance as well as enthusiastic about their comfort and wear.

Keds, of course, vary in price according to type. But no matter what kind of Keds you buy, every pair gives you the highest possible value at the price.

Remember—while there are other shoes that may at first glance look like Keds, no other shoe can give you real Keds value. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Valuable hints on camping, radio, etc., are contained in the Keds Hand-book for Boys; and games, recipes, vacation suggestions and other useful information in the Keds Hand-book for Girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. G3, 1790 Broadway, New York City.



A favorite with boys. Built to stand the hardest wear.

They are not Keds unless
the name Keds is
on the shoe

The Horizon of God

[Continued from page 9]

"O king, never have I been at Alexandria in all my life. I am now a month here in Thebes."

The king was greatly moved at the sound of her voice; and that thrill of passion, which only young men know, stirred in his veins as he watched her and perceived once more how very beautiful she was.

"We have given great privileges to your father's house; but we will not be mocked. Make your future movements known to us. There is good will toward Israel still in our heart but presumption may yet be punished." He did not dare to say more fearing the prying eyes of the multitude which would babble in every porch tonight of this strange encounter.

"They will think evil, lord," Sheridan reminded his master as they drove on. "It may come even to the queen's ears. We did wrong to speak with the girl in such a place. May your servant perish for the word if it be not for his love for you, yet he would say: 'Let this woman be carried from Thebes without delay.' Aught else is to seek the enmity of the priests who assuredly will not spare her; for was she not the favored disciple of Ra and will not the heretic's faith be proclaimed again in the very palace of the king?"

Tut-ankh-Amen listened while his heart beat fast. How easy would it all be. To let this Sheridan carry the woman away to the tents of Esra, there to hide her amidst the wild Arabs of the desert. He could go to her often when he drove abroad or put himself at the head of the guard to visit the outlying villages.

"How would you take her, Sheridan? What means would you employ?"

"Let her be sent back to the City of the Horizon of God whence she came and where her people are. I will post my horsemen upon the road and they will make the rest their business. Nevertheless, let it not be done too speedily after that which has befallen us today lest the rumor of it get abroad and it come to the queen's ear. Better, lord, that you do it by the mouth of Ama, the priest, whom none suspect. He will pay heed if you speak of the woman's people and what may yet be done for them. And if, afterward, his tongue lacks prudence, some surely will be found to cut it out."

"Ah," mused Tut-ankh-Amen, "a man of God whose heart is of stone, Sheridan. What a life we should lead if we listened to him. Truly would it be well to snare such a one in the net he hath woven. Let him lead the girl to the City of the Horizon of God and men shall say that he is her lover at the very hour when she lies in my arms."

The following day, Ama, his morning worship of the god completed, was descending the great stairs of the temple when he beheld Rebecca coming toward him with an expression of anxiety in her beautiful dark eyes. He led her out to the arbor by the fountain that played in the temple yard, and there, with their arms around each other, they discussed again the dangerous situation that confronted them.

"The king," said the young priest, "desires thee. Last night he sent one Sheridan, a Bedouin, to me, commanding me to carry thee to the City of the Horizon and there to leave thee among thine own people. Knowest thou not, Rebecca, what such a journey would mean? The Arabs, servants of their master's lust, would fall upon us even as we went. Nay, they would carry thee to the king's tent that there he might enjoy thee. So I said unto him: 'Yes, I will even take the maiden'—but in my heart were other thoughts. . . . Nay, truly, it is not to the City of the Horizon that we go, you and I, Rebecca, but far to the wilderness where the wild beasts shall be our sentinels."

"And what of the people of my house when I am gone, Ama?"

"Neither priests nor king will harm them. They have no part nor lot in this affair and the king will fear the queen's displeasure."

"God send it so!" she exclaimed with deep feeling, and then, looking at him with eyes of love, while the color mounted to her cheeks, she asked with a woman's natural reticence: "And when shall this thing be, Ama?"

"We leave tomorrow at the setting of the moon. It may be that Sheridan will send his messengers here today and it is well that no suspicions shall be awakened. Now, be it upon you to do much that I am forbidden to do; and first to go to the boatman Abdul that his boat may be made ready and bread and flesh be put on board. Thereafter, let your raiment be prepared."

Ama took her hand and laid his fingers gently upon her raven hair as he said:

"I shall found a kingdom and a city of the people of Ra," he said, "and thou shalt be my queen. Egypt shall hear of it and the kings of Egypt send me their ambassadors. Let the word go out to my

own and many will follow me and they will not carry reeds in their hands. So hasten, my Rebecca, to do what is appointed and speak of it to none—nor forget that an unwise word might betray us; that for a folly we might die."

There was a mighty conflict in Thebes that night between the Israelites and the people of many races, and so fierce was the tumult that the spearmen came out from the Royal Palace and soon the streets ran with blood, and the groans of dying men and stricken women made the terrible music of the night.

The warriors of many nations joined in that uprising: Syrians and Ethiopians, Arabs and men of Abyssinia—even the negroes of the south and the Bedouins of the desert. And they fought like wild beasts, many of them hardly knowing why, but all moved to that fierce anger which the East can unloose so swiftly and can chain only by the ligatures of death. Soon every street by the Luxor gate resounded with their yells; the curved scimitars flashed in the torch's aureole; the spears were hurled; the daggers were driven into heaving bodies. Bruit of the tumult came presently even to the king's palace, and the captains were to hear that Israel had risen against the taskmaster and was fighting its way to the very throne of Egypt's king.

A great company of spearmen rode out of Tut-ankh-Amen's palace and, asking no questions concerning the right or the wrong of it, they slaughtered all they met, putting both men and women to the sword and driving the mobs headlong before their bright blades, soon to be incarnadined with the people's blood.

And up there in the temple, the priests of Egypt's ancient gods were still in profound conclave; and the burden of their talk was this, that for the sake of the gods of old, the woman Rebecca must perish and that they would cause her to be arrested immediately. Nor was it anything to them that the king had cast his eyes upon her—for was not Amon greater than any king and were they not his priests and faithful servants?

Janes, a son of a priest of Osiris, carried the tidings to the temple of Ra very early in the morning, and to him Ama listened with eager ears.

"Truly," said he, "is this likely to bring all Israel about our ears and to send many to the tombs. You were wise to come to me and I give you thanks. Now add to my burdens by taking this message to the palace and doing further service to the king. There must be no holocaust of slaves in Thebes if we can prevent it—for that would be as though one spat upon the grave of our Master Akhnaton and defiled his name before the people."

He took stylus and parchment and laboriously shaped the warning words which must come without delay to Tut-ankh-Amen's ear. "Beware of the Israelites," he wrote, "lest we perish because of them. The god of the day bids me give you this message and hereby I do his will. Let your spearmen judge between Amon and your slaves—or the curse of Ra be upon us and upon our kingdom."

After his message had been sent, he was greatly troubled and prayed earnestly to the glorious god, now risen high in the heavens, that light might come to his mind and understanding to his heart.

Such was the burden of his prayer; nor did it remain unanswered, for when he rose from his knees, he perceived a very little lad of the Hebrew faith standing in the porch of the temple, and bidding the child come forth, he asked him in a gentle voice what his business might be.

"I am to give you this, oh holy one"—and with trembling fingers the dark-eyed boy offered him a blossom of the lotus flower, bound around with nine strips of the crocodile's hide and sealed with a wooden button which had a rudely-shaped bark carved thereon. Ama needed no surer message than that. "She is fleeing to Abdul's boat and will await me there at the ninth hour," he said to himself—and rewarded the awe-struck messenger with a piece of gold.

"Go as thou came and say that the ninth hour shall find me waiting."

"I understand, father—I will deliver your message, God keeping me." He left as he had come, with flying feet, and the gladness of achievement in his heart. Ama, however, having watched him until a turn of the narrow street had hidden him from his sight, went down to the courtyard of the temple and there called for Darius, the Persian captain of his guard, and told him quickly what he would have him to do.

"I go tonight to the barge of Abdul, the boatman, and you will appoint six to guard my steps. To you, yourself, I entrust the burden of such goods as I shall carry—you will ride out with all your company toward the oasis of Albyrra and there await my coming. Thereafter, Darius, I would establish a city of the sons of the true God

[Turn to page 29]



*Palm and olive oils—
nothing else—give
nature's green color
to Palmolive Soap.*



She looks as young as ever

How often does one hear this said of some fortunate woman whom the passing years seem to leave untouched. She rivals her own daughters in freshness and beauty, and other women marvel at this eternal charm.

Keep that schoolgirl complexion—this is the secret, and every woman should share it. Don't let the passing years write their record on your face when simple care will prevent it.

Begin today the beautifying, restoring treatment which will help renew youth and charm. It will put becoming, natural color into your cheeks, revive fineness of texture and make your face look firm and young.

Simple, but effective

This restorative, beautifying treatment may seem almost too simple, but it is based upon the foundation of skin hygiene.

Dirt, oil and perspiration accumulate every day, and must, every day, be removed. Otherwise the pores enlarge and become irritated, blackheads and blotches result.

Wash your face every day with pure, mild soap and you needn't fear such complexion troubles. Your skin will remain firm, with a smooth, satiny texture which makes maturity as attractive as early youth.

All soaps won't do this

The mild, beautifying cleansing is the most effective of all skin treatments, but you mustn't be careless in the soap you use.

Facial soap must be mild, so mild that it soothes while it cleanses. It must be lotion-like in its action, with never a trace of harshness. Such a soap is yours in Palmolive, blended from the palm and olive oils which are the most perfect of all soap ingredients. They are nature's cleansers and so valued since the days of ancient Egypt.

Apply the profuse, creamy lather freely, massaging it thoroughly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly and dry gently with a soft towel.

Bedtime is the best time for such cosmetic cleansing, that your skin may be renewed and refreshed while you sleep. In the morning rinse with cold water and then look in the mirror. Your reflection will delight you by its radiant freshness and charm.

Luxury soap for 10c

You are mistaken if you imagine that Palmolive must be a very expensive soap because of its rare costly ingredients. While palm and olive oils are imported from over seas, we buy them in such large quantities that the price is naturally reduced.

The Palmolive factories work day and night, thus lowering cost. This soap, which if made in small quantities would cost at least 25c a cake, is yours at the modest price of 10c.

Use Palmolive for every toilet purpose, on the wash stand and for bathing. No need to be contented with less perfect soap when Palmolive costs no more.

*Volume
and Efficiency
Produce
25c Quality for*

10c



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Olives from Spain

FROM Seville, in sunny Spain, where climate and soil combine to make the finest olive growing district in the world come Heinz Queen Olives. The same region produces ripe olives for olive oil. And in the midst of these olive groves there is a Heinz establishment where the fruit is prepared under our strict supervision and the ripe olives are pressed for Heinz Imported Olive Oil.

Olives and raisins from Spain, currants from Greece, figs from Turkey, spices from Java and India, fruits and

vegetables from the garden spots of America! The whole world is drawn on for the products used in making the 57 Varieties. And wherever quick handling is necessary to preserve freshness, Heinz kitchens are located right on the spot.

All these world-wide activities are for the purpose of making each food that bears the name Heinz pure and wholesome and good to eat—uniform in quality, and sufficient in quantity to supply a world-wide demand for them.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

57 Varieties

The Horizon of God

[Continued from page 26]

and you shall become a captain of my people. Let your love of me accompany this undertaking and be my staff, since there is no longer hope for us in this city of Thebes and evil has blinded the eyes of man. Truly do I count upon you, Darius, even as upon my own son."

He was answered warmly, for this was a man to win the love of men; and all was a hubbub of preparation within the precincts of the temple where the messenger from Tut-ankh-Amen's palace at length returned with the answer the priest awaited with such trepidation. It was brief and clearly had been written by a priest of Isis—for such the tablets indicated.

"Get you gone with the maiden to the oasis of Essa and there shall you have command from me. The people are disturbed because of her and there will be no peace in the city while she is here. So be it upon you to save her and Israel."

The long day waxed to its zenith and waned with intolerable slowness as it seemed to Ama. There was no longer any tumult in the city where houses were hushed because of the deeds of yesternight. Women wept for their dead and the king's horsemen went sulkily as though disappointed in their hopes of slaughter, and still desirous to hack and hew at shrinking flesh and cowed fugitive.

Ama wrapped himself in a great skin of the leopard, and with the priestly uraeus of gold upon his head and a staff of ebony and silver in his hand, he veiled himself from the gaze of the multitude and went down swiftly toward the river.

Soon he perceived that his path was dogged by mocking idlers, and that armed men were abroad, desiring to delay him. Despite the six lusty spearmen who endeavored to make way for him, crowds would gather suddenly at street corners and obstructions be made as though by hazard. Yet such was the respect that the better sort of citizen had for him that none dared to mock him openly.

His eyes were dim and his limbs trembled with fatigue and excitement when at last he drew near to the river and looked eagerly for the barge of Abdul, which should have been anchored there. But no barge could he see—neither anchored by the bank nor out on the broad stream which all had deserted at this hour of night. Fearing to believe what his amazed eyes showed him—struck dumb by the tragedy of this discovery, he went on a little way and again stood to search the winding ways of the great waters and to ask of them a message of hope. They answered him mockingly, with a whisper of the warm wind and music of the lyre as though some should laugh even while he mourned. "God, my God," he cried at length, "give me strength, lend me thy wisdom that I may save her"—and so he stood there, rocking upon his heels like a drunken man, his brain confused and his eyes almost blinded!

Thus he prayed, going on still toward the river, as though there was yet hope.

REBECCA had set off a little before the ninth hour of the day, as her message to Ama promised that she would; and with a boy of her household to carry her pack, she had crept through the dark streets toward the house of Abdul, believing that there lay sanctuary and that a few brief hours would carry her far from Thebes and its perils. None interfered with her as she went. Her father, the Man of Levi, believed that she was then sleeping in her bed; nor had she dared to utter a word of farewell to him lest her courage should fail her and all be undone.

So we see her, hurrying through the darkened streets and looking eagerly over the river, where stars of light marked the anchorage of ships and a young moon cast dim shadows upon gray and waveless waters. The boat of Abdul was there, she thought, but mists of fear deceived her eyes and she must ask a question of the lad before she could make sure. "Do you see the barge, Michael—are you sure that it is where we seek it?"

"It is there, lady—I see the barge and the men. It is all prepared according to the promise."

She started at the words. "What men should there be—save Abdul and his son? Oh, tell me quickly, for my eyes are dim—what men are there, then, and whom do they seek?"

"They will be the servants of the holy priest," he surmised. "Assuredly, he would not come alone. They have brought his goods—and yes, I see his spearmen at the water's brink."

She did not wholly believe this, for her instinct was awakened, and a sense of danger not to be put away. Nevertheless, she went on slowly toward the river, and coming presently to the precincts of Abdul's house, she perceived the strangers by the light of torches which some of them carried; and she knew instantly that all her fears were justified.

"Oh, God," she cried, standing quite still while her heart beat wildly, "those are not the friends of my lord—surely they come from the Temple of Amon, Michael."

The lad did not know what to say to her. He stood there, open-mouthed, while he watched the torches casting their deep yellow light upon the still waters and saw the spears flash when the golden rays caught the steel of them.

"Lady," he said, "we must go at once. Those are the men of Amon, as you say. Let me run to the temple and tell the holy priest while you wait here in a thicket of the reeds. The lord Ama will find a way, surely. Oh, let me go while there is yet time." She bade him away and turned to hide herself in a clump of the high reeds; while she still stood uncertain and the darkness had hardly covered the speeding lad, behold a spearman looked into her very face from the shadows, and cried out to the others behind him:

"Here is your Jewess, my friends! Let the captain know, for the tidings will be welcome to him."

They led her up toward the temple of Amon, mocking her as she went, and showing her to any that passed by. The captain, indeed, had caught her by the hand and a jest was upon his lips, despite her tears. "They will scourge you and let you go," said he, "then you shall come to my house and we will forget it over a cup of wine. Do not be afraid, my pretty Jewess, for the king is a friend to your people and nobody will dare to forget that. I may have the flogging of you myself, and assuredly you will find that my arm is light." And with a laugh he drew her closer to him and attempted to kiss her on the lips. Rebecca, however, had still the strength of her old courage, and striking him in the face, she bade him stand away from her.

There was no more insult now, neither by word nor deed until they entered the great temple and there found the priests of Amon assembled. Bruit of the affair had already come to their ears by the mouths of many runners, and great joy possessed them, since at last they could deal with the woman who would have persuaded the king to cast out Amon that Jehovah might reign. Rebecca saw them to the number of one and twenty standing in a great circle about the stone of sacrifice and her heart failed her at the spectacle.

"Daughter, what story is this, that thou hast affronted our lord, the king, even in the streets of this our city? Art thou, then, beloved by him, as thou sayest; or has calumny put this charge upon thee?" "The charge is false," was her ready rejoinder. "I am the servant of the lord our king and I kneel in his footsteps. Who sayeth that I have spoken of him other than as my lord and master sayeth the thing which is not."

She looked round about her proudly as though this were answer enough to the accusations; but herein she failed to measure the cunning of her accusers or the nature of the case they had prepared against her. For no sooner had she spoken than a young man stepped forward to declare that he had seen her at the Luxor gate and that she had dared to stop the king's very chariot that she might have speech with him.

"Many witnessed that, my lords," he said, "and afterward, all heard her boasting that she had but to speak the word and every temple but that of the god Ra would be closed in Thebes. I relate what all the city know, my lords, and many will bear witness of the truth. Let her answer me if she can."

Another took his place, and another and another—and the burden of all was the same. In vain she asked that she might be carried before King Tut-ankh-Amen that he might be her judge.

"Let her be taken to the barge of Abdul, even as she wished to go," cried the chief priest. Rebecca knew that this was a sentence of death. She fainted when the soldiers came to fetch her, falling inanimate into the very arms of the captain who had said that he would flog her and that his arm would be light.

To the barge of Abdul. Where, then, did that lie, and what was the purpose of the priests? Hostile hands, it appeared, had rowed the bark away from its master's house and hidden it from the sight of Ama.

Nearer to the city's heart, it lay, anchored at the steps of a little temple of Isis, while, within that temple, sons of the funerary rites worked laboriously by a lantern's light. "She will live many hours if the winds keep faith with us," they said to one another—and so they shaped the planks and hammered the nails and declared that here was a bark fit truly for any woman who would lie at the king's right hand. Now, what they shaped was a great coffin of stout wood, and in it the priests of Amon had commanded that Rebecca should take her last voyage, down

[Turn to page 35]



When Film Is Combated

People love to show their teeth

Do you realize how many pretty teeth you see everywhere today? And how people smile to show them?

A new way of teeth cleaning has come into vogue. Leading dentists the world over are urging its adoption. Millions of people of some 50 nations use it every day.

Here is a ten-day test to show you what it does, if you don't know as yet.

Why teeth grow dingy

Teeth are coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it, so the tooth brush left much of it intact.

Food stains, etc., discolor film. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Those thin coats dim the luster of the teeth.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That's why few escaped tooth troubles.

Germs breed by millions in film. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. That became alarmingly common.

Now help has come

Dental science studied how to combat that film. After long research, two ways were found. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring. Able authorities proved

these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two film combatants were embodied in it for daily application.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. To careful people the world over it is bringing a new dental era.

Other discoveries

Research also proved that certain food factors made certain peoples almost immune to tooth troubles. So Pepsodent was made to bring similar results.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus Pepsodent, with every use, supplies these powerful protections.

This delightful test

This ten-day test we offer will convince you and delight you. Make it for your sake and your family's sake. The benefits that millions get are due to you and yours. Send

the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

Compare the results with old methods, then do what seems best. Cut out the coupon now.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

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Only one tube to a family.

love to work with Marian Haines. Marian did such interesting things. The hospital for babies she had founded, the trade school for girls, the series of concerts and art exhibitions she had inaugurated down in the industrial part of the city! The work among the foreign element—all this must be seen to and administered wisely and patiently, and with it went the care of the treasures that old Gilderoy Haines had left, and to which Marian was always adding—books, prints, bronzes, miniatures.

Caroline could see Lucia in the Haines mansion, tall and lovely, eminently suited to her environment. Besides, there were the enviable personal contacts. Lucia would meet the pick of the world's interesting people. Caroline was not given to worldly wisdom, but no mother but would realize that Lucia, in such a place, would see men of position, of breeding, distinguished men, men of wealth and brains. In the far future Lucia might be wooed and won by one of these. But oh, not yet—not yet. Not for a long time.

IN the few days before her journey, the joy of the future sang in Caroline Tennant's heart. She snatched time from her duties to treat herself to a few personal extravagances—a new hat, long gloves, champagne color, a pair of high-heeled buckled slippers. She was as gay as a girl buying these things. She felt as though she was sprouting wings, wings that she could fly with anywhere. She sang as she packed her bag, and smiled again at her own reflection in the little mirror of the Pullman. That was another extravagance. She had intended to go in the day coach.

As she sat in the unaccustomed magnificence of green plush and mahogany, she began to plan more definitely. First of all she would write her letter of resignation. How she wanted to write that letter! She took a slip of paper from her handbag and made notes of how she would word it. She would express a decent regret, even if she did not feel it. How surprised her colleagues would be, how envious, some of them!

And what a wonderful vacation she would have this summer. Before this she had always felt it necessary to keep up certain reading, to take additional courses. Conscious of the passage of the years, she had always feared that her place might be filled by some younger, more modern woman—and so it was her duty to keep herself abreast of the times. This year she would abandon this effort. She would be lazy and read nothing more than—perhaps—an occasional newspaper headline. She would buy a gorgeous piece of perfectly useless fancy work and sit about—in a comfortable negligee—working at it desultorily, instead of confining her needle's industry to necessary darning and mending and lingerie-making.

Lucia ran to meet her as she stepped off the train and, at sight of her, tall and glowing in her white frock and scarlet sweater, Caroline's cup of happiness overflowed. How much more lovely, more distinguished she was than any of the other girls who crowded the station platform, intent on meeting the hordes of relatives who were gathering for commencement. And Lucia was so glad to see her.

"Mother—darling!" she exclaimed. "How pretty you look—and how gay! Oh what a duck of a hat—I highly approve of it! Oh, it's so splendid to have you. And what do you think, the little sophomore who had the room next to mine has thoughtfully gone home, and I flew down to Mrs. Stowe and grabbed it off for you. Isn't that perfect?"

She had seized Caroline's bag, slipped her arm in her mother's. "I'll get a taxi," she said.

"Oh no, let's walk," demurred Caroline. "I've been on the train all day and I need the exercise. Lucia, dear, you're a little thin—but you look well."

"Hard study," declared Lucia, waving the bag. They had started through the elm-shaded, picturesque village, up the long hill road that led to the college.

"Look at all the mob crowding into the Inn and the tea-rooms for supper," said Lucia. "They probably won't get a bite. The tea-rooms here simply lock the doors when the tables are filled and won't let in anyone else. We're going to have supper in my room, dearest, with two girls who aren't as lucky as I am to have someone come on for commencement." She hugged her mother's arm.

She was a little disappointed that she had not a moment alone with Lucia. She wanted so much to tell her about Marian's glorious offer. Arrived at her room, as she unpacked and changed her dress, other girls came and went, and Lucia was called away on various errands. The two invited guests came early and helped prepare the supper, running back and forth from the little kitchen down the corridor for fresh toast, hot tea. They were nice girls, interesting girls, Rose Peace—a bobbed-haired droll little monkey from California, and Gabrielle Andersen, a frail, blue-eyed, drawing Georgian, both seniors, both pretending to be a little bored by the hustle and bustle

of commencement week. They were pretty deferential to Caroline, but their interests lay with Lucia's. After a little, Caroline sat silent and let the three chatter.

There was not the slightest chance to tell Lucia of Marian's offer that evening. In charge of Phebe Ann Close, an accommodating junior, she was rushed down the campus to listen to the last senior singing, where all she saw was Lucia, unexpectedly dignified in cap and gown. When she came back she waited wistfully for a little in Lucia's room, but there was to be a final meeting there of some small but important committee.

"Dearest," said Lucia, disposingly, "I'm sorry, but I'll have to turn you out. Want a book to read before you go to bed?"

Caroline smothered a yawn. She was tired. Lucia came in with her, saw that she was comfortable, kissed her fondly and hurried back. Caroline went to sleep to the lullaby of the hushed ripple of young voices.

She woke the next morning to the same music. "The absurd things," she said to herself, lying comfortably among her pillows. "Have they been going on all night? At this rate I'll not have a chance to tell Lucia until we get home!"

But she could hear Lucia's voice, among the others. It sounded so young, and so serious! Caroline smiled tenderly. Thank heaven she need feel no slightest self-reproach at slipping her burden to those youthful shoulders. Marian's offer was not drudgery—but a life of many interests, rich, living, expanding. And she had forgotten to give Lucia the string of coral. She got up, put on bathrobe and slippers and hunted the gift out of her suitcase. She knocked at Lucia's door.

After all, it was not the same committee, and Lucia assured her that she'd only been awake ten minutes. She exclaimed at the sight of the coral, and slipped it on over her nightgown. With the vivid color against her throat, her hair in dusky disorder, the pleasure in her eyes, she was like a little girl.

Then one of the other girls looked at the clock, gasped and fled, followed by the others. Lucia, too, sprang up. "We'll simply have to fly," she said. "The Dean will murder us all if we're late this morning." But she took time to hug Caroline. "It's perfectly glorious to have you here," she said. "And isn't it a peach of a day!"

They hurried down to breakfast in the big commons. Everywhere were girls, girls, girls, with parents and sisters and aunts and cousins or self-conscious suitors in tow. Caroline studied them, eagerly. But always her gaze came back to rest in perfect contentment on Lucia. Here was her challenge to life, here was her reason to be. No woman there, she thought proudly, had a finer.

"Phebe Ann's going to take you over to chapel, mother dear," said Lucia. "I have to go in the procession, of course. I've got you a good seat. And—oh yes—I meant to tell you—I gave my other ticket to Gordy—Gordon Rockland—you know—I've written you about him—he's just through Tech—and he'll be beside you. Speak to him and be nice to him, will you, dearest? He's terribly shy."

"I never have been much good entertaining your beaux, you know," said Caroline, busy with cuff pins.

"Oh—you won't need to entertain him. Just say how-d'ye-do to him, and tell him who you are. He'll never have the courage to speak first, though he knows he's going to sit beside you."

As she went over to the chapel under the loquacious tow of Phebe Ann, Caroline tried to remember about Gordy Rockland. Yes—Lucia had certainly written about him. He had taken her to dances, and been to see her. But there were so many who did that. She didn't recall that he had had any distinguishing feature—he wasn't the one with the two cars, was he? She couldn't remember. She didn't try very hard.

Phebe Ann delivered her intact at the chapel and she found her place therein. Presently some one sat down, rather hesitantly, beside her, and she remembered Lucia's admonition and glanced round, friendlywise. Her first feeling was of surprised pleasure. "What a nice boy!" she thought. He was tall, six feet and a margin, surely, and all clear browns—tanned skin, brown hair with a stubborn wave in it, painstakingly brushed as flat as possible, clear brown eyes that were almost hazel, and carrying with him such a look of good blood and distinction and withal something so appealing left from very little boyhood that Caroline spoke with more than her usual cordiality.

"You must be Gordon Rockland that Lucia told me about," she said, holding out her hand. "If you'll forgive my calling you so familiarly—I'm afraid I've the bad habit of speaking of Lucia's friends just as she does."

She talked on easily, trying to put him at his ease, and all the while her feeling

about his niceness increased. He was quite a dear, really—much better than some of the youngsters that had hung about Lucia. It was evidently hard for him to talk to her, and that telltale color of his rose again when he spoke, and she knew that he knew he was blushing and hated it, and that amused and pleased her. Then they were silent, for the chapel was filled with music and the seniors were coming in.

Caroline's eyes sought for Lucia. Then the youth beside her whispered, "There she is—the sixth couple—this side." Yes, there she was, so dear, so serious, so untouched and wonderful. Only for a moment did Caroline see her, for the vision was blurred by quick tears. Her heart swelled and ached with love of her.

At the end of it all she turned a little deprecatingly to Gordon Rockland. "I'm afraid I'm a very poor companion," she said. "But this is such an occasion for me. It's a culmination of so much—so much hope and—" her voice died away. She was going to say "and effort and work," but she could not tell this lad about that.

Gently and deftly he guided her through the crowd, and after a while they came to Lucia, who was seeking them.

"Oh, here you are," she said. "How are you, Gordy? Mother, darling, are you dead tired after such a stupid morning? Aren't you hungry? You had almost no breakfast. But no matter. Gordy's going to take us to lunch down at the Inn, and we'll eat and eat and eat—like the devouring locusts."

Caroline had no thought of watchfulness, she had felt no earlier intimation. Certainly Lucia's words were quite in her usual tone and manner. But suddenly—she knew!

Lucia and this boy were in love with each other.

She looked from one to the other and felt herself sinking in a whirling world, a world where all her dearest plans were tossed aside in hopeless wreckage, where she herself was thrust back relentlessly from that gate of hope which her eager hands were just about to open.

She managed to command her voice. She must know. She could not go on in trivial pretense. "Children," she said, "what have you to tell me?"

They were standing a little apart from the crowd, outside the chapel, and after their first startled moment they could speak.

"How did you guess, mother?" cried Lucia. "I never said a word—I wasn't going to tell you."

How had she guessed—she who had worn the talisman of love—the talisman which ever after opens the secret hearts of others!

They poured it all out to her. Slowly she disentangled the essential facts. They loved each other—they wanted to be married very, very soon, because Gordon had a job out in Montana, in a mine.

"It's not a very good job so far as money goes," he said, "but you see an engineer who's just out of college has to take what he can get. It's a wonderful chance for experience. After a few years there I can get something that's on the road to being worth while." Ambition shone in his eyes. She knew that light.

It appeared that he hadn't any money. Of course not. He had all his own way to make.

CAROLINE looked from one to the other with stricken eyes. While she had been building a castle for Lucia, Lucia, too, had builded. She had planned for Lucia—Lucia had planned for herself. Slowly she understood that there was no place for her in it, at all.

"It will be terrible to go away and leave you alone, mother," said Lucia, "but you've your own work, and you've always been so fond of it—"

So fond of it! Caroline checked an impulse to strange ironic laughter. That hateful treadmill—fond of it! She had been a better actress than she knew. But Lucia was going on:

"You see mother—it is because of you—and father—really that I dare do this—that I know I'm right to do it. He was so much to you—he's kept on being so much—even after he—went away from you—that you made me see, when I knew Gordon loved me—that nothing else really mattered. That to—have love—and to work beside the one you love—is—more than all the world besides." She had faltered in saying it, as we all falter when we speak the shy things of the soul.

So Lucia, deceived as she had been about how Caroline felt concerning teaching, had seen truly where deeper issues were concerned. John Tennant's child had gaged the passion and the strength of that secret life that had been—she thought—her own for so many, many years.

And there they were, the two of them, young, and wonderful in youth, loving, and wonderful in loving. This fine, clean boy—her treasured, beautiful Lucia—looking

from one to the other, she knew that they belonged to each other.

But oh, the long lonely years that were her own portion.

"You'll come and stay with me, always, during your vacations," said Lucia. "I'm thankful that you're a teacher, mother—that leaves you three months of the year free."

Free—and she had meant them to be really free. Lucia had not seen that heretofore they had been largely spent in preparation for the next term's work. But Caroline said no word of that.

SHE got through luncheon somehow, but she was very near the end of her endurance. At last she made a sudden suggestion:

"Lucia, dear, I'm so tired and worthless," she said, "isn't there an early afternoon train that I could catch—one that gets me home about midnight? I don't feel like going to this garden-party a bit. I rather imagine I have one of my bad migraines coming on, and I'd really rather get home—"

She saw how delighted they were at the prospect of the afternoon and evening to themselves even through their protestations. So she insisted on going. Indeed she wanted to go, to be alone. Somehow, in some way, she must think this out, find a way to end it. She would not acquiesce, accept such defeat without a struggle.

They both kissed her good-by on the train, but as she peered after them she saw them turn away in instant absorption in each other. This time no tears came to her eyes. Her anguish was too great for tears. As she took out her ticket a slip of paper obtruded itself into her hand—it was the same slip on which she had made notes for her letter of resignation. She tore it up, rolled the bits into a tight little ball and dropped it behind the seat—the day-coach seat she had insisted on having. She must go back to the small economies. . . . she must save now, save as never before, for a pittance against old age.

"It isn't right—it isn't right," a voice within her proclaimed passionately. "I have given her my life—and now she takes everything from me. She is selfish—selfish. She hasn't seen—she hasn't really cared."

Over and over again she told herself these things, she went over with resentment the catalog of things she had given up for Lucia. Those half-forgotten offers of second marriage came back to her, and all of ease and shifted responsibility they would have brought her—Lucia didn't think about them. But beneath it all she knew she was lying. Beneath all her pain, all her bitterness, all her disappointment, beneath the appalling shattering of her cherished dreams, she had a sense of rightness, of clearness, that she would not acknowledge. These two young creatures had all the world before them. They must not be thwarted or denied. For life in its great scheme is infinite, and disregards the individual. It must be so. Caroline Tennant rebelliously knew it, but she would not yield.

"When she comes home I'm going to tell her that she'll have to put it off a year—maybe two," she said. "I'm going to point out to her that she owes me at least that much rest. I don't care how unhappy it makes them for the moment, they've got to see that Lucia must do at least part of her duty to her mother. I've given her everything. Probably a year or so with Marian would break off the whole thing. She'd get an entirely different viewpoint, sensible ideas. That penniless boy—"

Weary to death with fatigue of her journey and the stress of her tearing and terrible emotion, she stumbled up the steps of her own little apartment something after midnight. It was still, empty, heart-breakingly lonely there. "Oh, but motherhood is cruel," she thought. She snapped on the lights and took a bitter survey of the place. All of her work—all of her denial. In vain. In vain.

Out of the photograph the eyes of John Tennant looked at her, young, radiant, confident eyes, Lucia's eyes—today. And above hung the plum bloom, untouched in its fresh sweetness, the print John Tennant had given her so long ago. What had he said?

"One who has seen the bloom of the plum can never after be poor in heart."

The words fell slowly into her fevered mind, a blessed calm, a gift of peace and understanding. She did not dare—she could not—no matter at what cost to herself, deny Lucia the beauty of plum bloom. She would—she must—make this last act of abnegation her final gift. If she withheld it, she was false to all that had been given before, not only from herself to her daughter, but from John Tennant to his wife. His love, his child, had made her life, and with all its hardships and denial, even now in its Gethsemane, she knew she would not have bartered those two precious gifts for anything—anything of riches, or honor, or glory. "To have love—and to work beside the one you love—helping him—is—more than all the world besides." It was true—it was true. And in its truth Caroline Tennant rested her tired heart, exalted in her pain.

Are You Happy?



ASK a hundred people what they want most in the world and the answer is likely to be—Happiness. To some, Happiness is represented by riches or fame. To others, leisure spells Happiness. But all agree that there can be no real Happiness without Health.

Summer is the time to build for Health and Happiness—the time of vacations. Long days to rest in—to play in—to dream in.

Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn were the ideal vacationists. They took a vacation whether they needed it or not—and had fun.

—This is what a real vacation means. To vacate your old environments, your regular occupation—your everyday self and have a complete change. To do the things that will fill you brimful of energy and “pep”.



In planning your vacation—and of course you will take one—try to get away from the things you have been doing all year and do the opposite.

The Postman Does Not Need a Walk—

He needs a hammock and a lazy time. The town man needs the quiet of the



Wisdom of the Wizard

Thomas A. Edison is one of the hardest and happiest workers in the world. Year after year he has burned up energy at a rate which would have killed most men. In rendering a wonderful service to the world, he has not spared himself. Daringly he has shattered many of the accepted laws of health by unceasing devotion to his work. And yet he has kept himself strong and well—despite his seventy-odd years—by taking the right kind of vacations to restore the strength he so lavishly expends.

country—the country man needs the stimulus of the town.

The mountaineer needs the ocean—the lowlander needs the hills. Women who keep house should board—and girls who never see a kitchen throughout the year should camp out and get their own meals.

One man needs solitude—another needs company.

Think of your own needs and plan the vacation that will do you most good.

New ideas—new scenes—new people—all this is recreation. And recreation is necessary to Health and Happiness. Joy, pleasure, laughter are mental stimulants. They increase the flow of blood and so aid in the first work of building up the body and repairing wasted tissues.

Miracle-Workers—

There are two famous health doctors whom we advise you to consult. They are Dr. Sunshine and Dr. Fresh Air.

If you want more health, more energy, more enthusiasm, more earning power in the days to come, play hard this month of August—play and be happy.

During the past few years a great new movement has been growing all over the country—the movement to provide recreation and outdoor amusements for the thousands of men, women and children who live in towns, villages and thickly populated cities. This vacation movement has been carried along by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. In 1922 many of our district managers arranged jolly old-fashioned picnics for their local policyholders.

Vacations are of utmost importance.

They lay the foundation of health—but the work of building up the body must be carried on throughout the year. Most people spend at least fifty weeks out of every fifty-two at home. And there are many to whom a vacation of even two weeks is not possible.

Recreation Committees are needed to arrange for the establishment of play grounds, picnic grounds, swimming pools, municipal golf courses, tennis courts, baseball diamonds and skating rinks. City after city and town after town have awakened

to the imperative necessity for conserving lives by providing places for every day play.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is so strongly in sympathy with this movement that it has prepared a booklet, “What One Town Did”, that tells just how to go about the work of providing adequate recreation centers.

Please send for it and help enlist the interest of your neighbors in plans for building health in your town.

HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Mothers please save this valuable page. Keep in the nursery. You will want to consult it often.

John
pow
ba

TEN Summer Comforts for your Baby

Published by Johnson & Johnson,
for the benefit of the hun-
dreds of thousands
of mothers.



THESE suggestions are made by nurses and experts who have found JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER to be the most helpful powder to use in keeping babies happy and comfortable in trying summer weather.

When Baby Won't Sleep

Smooth JOHNSON'S into all the folds. Your gentle rubbing lulls the nerves; the powder comforts the skin.

For Perspiration Discomforts

Apply JOHNSON'S generously. Soothes, dries and sweetens—without clogging the pores.

Babies Tire Easily

Lying on its back all day is distressing to a baby. Refresh little ones occasionally with a powder rub.

Double the Comfort of the Bath

by following it with a JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER shower. It causes cool comfort to last.

When Baby Cries

In many cases crying is due to irritated skin. Therefore—when you want smiles—apply JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER.

Less Work for Baby's Fingers

Most babies' fingers are too busy searching for itchy spots. Keep all irritated parts well-powdered with soothing JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER.

The Corners of Baby's Lips

Relieve the irritating effects of saliva around baby's mouth by touching lightly with JOHNSON'S.

The Relief of Rashes

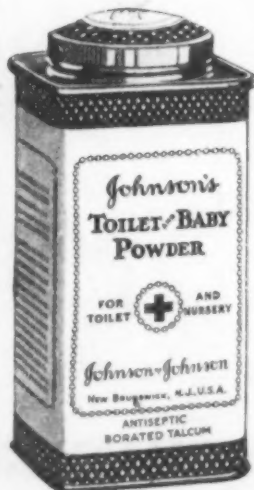
Cleanse with sweet oil, instead of the usual soap and water, then apply JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER very liberally.

No Need for Chafing

Especially where the soft rolls of flesh rub together, apply JOHNSON'S.

Prickly Heat

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER takes the sting from this common summer torment.



**Johnson's
Baby Powder**
Best for Baby—Best for You

You want the best powder for your baby. Get JOHNSON'S. First choice for thirty-five years. Used on more babies than any other baby powder.

**YOUR DRUGGIST IS MORE
THAN A MERCHANT**

He is a member of a profession worthy of the highest recognition. He serves you in countless ways—day and night. He is a tremendous factor for good in your neighborhood.

Try the Drug Store First

I write on a prescription blank: Get a billy-goat, warranted not too gentle; marry off Kate, the nursemaid, to the groceryman



Here's a New Kind of Cure

*The Doctor's Remedy for a "Nervous" Child
May Be a Swift Change of Companionship*

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

I CONSTANTLY have children come to me with the complaint of nervousness, and when the patients are examined and tested out along the usual lines to discover if nervousness really exists, the children are perfectly normal.

Children whose adult associates are sedate, quiet-loving people are very apt to be considered nervous. The child's activities such as running, aimless jumping, slamming doors, turning handsprings, sliding down banisters, and his inability to sit still at the meal hour are interpreted as nervousness. The child feels so good that there is a constant urge to physical effort.

Such children usually have been subjected to daily repetitions of the abbreviated word "Don't." One of the best ways of making an active, full-blooded child really nervous, irritable, unhappy and rebellious is constant suppression and attempts at correction. What such children need is a proper direction of their activities.

Elderly people readily get out of touch with child life and there should not be too close an association between them and the young. Women who have arrived at the age when they want to sit and knit and doze and gossip about their neighbors, are too old to supply the companionship required by the young. Grandparents and other elders make very poor companions for children except for comparatively short periods.

I have had to deal with a vast army of nursery-maids, governesses and caretakers for children. Many middle-aged and elderly women are most satisfactory nurses for young infants but hopelessly incompetent after the child passes the second year. It has long been my practice to transfer elderly nurse-maids from one family to another when the child outgrew the nurse. A woman who is too settled to play ball or otherwise interest a child, must assume the care of one who is too young to be interested in active physical play.

I have the greatest sympathy for the suppressed children who come to me—those who have been subjected to constant reprimand for childish activity and told to be good when they never had an opportunity to be healthily and normally bad. One of the silliest requirements ever advanced to a child by a lazy nurse or a tired mother is to be good because it is so good to be good—and the child is supposed to understand and abide by it! In order not to provoke an unfavorable reaction a child should always be given a reason for a correction. Means must be supplied to keep him occupied that will take his attention and keep him interested.

I have seen hundreds of supposedly nervous, habitually rebellious children made

happy and contented by right management. Children must be active; they must play; they seek knowledge; they ask questions, and with properly directed activities may be taught almost anything.

It is a great mistake not to appeal to the reason. Years ago when I was a small boy in school, the system was inaugurated of giving a "reward of merit" card. If one was good, a green ticket was given at the end of the long school day; on Friday afternoon if the scholar had five green tickets, he received a big yellow ticket. I asked the teacher what the yellow ticket was good for and refused it. My answer was a well-built school-ruler applied in the usual location.

SOME of the parents of habitually suppressed children who have consulted me, have been surprised by the nature of my prescription. After an examination and talk with the child, the latter often in the absence of his parents, a scheme of life relating to the food, rest and sleep is supplied. All this is typewritten. I then address the parent or nurse as follows:

"Your boy or girl is not nervous; he simply must have a physical outlet, a means of releasing normal energy. You are not giving him a fair show. He is restless, disobedient, has brainstorms perhaps. Because he cannot get something out that he feels is within, he smashes things and does other things that you consider bad."

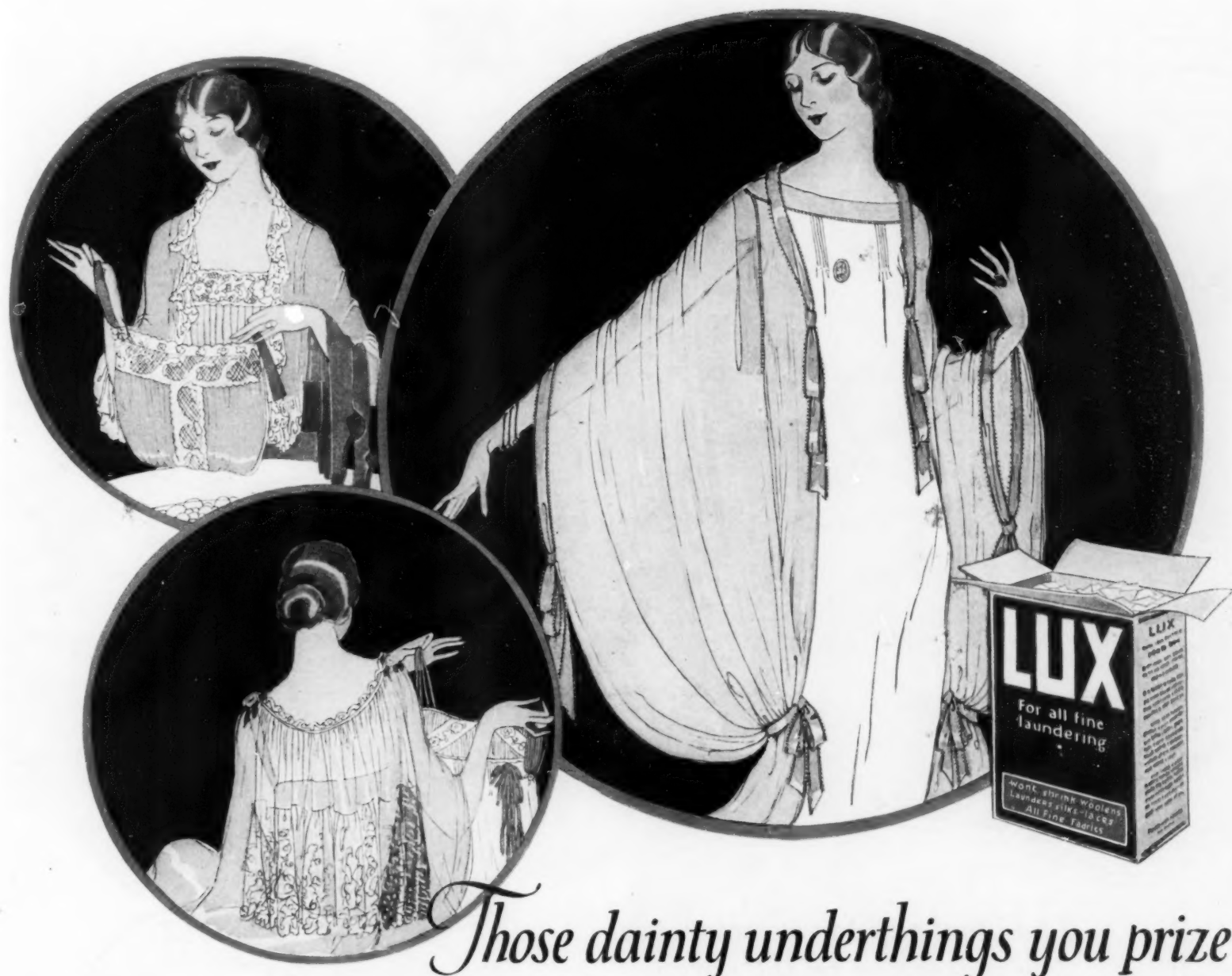
All parents of the type of child I am discussing feel that he is rundown; they expect a prescription calling for a tonic and nearly all think it should contain iron or cod-liver oil. A prescription is always supplied and the parents are invited to read on it perhaps any one of the following:

A billy-goat, warranted not too gentle. A pony. A donkey. A bulldog. A good-looking young nurse-girl who has not forgotten how to smile. A bright young college student as companion. A patch of ground for a garden. Send to kindergarten or school—he needs youthful association. Cheer up yourself. Avoid overheated family discussion. Have it out in the garage. A hen and little chickens. A baseball and a bat. Send (any near relative who lives under the same roof) on a prolonged visit to (any place—place not important.) Marry Kate (the nursemaid) to the groceryman.

My records show that most of the prescriptions have been followed with most satisfactory results.

Supplying right companionship is one of our most important functions in our dealings with the young. "Cheer up yourself" has never been received with any noticeable enthusiasm. Banishing a near relative is always received with a glow of satisfaction!





Those dainty underthings you prize Launder them the safe way - that makes them last

YOU choose them with such care, such delight in their soft, lovely texture and color!

The costume slip for your favorite dinner gown—those ravishing peach knickers that fit so perfectly—the gossamer-thin beige stockings.

Once it might have seemed extravagant to buy them but now you know that even fragile underthings can be made to last.

Your frailest, thinnest nightgown or step-in will give good service if you launder it with Lux. Follow the simple directions on this page. Cut them out so you will have them when you need them.

Silk or fine batiste—just like new

Lux keeps the texture of all your underthings soft and lustrous as the day you took them from their box. There is no harmful ingredient in it to coarsen and stiffen

silk, to fuzz up cottons and linens. Nothing to take the color out of delicately hued garments.

"The mild Lux lather cleanses so quickly and with such gentleness," says a great manufacturer of fine underwear, "that it is impossible for it to injure the garment."

Dip your underwear and stockings in these pure feathery suds after every wearing to free them from all trace of perspiration. Perspiration, you know, is an acid. It actually disintegrates silks—and even sturdy cottons and linens are weakened by its action.

Lux will cleanse them gently, easily. There isn't any garment safe in water that isn't just as safe in Lux.

How to wash them

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very

hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots.

Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in a towel; when dry press with a warm iron—never a hot one. A hot iron makes silk stiff and papery—often causing it to split.

Silk stockings, brassieres and other small silk things which are washed after almost every wearing require only a light suds. One or two teaspoonfuls of Lux to a washbowl of water should be enough.



The new way to wash dishes

Won't roughen hands

Lux for washing dishes! At last you can wash them without coarsening your hands. Even though your hands are in the dishpan an hour and a half every day, Lux won't make them rough and scratchy, won't redden them even gradually. It is as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan is all you need! A single package does at least 54 dishwashings—all the dishes for almost three weeks. Wash today's dishes with Lux.

MAKERS OF ALL KINDS OF FINE FABRICS SAY "WASH THEM WITH LUX"

McCallum Hosiery	Mallinson Silks	Betty Wales Dresses	Ascher's Knit Goods
"Onyx" Hosiery	Rossell Silks	Mildred Louise Dresses	Carter's Knit Underwear
Vanity Fair Silk Underwear	Skinner Satins	Pacific Mills Printed Cottons	Jaeger Woolens
Dove Under-garments	Fownes Silk & Fabric	Peck & Peck, Sweaters	The Fleisher Yarns
Model Brassieres	Gloves	North Star Blankets	Orinoka Guaranteed
Belding Bros. & Co., Silks	Forsythe Blouses	D. & J. Anderson Gingham	Sunfast Draperies
	McCutcheon's Linens		Puritan Mills Draperies

Send today for valuable free booklet of expert laundering advice—"How to Launder Silks, Woolens, Fine Cottons and Linens." Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 51, 164 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

On the porch is shown Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 396—a very popular floral pattern of tan and blue. The 9x12 foot size costs only \$18.00



The ideal rug for summer, too —indoors or on the porch

Indoors, or out, in summer or winter, you'll find no other floor-covering so satisfying and so economical as a *Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug*.

Out on the porch it stays the whole season through. Showers beat in on it, the hot sun glares down on it, feet scuff over it. But sun and rain, wind and wear mean little to a *Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rug*.

These popular rugs are made all in one piece with a smooth, sanitary surface that is durable and labor-saving. In the strongest wind they lie flat without fastening—never ruffle at the edges.

And *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs* are just as desirable indoors as out. Their rich colorings add cheer and good looks to every room in cottage or camp.

They're so easy to clean, too. A few strokes of the mop is all they need. How much better that is than the tiresome, dusty sweeping that woven rugs require.

Note the Low Prices

6 x 9 feet	\$ 9.00	The rugs illustrated are made only	1½ x 3 feet	\$.60
7½ x 9 feet	11.25	in the five large sizes. The small	3 x 3 feet	1.40
9 x 9 feet	13.50	rugs are made in other designs to	3 x 4½ feet	1.95
9 x 10½ feet	15.75	harmonize with them.	3 x 6 feet	2.50
9 x 12 feet	18.00			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS



Be Sure to Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one guaranteed Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal Congoleum* identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) guards you against imitation floor-coverings, and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. It is pasted on the face of every *Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug* and on every few yards of *Gold-Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard*. Be sure to look for it.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY

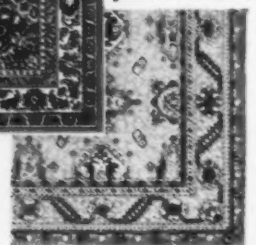
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At the right is Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 530



Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 530

Write for free copy of booklet showing all the beautiful patterns in color.



Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 321

The Horizon of God

[Continued from page 29]

toward the city of the Horizon of God, whence she and her lord had come to work this mischief upon the citizens of Thebes.

A merciful death, for they might have dealt very differently with her—have thrown her to the reptiles or burned her alive upon some monstrous brazier or crushed her bones beneath the mighty stone. But they chose another instrument, saying truly that the king might never learn how she had perished.

To Rebecca, it mattered not, for she beheld all things as in a haze of dreaming; and when they brought her into the temple of Isis, she was aware only of strange figures about her and menacing faces.

"Oh, God of Israel, oh, my God, help Thou Thy servant," she cried in an agony she could not hide from them—and so drawing back from the open coffin in a frenzy of fear, she beat with her little hands at the faces of the guards, wrestled as some frightened animal with them, and implored them for God's sake to kill her where she stood. As well might she have beaten upon the sides of the tombs without the walls, or addressed her prayer to the sphinx of the desert. Laughter was her answer, and the contempt of those who remembered only that she was the enemy of their goddess.

"Let Jehovah save thee," they mocked. "Let him save thy body from the fishes"—and throwing themselves upon her anew, they lifted her up as though her body had been a child's burden and thrust her brutally into the bark of death they had prepared. Her very cries were soon drowned by the noise of their hammering—but looking through the window of crystal which malignity had set in the face of the coffin, they mocked her by gesture even when their words could be heard by her no longer.

Now, in triumph, they carried the coffin to the water's edge and prepared to launch it upon the still bosom of the moonlit river. The young captain had come up to them, and though he seemed to jest, there was sadness in his voice and his heart was heavy. "She was made for love and not for death," he said, and bending over her, he bade them lift a lantern that he might see her face once more. None gainsayed him, for the priests of Isis were lovers themselves, and perchance their thoughts of her were as his own. "You should have kept her from the temple," they told him. "You had no courage, captain; but it is too late now. Let us do our work, then, for the hour grows late and some of us are still fasting"—and they pointed to the still waters and waited impatiently for him to have done with it. None saw him, when, very deftly, he thrust the crystal into the coffin with all the might of his elbow pressed upon it—and told her in a whisper that he would yet seek to save her. "Keep thy courage, maiden—there is yet hope," he said—and then, helping them to lift the burden, he also shielded his handiwork from their eyes as they thrust the coffin out into the river and shouted a mocking farewell to the victim of their hate.

Rebecca saw above her the wonderful heaven of stars and the refulgent moon shedding its soft rays upon her. The terrible music in her ears was that of the waters lapping gently upon the side of the frail bark—and she heard the hissing of the reptiles who swarmed about her, waiting for their prey. A curious lethargy had fallen upon her—a merciful dowry of trance, in which understanding was dulled and a dreamlike state achieved. A hope, not of this world but of the next, now consumed her, and she closed her eyes and lay very still, as though the angel of death would come presently and lifting her in his arms, would show her a throne of light, and say: "Here is your lover waiting for you—here is your journey's end."

HAD the night been other than it was, the end might have come quickly, the water surging in through the open window and the strange bark submerged while yet the priests of Isis were watching it upon its voyage. But destiny willed otherwise and the coffin drifted slowly upon the river's breast, away from Thebes and down toward that distant city, wherein, men had said mockingly, her liberty might be won. Not a papyrus marred that slow drifting nor a reed stayed the grim boat upon its journey.

The priests of Isis closed their temple and went off to feast in the houses of their women. The young captain, however, was in no mood to join them; nor did any house of pleasure harbor him. Long he stood at the river's brink, grief in his heart and a strange uncertainty of purpose agitating him. Cold logic told him that it was not too late to undo what he had done, and he bethought him that if he could find a boat, he might yet save Rebecca from the river.

Strange thoughts troubled him and fears of the world of death and of its people. He thought that he saw Rebecca's

face amid the stars and that she was weeping. Or, again, a dark figure followed him and he beheld the giant form of a man with a veil about his head and a great skin covering his back and loins. Here, surely, was a creature of his fears whom he should have mocked for the very credit of the arms he bore. But mockery died away upon his lips when he perceived that the unknown approached him and would speak with him. A man like himself after all; and what had he to fear of any man!

"Peace be unto thee—why seekest thou me at such an hour, O stranger?" he said at length.

"I seek one who must answer for the deed he hath done this night. Where is the woman thou hast sent to the living death and what wrong had she done thee that thou hast become the assassin of the heretic and the infidel?"

"Who, then, art thou that speakest of these things and what was the maiden to thee?"

The priest threw back the veil and showed the golden uraeus with its jewels sparkling in the moonbeams. Truly he was a majestic figure—as of a very god come down to earth that right and justice might be done. And the captain bent the knee before him—for he knew him and had worshiped Ra in his temple while the great Akhnaton lived.

"My lord, I knew you not at the first. I did but my duty as the priests commanded me. Would you have had it otherwise?"

"The duty which shall carry thee to the eternal darkness in the day of your judgment."

And then, with a voice which betrayed his agony, he asked:

"Is thy work done, then? Is the maiden dead?"

Very eagerly, as though the gods had decreed that there might yet be hope, the captain clutched the priest's arm and began to drag him back toward the temple.

"I thank the god who sent thee to me," he said. "The maiden may yet live, for I myself have broken the crystal of her coffin and the waters sleep, as you see. Come, then, my lord and help me for surely you were called to save her!"

THREE miles from the city of Thebes, the coffin with the body of the now almost inanimate Jewess was caught up by a bed of papyrus and there so set across the current of the river that any little stirring of the wind assuredly would have wrecked it. Mercifully, Rebecca knew nothing of this—for a spell of terrible fear and suffering had now given place to trance, and in her sleep, which should have been the last she would know upon earth, she saw her lover's face and held out her arms to him.

There was a desolate bank beyond the bed of reeds, and thereafter a little sward of the grass which led up to the low limestone hills here abounding. A company of Arabs from the desert had encamped at the spot and their fires were lighted and their cooking-pots made ready when the strange bark thus drifted down to them and the sleeping woman became their neighbor. Any accident would have discovered her to their eyes and set her, a slave, in their midst; but destiny had written her story otherwise, and the men feasted solemnly as was their wont, and made obeisance to the night and set their watch at the doors of their tents, and so slept, knowing not that death might be their neighbor or that such a prize of womanhood could have been theirs for the taking. So did the God, Jehovah, keep His servant and so was His mercy shown to her.

Even the little boat rowed desperately by Ama and the captain should have passed the spot by, and might have done so a thousand times, but for that capricious turn of fortune which sent a wild beast to the scene and bade him play a part in it.

The leopard, truly, scented this human presence while man was ignorant of it. He came down from a den in the hills furtively, the wind between him and the camp of Arabs, his eyes glowing in the darkness and his skin bristling with the expectancy of prey. And at the water's edge he stood raring, for the river baffled him and the reeds were thick and the fear of the men still upon him.

Instinct seemed to tell him that if he leaped into the stream, he would be heard and hunted by the sleepers and that his own body would be torn, and not that of the victim he would devour. He reflected upon it, pacing up and down the grassy bank, and a fearful howling escaped him—and at that the dogs of the camp howled in their turn and heads were put out of tent flaps and men asked of men what they had heard.

"A leopard at the water's edge—he will not trouble us."

[Turn to page 30]

For Summer Days— and Every Day

THERE is nothing like the cooling, soothing touch of Resinol Soap to give to the skin that smoothness, softness and delightful freshness which everyone desires.

What is more disheartening than a skin that is rough, coarse, red and spotted with clogging impurities? Yet frequently the excessive perspiration of summer, combined with the dust, powder and natural oil, produces just this condition. There is only one way to prevent it. *Keep your skin clean!* Use plenty of soap. Good, wholesome soap and water never hurt anyone, and it's the sure, safe way to get real, pore-searching cleanliness.

Resinol Soap is the ideal cleanser. It gives a profuse lather that, despite its airy daintiness, possesses just the requisite properties to allay the heat of sunburn and refreshingly cleanse the pores—dissolving the impurities and bringing out one's hidden beauty.

Used before retiring, the absolute purity of Resinol Soap offers to the sensitive skin a non-irritant cleanser, imparting a velvety softness and pleasing clearness. Men delight in its invigorating fragrance and its healthful properties protect the skin of babyhood.

LET US SEND YOU A free trial size cake. Write Dept. 6-J, Resinol, Baltimore, Md. Or buy a cake today from your druggist or toilet goods dealer. They all sell it.



Resinol Soap





Crying is Not Good for Babies

Mennen's Checkmates the Causes

Babies have good-natured, uncomplaining dispositions. They suffer tortures that few adults endure—and without a whimper. Only when the discomfort is acute do they become fretful and cry.

Crying is *not natural*; it indicates that something is *wrong*. It may be systemic trouble, but in nearly every case the skin is at fault.

And no wonder! Three dangerous forces are always seeking to attack the delicate structure of your baby's skin. Unless checked, they will torture the skin—prevent sleep—cause exhausting crying spells—and undermine your baby's health.

Three Deadly Enemies

What are these deadly enemies? Science has gradually discovered them, and Mennen has perfected a defense against each one.

The first is *moisture*. It may be perspiration, or urine, or even water left in the skin folds after the bath. Towels cannot dry a baby's skin thoroughly, yet lurking moisture is *poisonous* to the skin tissues.

To overcome this condition, each particle of Mennen Borated Talcum is made highly porous and absorbent. The effect of this

powder on a baby's skin is that of millions of tiny white sponges. Those dainty sponges harmlessly absorb secreted moisture.

Then the second skin-enemy must be routed. It is the irritation resulting from *friction*. Constant rubbing, eternal chafing—caused by clothes, blankets, even baby's own weight—work havoc with baby skin.

So Mennen Borated Talcum covers the cuticle with a delicate slippery film to prevent the effects of friction.

Combating Infection

Because baby's skin is so tender and undeveloped, it cannot resist *infection* as yours can. But a perfect blend of sarative, mildly antiseptic ingredients is present in Mennen Borated Talcum to help the skin repel this *third* menace.

The unique effects of this remarkable baby powder are due to half a century of study devoted to its development in the Mennen laboratories.

Guard your baby from needless suffering. Always sprinkle Mennen Borated Talcum into the skin folds after every bath and change of diapers, before each nap, and whenever baby cries.



Fascinating!

Have you seen Aunt Belle's wonderful Baby Book? It answers every perplexing question, tells everything a young mother should know. Beautifully bound. Quaintly illustrated. For a limited time it will be mailed postpaid in plain package for only 25c (Canada, 35c). See coupon to the right.

THE MENNEN COMPANY

NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.
THE MENNEN COMPANY, LIMITED
Montreal, Quebec

THE MENNEN COMPANY
341 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

I enclose 25c (Canada, 35c). Please send me Aunt Belle's Baby Book postpaid in plain wrapper.

Name.....

Address.....





3272 Dress, 2 to 10—35 cents
Special Transfer included in pattern



3274 Dress, 2 to 8—35 cents
Special Transfer included in pattern

*These Four
New*
**McCALL
PATTERNS**
*Include a
SPECIAL
TRANSFER
DESIGN*
*Exactly Made
to Fit Each Size*



No. 3272. Child's Dress with Bloomers and Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 5 sizes, 2 to 10 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. The embroidery in lazy-daisy- and darning-stitch with French knots, requires 5 skeins of six-strand cotton. Use colors as described in pattern which includes a large illustration of completed dress.

No. 3271. Child's Dress with Bloomers and Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 32-inch contrasting. The embroidery in outline- or chain-stitch requires 3 skeins of delft-blue six-strand cotton. Stamp the birds on contrasting material, and appliqué. Full directions given, and a large illustration included in pattern.

No. 3274. Child's Dress with Bloomers and Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide. The cross-stitch in four colors requires 5 skeins of red, 2 delft-blue, and 1 skein each of green and black six-strand cotton. A diagram indicating the colors is given in pattern, and full directions for making.

No. 3273. Child's Dress with Bloomers and Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 4 sizes, 4 to 10 years. Size 6 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide. The smocking requires 3 skeins of six-strand cotton or 6 skeins of rope silk. Full directions for stamping the transfer dots and for working each line of the smocking. A large illustration is included.



3272



3273



3274



3271



3271 Dress, 2 to 8—35 cents
Special Transfer included in pattern



3273 Dress, 4 to 10—35 cents
Special Transfer included in pattern

How to Obtain McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor Street, Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Canada.



3303 Pajamas, small, medium, large—35 cents
Special Transfer included in pattern

*These Four
New*
**Mc CALL
PATTERNS**
*Include a
SPECIAL
TRANSFER
DESIGN*
*Exactly Made
to Fit Each Size*

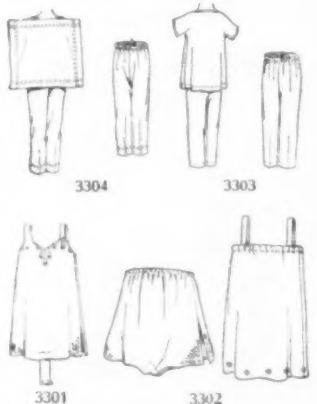


No. 3303. Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas with Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 3 sizes, small, medium, large. Medium size (36-38) requires 4 1/4 yards 36 inches wide. The embroidery in buttonhole-, running-, lazy-daisy-stitch, etc., is fully described, and requires 5 skeins of cotton. Color suggestions given, and a large illustration of the finished garment.

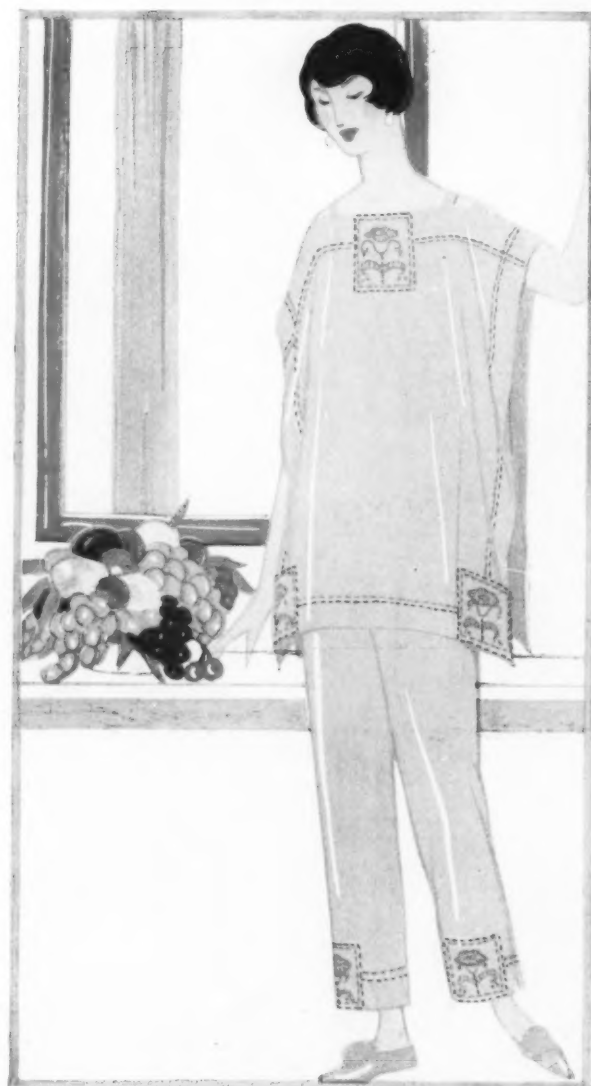
No. 3304. Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas with Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 3 sizes, small, medium, large. Medium size (36-38) requires 4 yards 36 inches wide. Embroider in buttonhole-, darning-, satin-stitch, etc., using 3 skeins each of two colors. Pattern suggests other colors and includes a large illustration of finished pajamas.

No. 3302. Ladies' and Misses' Chemise and Step-In Drawers with Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 3 sizes, small, medium, large. Small size (34-36) requires 3 yards 36 inches wide. The embroidery in darning- and lazy-daisy-stitch with French knots, to be developed in two colors, requires 5 skeins. Full directions given and a large illustration of the completed garments.

No. 3301. Ladies' and Misses' Envelope Chemise with Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 3 sizes, small, medium, large. Small size (34-36) requires 1 3/4 yards 36 inches wide. The embroidery requires 3 skeins of cotton, and includes darning-, buttonhole- and lazy-daisy-stitch. Colors described and a large illustration shown.



3302 Chemise and Drawers, small, medium, large—35 cents
Special Transfer included in pattern



3304 Pajamas, small, medium, large—35 cents
Special Transfer included in pattern



3301 Chemise, small, medium, large—35 cents
Special Transfer included in pattern

How to Obtain McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor Street, Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Canada.



3325 Blouse
5 sizes, 34-42

3334 Jacket Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44

Embroidery Everywhere

By ANNE RITTENHOUSE

MEN say that women purr with satisfaction when they embroider. If so, they have a chance to behave like warm, well-fed kittens through the summer. For embroidery in kaleidoscopic quantity and coloring emblazons and embellishes our warm weather clothes.

This particular kind of needlework is the chief sport of women. Curiously enough, they cannot borrow from man his trick of letting the hands rest idle. The French peasant who never lets go of her knitting except when sleeping is representative of all femininity.

This season every woman has an excuse to keep hands and needles in constant motion because fashion says: embroider. Very well; what kind of embroidery? Not white on white, is one answer. Color on every kind of surface, is the decree. For inspiration, designers have gone to priest and temple, to dancer and architect, to book-binder and kindergarten. New stitches and methods have come up in this swirl of endeavor to keep the surface of our garments free from monotony.

The greatest designers are not above using the crude and simple primitive stitchery that we give to children to work in kindergartens. It is not Oriental. It is Slavic, but it is more subdued in coloration than when it first appeared under the Russian influence. It is wise not to forget that fact. Chanel, of Paris, a young and lovely designer whose clothes are worn by hundreds of Americans, unknowingly, was ardently friendly with the titled Russian emigrés who found refuge among the French of similar tastes and hereditary memories, and she it was who discovered Russian fashions for the world.

[Turn to page 40]

3333
Coat Dress
6 sizes, 14-16;
36-42
Transfer
No. 993

No. 3333, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT DRESS. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material and 2 yards of 36-inch for sides, collar and facings. Width at lower edge, 2 yards. Transfer No. 993 may be used for braiding.

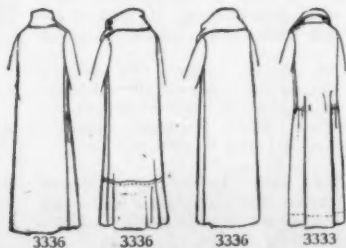
No. 3325, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; fullness at lower edge gathered into casing. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material and 1 3/4 yards of ribbon for bow.

No. 3334, LADIES' JACKET BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material and 1/2 yard of 36-inch for collar and sash. Deservedly popular is the attractive jacket blouse.

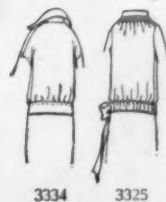
3336 Coat
6 sizes, 14-16;
36-42
Transfer No. 1265
View C

No. 3336, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36, View A, requires 4 yards of 48-inch material; View B, with circular flounce, 5 3/8 yards of 40-inch. View C, size 16, requires 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, size 16, 2 3/4 yards; size 36, with flounce, 2 3/4 yards, without flounce, 2 1/2 yards. Transfer No. 1092 may be used for embroidery, No. 1265 for beading.

3336 Coat
6 sizes, 14-16;
36-42
Transfer No. 1092
View A



3336 Coat
6 sizes, 14-16,
36-42
View B



Modish Designs for the Fashioning of Cool Silks and Dainty Cottons

3290 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

3295 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

3318 Dress
5 sizes, 12-20

3332 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16;
36-42
Transfer No. 1077

3296 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

3329 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16;
36-44

Embroidery Everywhere

[Continued from page 39]

FOLLOWING her, we let primitive colors run riot over our silhouettes. Wearing of their brilliancy, which needs a somber, bleak background, it was Chanel who grafted the half tones of the Orient, of India and China, on the Russian designs. Again we follow her leadership.

Surely you are building your Hindu sweaters according to this idea? The design used is a kindergarten cross-stitch in the dulled blue, russet, yellow, of the Indians. Not our gorgeous feathered tribe whose colors are close kin to the Slavic, but Asiatic Indians. The newest sweaters, as you may know, were invented by Chanel who gave us our first splendid sport clothes before the Great War; they are coarsely knitted in any color, the yarn is wool, the shape is rather slender, the surface is banded with large cross-stitch X's in a variety of Hindu tones and the edges are deeply banded with crêpe de Chine to match one of these colors.

This kindergarten design is good for one-piece frocks, also for short jackets; and one of the trickeries of the season is a cross-stitch girdle that adjusts its coloring to half the gowns in the closet. When you want it for sport clothes, genuine sport clothes, that is, try making it of coarse burlap or what we once called coffee sacking. For light-weight frocks of linen or its cheaper substitutes, make it of unbleached muslin. Embroidered frocks of this muslin are in high fashion, but not over popularized. Therefore, why not have one?

[Turn to page 41]

No. 3295, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3290, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3296, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with front yoke. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3318, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 32-inch material, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3332, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; three-piece circular skirt. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Transfer No. 1077 may be used.

No. 3329, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; two-piece skirt with drapery. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

3318 3332 3329

3296 3290 3295

The Frills of Midsummer Attach Themselves To the Graceful Apron Tunic



3288 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

3335 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

3316 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

3315 Dress
5 sizes, 14-16
36-40
Transfer No. 1150

Embroidery Everywhere

[Continued from page 40]

ANCIENT Rome as well as ancient India supplies inspiration for the figurations you should put on your clothes. The famous mosaic design found on marble tables and on floors in Italy has crept upward to our gowns. Straight bands of it are used in what is known as spinal decoration, also for skirt hems and sleeves. If you do not like to omit Egyptian embroidery, which appears to be the Twentieth Amendment to the Fashion Constitution, use the lotus flower rather than Tut's guardians of the tomb, for delicate garments; also the stiff little bird. The triangle remains good. It was one of the earliest designs in decoration.

There are two schools of embroidery, each fighting for supremacy, which is good for those who like to make a choice or indulge in variety. Against the sharply outlined figures, which is one school, there is the flowing embroidery of birds and butterflies, of jungle flowers and peacocks with gorgeous arrangement of tails. France sponsors this kind as her own contribution to needlework. It is in process of propaganda through her Colonial Government.

No. 3335, MISSES' DRESS; apron tunic with straight gathered ruffle. Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 33-inch dotted, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch plain. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3288, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3317, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch lace. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3315, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer No. 1150 may be used.

No. 3316, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch for collar. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3330, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 12-inch ribbon. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

3330 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16;
36-46

Food that pampers your gums



and ruins your teeth

DENTAL SCIENCE has demonstrated how direct is the relation between healthy gums and sound teeth.

It has been conclusively proved that this soft, delicious food we eat today cannot give the stimulation to our gums that rough, coarse food once gave.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

It is one of the penalties of civilized existence that teeth and gums are less robust. Tooth trouble, due to weak and softened gums, is on the rise. The prevalence of pyorrhea is one item in a long list.

How to clean teeth and protect your gums

Dental authorities are not insensible to this condition. Today they are preaching and practicing the care of the gums as well as the care of the teeth. Thousands of dentists have written us to tell how they combat soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

In stubborn cases, they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana after the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and keep them firm and healthy.

Ipana is a tooth paste that's good for your gums as well as your teeth. Its cleaning power is remarkable and its taste is unforgettably good. Send for a sample today.

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

Made by the
makers of
Sal Hepatica

A trial tube,
enough to last
for ten days, will
be sent gladly if
you will forward
coupon below.



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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

When She Rides Horseback or Seeks Other Diversion



3237 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



3195 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44



3322 Coat
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44

3326 Breeches
6 sizes, 14-16;
28-34



3289 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44

Transfer No. 1252



3328 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44

Transfer No. 1100

No. 3237, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch figured and 1¼ yards of 40-inch plain. Width, 2½ yards.

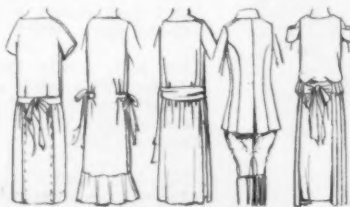
No. 3289, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16, 3 yards of 32-inch check, 1 yard of 36-inch plain. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 1252 may be used.

No. 3195, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36, 3½ yards 40-inch lace, 1½ yards 40-inch chiffon.

No. 3322, LADIES' AND MISSES' RIDING COAT. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Linen, khaki and woollens are recommended.

No. 3326, LADIES' AND MISSES' RIDING BREECHES. Size 28 requires 2¼ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 3328, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36, 2¾ yards of 40-inch; skirt, 1½ yards of 36-inch. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 1100 may be used.



3289

3237

3328

3322

3195



Say
"Curads, please"

Insist upon this dependable Curads roll of six sanitary napkins made of Curity gauze and absorbent cotton. Compactly wrapped; soft, comfortable and highly absorbent. Designed for hospitals—now available to all women. Say "Curads, please" at notions, corset and drug counters.

A generous three-pad sample roll sent on receipt of 20c.

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Curads

Made Exclusively of Curity Products



Your Baby

Should be a healthy, happy growing baby if it has loving care, proper food and comfortable clothing.

New 64-page catalog of baby goods sent free

Describes and illustrates baby and maternity goods of every kind. Shows 24 styles of white embroidered flannels, infants' complete outfits, separate articles, rubber goods, baby baskets, hundreds of necessary articles for mothers and the baby. Suggestions and information on care and feeding of the baby of practical value to the expectant mother. Copy sent free on request.

FREE Sample Case
contains samples of the famous

NON-NETTLE WHITE FLANNELS
sold by us exclusively, the softest, smoothest baby flannels known. Samples of baby white goods: flannels, long cloth, nainsook, batiste, antiseptic diaper cloth, rubber sheeting, etc.

17 Modern Paper Patterns 25c
Complete set of 17 patterns for baby's first wardrobe, including 9 patterns usually sold at 25c each.

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100 Envelopes

—prepaid anywhere

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CHILDREN'S DRESSES

Ready-to-Embroider

Smart little creations, needing just a touch of embroidery to complete them—every dress in an envelope with detailed directions and all materials necessary for embroidering.

New FALL styles are now being shown at your dealers, or write to the manufacturer for FREE illustrated folder.

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D. M. C. cotton supplied with each package

APRON DRESS
No. 2353
Made of fine unbleached muslin.
Sizes 2, 4, 6.
Price \$1.10



No. 3305, INFANT'S SET.
Dress, 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch; cape, 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch; sacque, 1/2 yard of 40-inch. Transfer No. 356 may be used on dress, No. 1047 on cape, No. 848 on sacque.

3305 Infant's Set
Transfers Nos. 356, 1047, 848

3293 Creeper
4 sizes, 6 months to 3 years
Transfer No. 1121

3294 Romper
3 sizes, 2-6
Transfer No. 1209

3311 Underwear
6 sizes, 2-12

3313 Bathrobe
7 sizes, 6 months to 10 years

3308 Dress and Petticoat
4 sizes, 6 months to 3 years

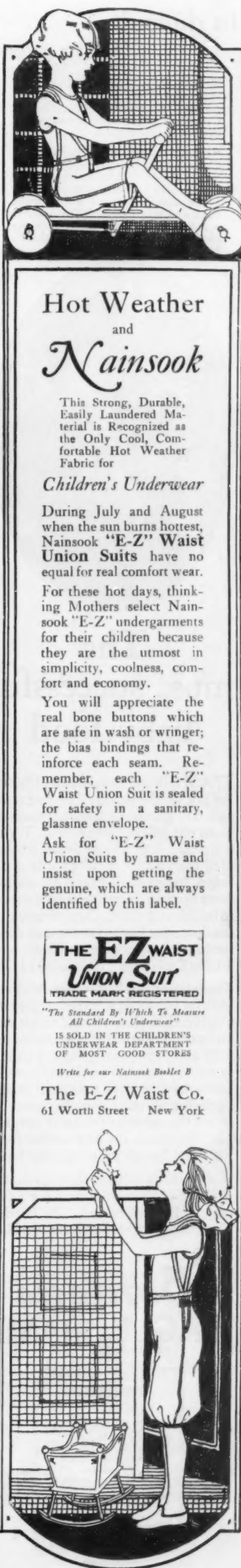
No. 3308, CHILD'S DRESS AND GERTRUDE PETTICOAT. Size 2, dress, 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch; petticoat, 1 1/4 yards of 27-inch. Transfer No. 1120 and No. 739 may be used.

No. 3292, CHILD'S PAJAMAS. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards of 32-inch. Transfer No. 690 may be used for smoking.

No. 3294, CHILD'S ROMPER. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. Transfer No. 1209 is suggested.

No. 3293, CHILD'S CREEPER. Size 3 requires 1 1/4 yards of 32-inch material. Transfer No. 1121 may be used.

No. 3313, CHILD'S BATHROBE. Size 8 requires 3 3/4 yards of 27-inch material, or 1 3/4 yards of 54-inch.



Hot Weather and Nainsook

This Strong, Durable, Easily Laundered Material is Recognized as the Only Cool, Comfortable Hot Weather Fabric for

Children's Underwear

During July and August when the sun burns hottest, Nainsook "E-Z" Waist Union Suits have no equal for real comfort wear.

For these hot days, thinking Mothers select Nainsook "E-Z" undergarments for their children because they are the utmost in simplicity, coolness, comfort and economy.

You will appreciate the real bone buttons which are safe in wash or wringer; the bias bindings that reinforce each seam. Remember, each "E-Z" Waist Union Suit is sealed for safety in a sanitary, glassine envelope.

Ask for "E-Z" Waist Union Suits by name and insist upon getting the genuine, which are always identified by this label.

THE EZ WAIST UNION SUIT


TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"The Standard By Which To Measure All Children's Underwear"

IS SOLD IN THE CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT OF MOST GOOD STORES

Write for our Nainsook Booklet B

The E-Z Waist Co.
61 Worth Street New York



In difficult feeding cases

When Elizabeth Campbell was born she weighed only three and a half pounds. She was put on Eagle Brand Condensed Milk at once and immediately began to gain.

"Later", writes her father, H. A. Campbell, of Bengough, Saskatchewan, Canada, "we tried several other brands of baby food, but they did not agree with her at all, so we went back to Eagle Brand." Today she is a sturdy little girl of five, with the perfect physique that is every child's birthright.



The most successful baby food

EAGLE Brand Condensed Milk was put on the market sixty-five years ago. The first milk produced was made in an old mill in Connecticut. Today it is probable that Eagle Brand is more used than all other baby foods combined. In fact Eagle Brand has started more than a million babies on the road to health and vigor. Over twenty-five condensaries located in the best dairy sections of the country are busy producing Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

There is nothing better than mother's milk for baby, but if you must use artificial food, the Eagle Brand way is safe and sure. Eagle Brand is made only of milk and sugar, combined in a special way that breaks down the indigestible casein of the cow's milk, and makes Eagle Brand exceptionally digestible. It has the necessary vitamin content too. Especially for hot weather feeding Eagle Brand protects your baby.

If you wish a reliable daily guide for the care of your baby send for a free copy of *Baby's Welfare*. The Borden Company, 178 Borden Building, New York.

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK



3310 Suit
4 sizes, 1-4



3159 Dress
6 sizes, 2-12
Transfer No. 646

No. 3159, CHILD'S PLEATED DRESS. Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. The yoke may be adorned with an embroidered spray from Transfer No. 646.

No. 3310, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs.

No. 3185, CHILD'S ROMPER; buttoning under leg. Size 3 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs.

No. 3231, CHILD'S ROMPER; opening under leg; with dropped back. Size 4 requires 2 yards of 32-inch material. Transfer No. 690 may be used for smocking.

From the Sturdy Beach Romper to the Three-Piece Suit

3185 Romper
4 sizes, 1-4

3231 Romper
4 sizes, 1-4
Transfer No. 690

3206 Romper
3 sizes, 2-6

3297 Suit
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer No. 1177
View B

3291 Suit
4 sizes, 4-10



3321 Suit
4 sizes, 8-14

3309 Suit
4 sizes, 8-14



No. 3309, BOY'S NORFOLK SUIT; knickerbocker trousers. Size 12 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 48-inch material. As well as light tweeds, linen may be used for summer.

No. 3321, BOY'S SUIT; knickerbocker trousers. Size 10 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. A mannish suit with large pockets is smart for the young boy.

No. 3331, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 8 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Transfer No. 1192 may be used.

No. 3291, BOY'S NORFOLK SUIT; knee trousers. Size 10 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 48-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs.

3314 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

No. 3297, GIRL'S THREE-PIECE SUIT; dress with short jacket. Size 14, View A, requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material and 1 yard of 40-inch figured silk. View B, size 8, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch, contrasting $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch. Transfer No. 1177 may be used.

No. 3314, GIRL'S DRESS WITH GUIMPE; straight pleated skirt. Size 10 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch for guimpe.

No. 3206, CHILD'S ROMPER; dropped back. Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 32-inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch for collar and belt. Buttonholed edges complete the suit.



Keep Your Hair Youthful

The hair of the young is usually more attractive simply because time and non-attention have not had the chance to make their inroads upon it. If you would retain the natural beauty, luster and freshness of your hair, add Canthrox to your toilet requisites and shampoo with it regularly. Footlight and screen favorites have found it an invaluable aid to hair health and attractiveness.

Canthrox Shampoo

removes all dirt, dust and dandruff, cleanses the scalp and brings out the natural beauty of the hair. After its use you will find that the hair dries quickly and evenly, is never streaked in appearance, and is always bright, soft and fluffy—so fluffy, in fact, that it looks more abundant than it is, for each strand is left so clean and silk-like. To arrange and dress such hair is a pleasure.

At All Drug Stores

All druggists sell Canthrox because it is the leading hair wash and has been for many years.

It's so easy to shampoo with Canthrox, the results are so immediate and apparent and the cost so little—about three cents per shampoo—that no woman who cares a whit about retaining her hair health and beauty should be without it on dresser or bath-room shelf. Use it in hard or soft water.

Free Trial Offer

To add to the long list of Canthrox friends, we will send you absolutely free one full Canthrox shampoo if you will forward a two-cent stamp to pay postage. You'll say it is the most effective hair wash you ever tried.

H. S. PETERSON & CO.

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CHICAGO, ILL.



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Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to make these homely spots fade away. Simply get an ounce of Othine from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion. Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to make freckles fade away.

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

Thousands of women attribute their beautiful complexions to their use of Lablache Face Powder. It is invisible, delightful to use. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50 cts. a box of druggists or by mail. Send 10 cts. for a sample box.

Something New!

Compact Lablache Rouge with a Puff, giving a natural color to the cheeks. \$1.00 a box, of druggists or by mail.

BEN LEVY COMPANY
French Perfumers, Dept. E
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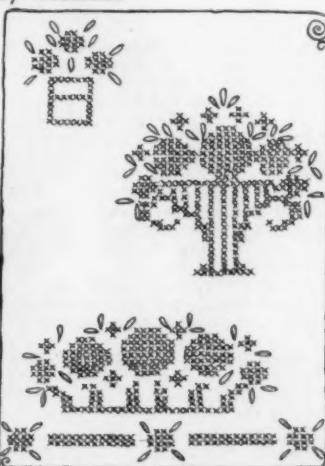


Designs You Can Stamp With a Hot Iron

By Elisabeth May Blondel



1291
Beading
Design



1290—Small Cross-Stitch Motifs for
Lingerie, Tea cloths, etc.

1289—Transfer Pattern for Lazy-Daisy Motifs. Includes 6 baskets $1\frac{1}{2} \times 2$ inches; 4 corners $2\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ inches; 6 motifs, 9 yards of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch border. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

1290—Transfer Pattern for Cross-Stitch Motifs. Includes 4 baskets $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches; 2 baskets $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches across; 8 small baskets; 6 yards of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch border. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

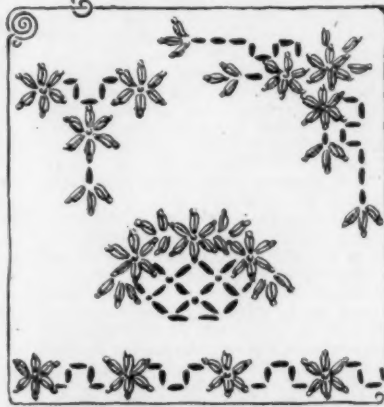
1291—Transfer Pattern for Bead Trimming. Includes motif for front, belt motif $18\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. (Blouse No. 3009, sizes 34 to 46; price, 30 cents). Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

1292—Transfer Pattern for Basket Motifs. Includes 4 baskets $4\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches; 8 baskets $1\frac{1}{2} \times 2$ inches; 4 of medium size. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

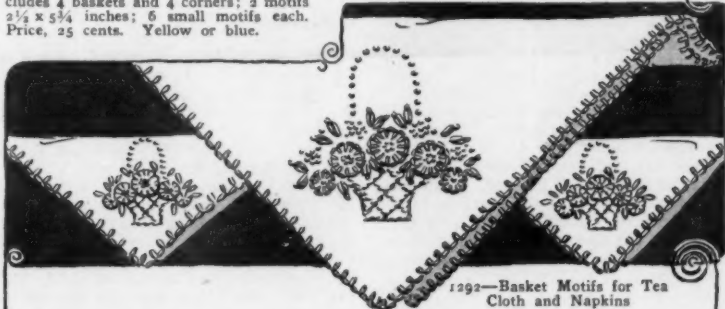
1293—Transfer Pattern for Pillow. Design fits pillow 18×24 or 26 inches. Matches 1294 for Scarf Ends. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

1294—Transfer Pattern for Scarf Ends. Includes 2 basket designs $14\frac{1}{4} \times 19$ inches. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue.

1295—Transfer Pattern for Sprays. Includes 4 baskets and 4 corners; 2 motifs $2\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ inches; 6 small motifs each. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.



1289—Lazy-Daisy Motifs and Border for
Children's Clothes, Lingerie, etc.



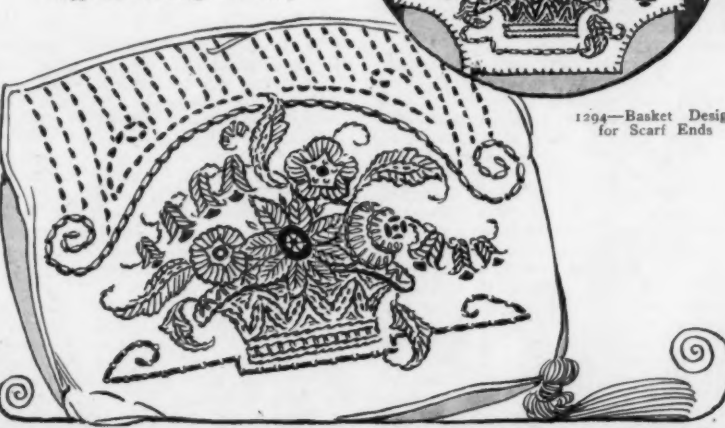
1292—Basket Motifs for Tea
Cloth and Napkins



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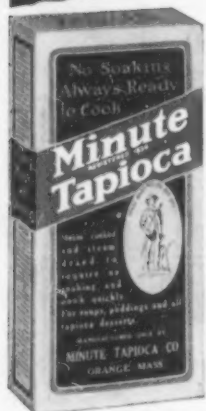
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The Lawless

[Continued from page 5]

between them and pauperism save their inborn knowledge of their father's trade and the cabin on Bissarge Flat.

To be sure the old Factor of the H. B. post had offered a flattering arrangement—so flattering as to seem suspicious to them, young as they were, and they had courteously refused. So they lived on in their lonely cabin, set amid its snows in winter, its wilderness of green in summer, and were happy. Then came the spring when young Cine met the pale Lorene at Fort a la Baine and fell in love with her. This was a hard blow for Francine, but, stout heart that she was, she put her arms about her brother and bade him go to his destiny.

SO, for five years she lived alone but for her dogs, her tame bobcat and the spinster moose she had befriended through the outcast misery induced by a broken leg. She followed her trap-lines by day and slept in peace at night, with her dogs outside to give her warning, and the good gun that hung just above her bed.

And now the cabin was riotous with noise, and she was sometimes glad to leave it in the mornings. That was a good winter. She took many pelts.

On a day when the warm sun threatened the last of the melting she whirled into the stockade of Fort La Croix and dashed up between the cabins, as was her wont. John Cameron, the new Factor, saw her come and looked his astonishment.

"It is Francine Gitou," they told him, "Francine, the Lawless."

"Eh?" asked the Factor. "Why lawless?" Arnot, the clerk, laughed. "Because she does as she wills. There was the clerk at a la Baine who kissed her on the cheek—*mon Dieu!* How she beat him! He was no good to the Factor for a matter of a week and the Factor was all for fining her three fox skins, but she snapped her fingers in his face and told him to come take them. He did not, for fear of her fists."

Cameron shook his head in disapproval. He was Scotch to his foundations and had his own ideas concerning women and their behavior. Therefore he did not go out to his step to meet the new arrival, but sat sternly at his desk behind the breast-high railing in the big room of the factory. And presently the door flung open and Francine strode in, smiling, pulling off her mittens.

She stopped at the railing with her hands upon it. "The Factor?" she asked. "I would see him."

"You see him," said Cameron. The smile went off her lips. "I do not jest, M'sieu," she said. "Where is Monsieur McDonald, Factor of Fort La Croix?" "Dead," said the other shortly. "Where have you been that you do not know what is doing at your trading-post?"

"About my business on the Upper Attibbi," flared Francine, "where even the sledge dogs have their manners."

A red flush rose under the man's fair skin, dying it scarlet, and from somewhere in the dim regions of the big room at the back there came a peal of laughter in a boy's voice. A slim stripling came round a pile of fur bales to look at the owner of this two-edged tongue which made so little of the new factor, his brother. But Francine's wide black eyes became slowly moist with unshed tears. She stood for a time looking back into that hard past when she and Cine had refused McDonald's flattering aid. The old man had wanted her, young as she was, and they had known it, but though they had refused his offer, he had continued their friend, never showing again his desire for the blooming beauty which was hers. Therefore Francine stood silent by his old desk and granted him his meed of grateful memory. When she looked up it was to meet the deep blue eyes of the Scot, boring like gimlets in their alert scrutiny. So she made settlement for her winter's debt, driving as shrewd a bargain and as honest a one as the Factor himself, and departed for the cabin of her friend, Nina Souvier, where she was received with the open arms of affection, and two kisses, one on either cheek.

And then she met again the Factor, John Cameron, met him at the big well whose huge stone curb sat solidly in the main way of Fort La Croix, where she had gone that first night of her arrival to fetch a pail of water to the cabin of Nina. It was a soft dusk, with a little wind that threatened the rotting snow, and it seemed to speak to the heart. Francine loved the dusk in spring. She stood for a moment looking away to the rim of the forest at the west, and did not heed the step approaching from behind. It was John Cameron who stopped and looked at her, whose deep blue eyes met hers as she turned. And for the first time in her life she was sharply startled by a man's eyes.

Never, she thought wonderingly, had she beheld such brilliant pools of sapphire light. They were clear eyes, honest eyes, had she been able to read them, but eyes that spoke of a stern rectitude of spirit which bordered

on the fanatical. This man was clear as the day himself and expected a like clarity in others. He would be hard as steel to the wrongdoer, but neither would he spare himself in error.

"Good evening, Ma'amelle," he said gravely.

That was all, but Francine's heart turned over in her breast and she could not find the smile that came so readily for every chance acquaintance.

Instead she stood still, unable to turn her eyes away from him and neither knew how long was that deep look.

The man did not approve of her. He could not forget the clerk at a la Baine whom she had pounded with her fists. A woman who fought! And yet—he wondered on which rose-stained cheek that unwanted kiss had landed?

He went back to the factory and Francine Gitou carried her pail to the shelf behind Nina's table, but that night she lay long awake listening to the wind that whispered at the cabin's corner.

For four days she stayed at Fort La Croix, and could stay no longer. The snows were melting and already the surface was heavy and would be a drag on the feet of her team and a clog to her sledge runners. So she came in the gray dawn to the factory steps to load her provisions. She took more than usual, since the appetites of her family grew with each succeeding season. It was John Cameron himself who superintended the operation, putting aside the clerk, Arnot, and young Jaimie Cameron who were eager to help. All men, young and old, were eager to help Francine Gitou, it seemed. When all was in readiness, the last pack in place, the last strap buckled, she looked up once more into this new man's face and could not laugh. Instead a strange tightness took her throat.

"We wish you safe journey, Miss Gitou," he said as he took her hand, warm from her fur-lined mitten. "And when will you be coming back to Fort La Croix?"

"In the summer, M'sieu," she lied frankly, "when I have promised new cloth to my sister-in-law from the brigade which comes up from Quebec."

THE spring came and passed. When it was time for the brigade to come up from Quebec with the year's stores, she set out for the post, and this time she did not run on snow-shoes beside her sledge, but strode through the dim green forest like a young goddess of the wild.

John Cameron was very busy with his augmented duties of putting in the stores brought by the canoes which lay at the river landing like a flotilla, but not so busy that he could not stop to greet her in his grave manner, or to look helplessly into her black eyes which were like mysterious pools of light.

He had little to say, just a word or two, but to Francine it was sufficient. She smiled this time—a new smile, soft and timid, and the Factor smiled in return.

But however contained John Cameron was in his demeanor, it was not so with young Jaimie. "Hoots, lassie!" cried the lad gaily, running forward with an eager hand outstretched. "Have ye come back to set men's hearts aflutter?"

"Will you be still?" said his brother sternly. "Who taught you these thraven ways with a stranger?"

But Francine laughed at the boy's wildness. He was an outlaw, like herself, in spirit, and she could understand him.

"It is youth, M'sieu," she said to Cameron gently. "He means no disrespect."

"She knows," said Jaimie admiringly. "She's no auld grumpy body like yersel', John, and I've a mind to kiss her on the spot!"

The Factor blushed like a girl and Francine, reaching over with one long arm, cuffed the stripling's ears deftly and thoroughly. He was within six years of her own age, but to her he seemed a spoiled child, as indeed he had been all his life.

THAT was a wondrous visit. Summer in the North can caress the spirit to a veritable stupor of delight. Soft sunlight kissed the waters of the river, gay flowers bloomed their short day in prodigal profusion, and by the stockade wall a fiddler in brilliant cap and sash set the feet of youth to dancing. Francine had never danced. She had been too busy at the graver business of life, namely the food-getting. But now she stood at the crowd's fringe in the flickering bonfire's light and watched the pretty figures with keen pleasure.

And here the Factor found her, casually, as water finds its level, and they talked a bit in low tones. They met at the well in another twilight, and once again they stood together in the great gate and looked away into the dark forest.

"It's a lonely trail for a woman," said John Cameron, but Francine smiled.

[Turn to page 57]

Make cooling
refreshing
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with

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WHEN the sun fairly sizzles and every one longs for something cooling and refreshing for lunch or dinner, Knox Sparkling Gelatine offers an endless variety of delicious desserts and salads. They are all easily, quickly, and economically made with fresh or canned fruits, if you have Mrs. Knox's book, "Dainty Desserts," to guide you.

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KNOX

GRAPE JUICE CHARLOTTE RUSSE

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/4 cup cold water 1 1/2 cups heavy cream,
1/4 cup boiling water beaten until stiff
1 cup grape juice 1/2 cup sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice Lady fingers
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add grape juice, lemon juice and sugar. Stir until mixture begins to thicken; then fold in cream. Turn into mold lined with lady fingers. Remove from mold; garnish with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

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Straight from the Garden

New Ways of Serving Vegetables and Berries
That Are Part of August's Rich Harvest

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

NOW, when the garden yield is at its height and fruits and vegetables cheapest in the markets, why not give your family some fruit and vegetable menus?

Salads, soups, escalloped dishes, chowders and hashes, are some of the many ways of serving vegetables. Strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, blueberries, currants and gooseberries suggest all manner of delicious desserts.

All vegetables should be cooked in freshly drawn, boiling, salted water. Use one teaspoon of salt for every quart of water. As soon as tender, drain, and season with salt and pepper. Never allow vegetables to stand in the water in which they were cooked. All vegetables with a strong odor should be cooked in a large quantity of water and uncovered.

GREEN PEA SOUFFLE

2 cups cooked peas 3/4 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons melted butter 1/6 teaspoon pepper
3 eggs 2 cups milk

Rub the peas through a coarse sieve, add slowly the melted fat and the seasonings. Add the milk and stir in the slightly beaten eggs. Pour into a well-greased baking-dish, cover and bake for 15 minutes. Uncover and brown. The oven should be moderate—about 350 degrees Fahrenheit.

ARTICHOKES A LA KNICKERBOCKER

Wind and tie the artichokes with white string to prevent the scales opening, and cook in boiling salted water for about 40 minutes. Carefully pull off the scales and remove the choke. Arrange the bottoms on a hot platter and have ready as many poached eggs as there are bottoms. Place one egg on each. Serve with melted butter. The scales may be arranged around each bottom or served at another time as a salad.

NOVELTY ONIONS

Choose very young onions, leave on about three inches of the green tops and cook in boiling salted water uncovered until tender—about 20 minutes. Have ready rounds of bread delicately toasted, cover with a cream sauce, and lay the onions on top of each piece as you would asparagus tips.

MUSHROOM TIMBALES

1 cup mushrooms 1 tablespoon butter
(cleaned and peeled) 1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup bread crumbs 1/4 teaspoon paprika
1 cup milk (hot) 1/2 teaspoon pepper
2 eggs

Cut the mushrooms fine. Add the hot milk to the crumbs, cool slightly.

Add the butter and the seasonings, stir in the mushrooms and the eggs slightly beaten. Fill well-greased timbale molds and bake in a pan of hot water in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit). Turn out and serve with a cream sauce.

GREEN PEPPERS WITH CHEESE

6 green peppers 1 tablespoon melted butter
1 cup cooked rice 1/2 teaspoon pepper
hominy or wheat 1/4 teaspoon paprika
cereal 1 tablespoon minced onion
1/2 cup tomato juice and pulp 1/2 cup grated cheese
1/2 teaspoon salt

Remove the seeds from the peppers. Cook in boiling salted water for 10 minutes. Fry the onion in the butter, add the cereal, tomato, seasonings, and, last, the grated cheese. Fill the pepper shells and bake 15 minutes or until the stuffing is browned. If the cereal is too stiff more tomato may be added.

STUFFED EGGPLANT

Cut the eggplant in halves lengthwise. Cook in boiling salted water about 10 minutes. Drain, cool, scrape out the inside, leaving about three-fourths of an inch to form a shell. Fill with this stuffing, cover with buttered crumbs and bake slowly about one-half hour:

1 cup crumbs 3 tablespoons butter
1/4 cup tomato juice and 1 onion minced
pulp 1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup cooked rice 1/4 teaspoon paprika

Fry the onion in the butter and mix the seasonings with the crumbs; add other ingredients. Add more tomato if too dry.

BLUEBERRY GINGERBREAD

1 cup molasses 3/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup sour milk 2 1/2 cups flour
1 teaspoon ginger 1 teaspoon soda
1 cup blueberries

Mix the berries with one-half cup of the flour. Sift dry ingredients together and add slowly the molasses and sour milk which have been stirred together. Stir in the blueberries and bake in a well-greased pan for about 25 minutes in a moderate oven (360 degrees Fahrenheit). Serve hot.

BERRY SURPRISE

2 cups flour 5 tablespoons fat
4 teaspoons baking powder 1 egg yolk
1/2 cup milk, more or less
1 tablespoon sugar Any kind of berries
1/2 teaspoon salt

Sift the dry ingredients and cut in the fat. Add the beaten egg yolk, then the milk slowly, to make a dough that can be handled. Roll out one-quarter-inch thick, cut in large rounds with a cookie cutter. Put a teaspoon of berries in the center and fold the dough over, covering them entirely. Pinch the edges of the dough together firmly. Brush the tops with milk and bake in a hot oven (about 450 degrees Fahrenheit) from 10 to 15 minutes.

BERRY COBBLER

Grease a baking-dish and fill half full of sweetened berries. Add 2 tablespoons water and cover the berries with a rich biscuit crust. Cut some openings in the top to let out the steam, and bake about 15 minutes in a hot oven (about 450 degrees Fahrenheit).

FROZEN FRUITS

Sprinkle two cups of fruit with one-half cup powdered sugar and let it stand an hour. Line a mold with vanilla ice-cream, drain the fruit, put it in the center and cover the top with whipped cream sweetened and flavored. Put a buttered paper over the top, cover, dip a narrow piece of cloth in melted fat and tie around where the cover joins the mold. This will prevent the salt from getting in as the fat hardens when packed in the ice and salt. Pack the mold in equal parts of ice and salt and let it stand for two hours.

How to make PERFECT Peach Jam

Follow the CERTO recipe below and you will make easily, quickly and economically the most delicious peach jam you ever tasted. Only one minute's boiling is required—thus saving the color, flavor and aroma of ripe fruit and making one-half more than the old, uncertain method.

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CERTO

(Sure-Jell)

Peach Jam

Peel, remove pits and crush well about 3 lbs. peaches. Measure 4 level cups (2 lbs.) crushed fruit into large kettle. Add 7 1/2 level cups (3 1/4 lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard for 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in 1 bottle (scant cup) CERTO. Skim and pour quickly.

Make a lot of jam and jelly this summer. Use any available fruit. Jams and jellies are healthful, wholesome and appetizing.

CERTO is sold by grocers with Recipe Book wrapped around bottle. Trial bottle will be sent postpaid for 35 cents.

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Delicious, appetizing and ready to serve, Kellogg's KRUMBLES give you the full, fascinating flavor of whole wheat for the first time in food history! KRUMBLES will delight you. All grocers.

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The Charm and Hominess of England's Cottages Are in This Fifth House of McCall's Great Series



A Home of Simple Dignity

With Goodly Space for its Gardens and
With Every Convenience for the Housewife

By W. D. Foster and Harold W. Vassar

THOUGH part of the charming hominess of the cottages of England is due to their age and the fact that time and weather have made them seem a part of their surroundings, at the same time there is beauty of line and proportion and a simplicity which makes them suitable prototypes for small houses to be built in certain sections of the United States.

The house which is shown here found its inspiration in England and like all English homes presupposes that a goodly proportion of the land will be devoted to a garden. For that reason the principal rooms are placed at the rear or garden side of the house, leaving the kitchen and service entrance and the second floor passage and bathroom to face the street.

Through the small porch which shelters the entrance, we enter a little hall with a coat closet conveniently placed; a door to the kitchen permits one to reach the front door from the service portion without passing through any of the main rooms; to the left we go through an opening and down two steps into the living-room.

Toward the street there is a large bank of casement windows while toward the garden are three French windows which open on a paved loggia with stone piers; this loggia is really within the house as it is roofed by the floor of the bedroom above, so that it could be enclosed easily with screens or glass.

The small room between the living-room and the dining-room has been called a study but it might be used as a conservatory as there is plenty of light. The dining-room has windows on two sides, those on the rear affording a pleasant view of the garden. The kitchen, although not as large as those which were planned when servants were as usual as houses, is comfortable and very well arranged with dressers, sink and cold closet. The refrigerator has been placed in the kitchen entry where it may be iced without entering the house.

On the second floor are three bedrooms, a bathroom and a large storage closet under the roof. Only one bathroom has been provided, twenty-five feet from the main bedroom, and being located directly over the kitchen plumbing makes possible the most economical installation. Another bathroom can be placed at the other end of the passage where the bedroom closets now are and the bedroom made a little smaller to allow the necessary closet space.

A broom closet and a linen closet open from the passage.

The attic space has been left unfinished but stairs lead up to it, so that it may be reached easily for storage purposes; it also affords good ventilation over the main bedrooms as there is a window at each end. This space could be finished later.

The exterior of the house gains interest by the interesting lines effected by bringing down the long slope over the service end.

Three materials have been used for the walls; stone for the first story and siding for the second story of the main portion, and stucco for the kitchen and dining-room end. Of course, these materials could be varied. Brick could replace the stone, but with either stone or brick the deep reveals at the windows and doors should be kept as they give a sense of solidity and substantiality. For the

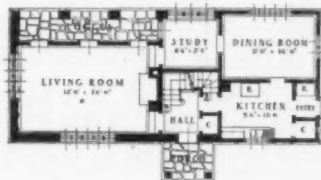
sidings on the second floor, shingles could be substituted, but whichever material is used should be stained brown. To avoid a flat white, the stucco also should have a little warm color in it. The windows throughout are steel casements which can now be obtained in standard sizes at a very reasonable figure.

The roof should be either shingles or slate and should be laid irregularly to avoid the rigid, smooth feeling of a so-called well laid roof.

In a house of this type it is well to have the ridge blocked up to prevent a sagging appearance that often comes with age.

In the perspective drawing the house has been shown placed lengthwise to the street. Placed this way at least a seventy-five foot lot is required as the building itself is fifty-two feet long. If the same plan were placed in the other direction, with the kitchen entry in the rear, a much narrower lot would suffice since the building is only twenty-two feet wide. The roof lines would not be so interesting if the house were placed this way, as the sweep over the service portion would be more or less lost to view.

The house has been planned "from the inside out"—designed to aid the housewife with her daily tasks and to provide comfortable living arrangements for the family. As for the other houses of this series, Miss Mead, McCall's consulting architect, has worked on the plans to make each detail practicable for the woman who does her own work.



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For bottom use cardboard of a tight fit. When in place, glue small blocks of wood under it to sides of basket for further support. LePage band of upholstery braid around outside for decoration.

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Tetherstones

[Continued from page 12]

than a narrow passage, winding among boulders. They passed between them to a flat open space that shone green in the sunshine.

"This is the place," said Arthur. They stood up all around, forming a great amphitheater—the heavy, gray stones that had weathered so many centuries. Stark and grim, sentinels of the ages, they stood in their changeless circle, as they had stood in the early days of the world ere men had learned to subdue the earth.

Frances turned to the man by her side. "It reminds me of the days when you were a Roman gladiator and I was one of the slaves who sprinkled the sawdust in the arena."

"You were never intended for a slave," he said.

She smiled a little. "May I get down? I should like to walk here."

He jumped to the ground and turned to help her.

"It is certainly a wonderful place," she said. "And the farm is close by?"

"Just down the hill on the other side," he said. "It takes its name from them. Some bygone race probably used the place for sacrifice. The actual Tetherstones to which the victims were said to have been fastened are over there, close to the cattle-shed in which Ruth found you. The shed is just out of sight below the brow of the hill."

Frances relinquished his arm and began to walk a few steps over the grass. Suddenly she turned and came back to him. She was smiling, but her face was pale. "Mr. Dermot, I am not sure that I want to stay here after all," she said.

He put out a hand and pointed to a curiously shaped stone so poised that it seemed to be on the point of rolling toward them. "Do you see that? That is one of the great Tetherstones. It is called the stone of sacrifice. It is so balanced that a child could make it rock, but no one could move it from its place. There are marks on that stone that scientists declare have been made by human hands, places where staples have been driven in, and so cunningly devised that prisoners chained to those staples were unharmed so long as they remained passive. But the moment they strained for freedom, the stone rocked slowly to and fro and they were crushed."

"Let us go!" she said, shuddering. "I won't come here again."

He helped her back into the cart, and wrapped the rug about her knees. As he did so, with his face turned from her, he spoke in a tone that affected her strangely.

"Miss Thorold, I haven't told you everything. There is a much more modern tragedy connected with this place which I haven't told you of. It isn't a subject that is ever mentioned among us, and I can't go into any details. But—you've probably discovered by this time that there is something that makes us different from the rest of the world. It is—that."

HE mounted into the cart beside her and walked the horse forward. "There is little Ruth," said Frances.

The child had come suddenly into view from behind one of the great stones, moving as was her wont lightly and fearlessly, her face upturned.

"How happy she is!" whispered Frances. The man said nothing. He walked the horse straight up to the child.

"Is that you, Uncle Arthur?" said little Ruth.

"Yes," he said. "Come here to me and I will take you back to the corn-field!"

She got up and came to him. He stooped and grasped her shoulder, guiding her to the step.

"Is Miss Thorold there?" said the child. "Yes, darling. I am here," Frances said, making room for her in the seat.

Ruth mounted the step, and in a moment nestled beside her.

They passed on through the great circle and out between the stones to a narrow track that led steeply downward to a lane. The buzz of a car rose from below them as they approached it. They went on down the lane and turned into the corn-field.

"I must leave you here," Arthur said. He helped them both down and settled them comfortably with a rug and cushions in the shade of the hedge.

"Are we alone?" said Ruth, when Arthur had driven away.

"Yes, darling. Why?"

"Because I've got something to tell you, and it's a secret. I met a man today in the lane, who said he was a friend of yours. He didn't tell me who he was, but it was the friend who wrote that letter to you. And he said that he will be at the Stones again tonight at ten."

After a while there came the sound of a horse's feet in the lane, and Dr. Square appeared at the gate.

"They told me I should find you here," he said, and came and sat down beside her, with a worried glance at Ruth.

[Continued in the September McCall's]



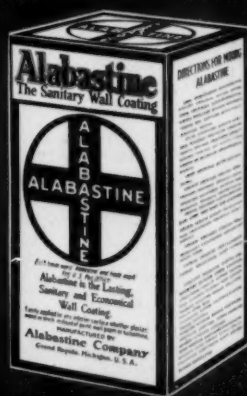
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Elinor Glyn

How YOU Can Write Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "The Philosophy of Love," Etc., Etc.

FOR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not everyone can be a Shakespeare or a Milton. But the people who are turning out the thousands and thousands of stories and photoplays of to-day for which millions of dollars are being paid ARE NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world, translated into every foreign language, except Spanish, and thousands of copies are still sold every year. My stories, novels, and articles have appeared in the foremost European and American magazines. For Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture producers in the world, I have written and personally supervised photoplays featuring such famous stars as Gloria Swanson and Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

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MANY people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to construct out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about plain, ordinary events of every-day life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of success—a secret within the reach of all, for everyone is familiar with some kind of life.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, stories for which some editor will pay good money as there are in Greenwich Village or the South Sea Island. And editors will welcome a good story photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer. They will pay you well for your ideas, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios to-day—far more than is paid in salaries.

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I HAVE shown hundreds of people how to turn their ideas into cash—men and women in all walks of life—the modest worker, the clerk, the stenographer, book-

keepers, salesmen, reporters, doctors, lawyers, salesgirls, nurses, housewives—people of all trades and temperaments.

One busy housewife, who didn't dream she could write, sold her first photoplay for \$500.00.

Janett Burrows, a Cleveland, Ohio, stenographer, followed my suggestions and earned over \$4,500.00 in six months.

Peggy Reidell, a clerk in Chicago, sold her first story for \$250.00.

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A Massachusetts housewife sold forty manuscripts in two years! Just imagine how much she earned!

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The Horizon of God

[Continued from page 35]

"There is a prey, then, in the river. The priests of Isis make offering."

"For their own sins, my brethren. Let us sleep, for the night wanes."

The camp fell to silence again; but not the two who rowed the boat with strong arms, encouraging each other with good words and saying: "She yet may live; we must not abandon her. The god of day give us strength!"

They came to the great bend of the river beyond which lay the camp of the Arabs, and there the sight of the reddening fires upon the hillside alarmed them not a little. Had these men, then, been the harbingers of discovery—had they taken Rebecca from the river? And if so, to what end? The priest shuddered at his own thoughts, and so he indicated the place, called the young soldier's attention to it.

"A camp of Arabs, my son. Think you that any hope lies there?"

The captain was very grave.

"If they have been to the water's edge since nightfall—yet—" And here his countenance lightened. "Yet, why should it be so, my lord. Such is not their custom. They have drawn their water at sunset and afterward will be visiting their women. Pay no heed to them, but let us pass on. She whom we seek will not lie here."

It was, perchance, the expression of a hope rather than a conviction; and no hour since the beginning of it had been so charged with the vagary of fortune. Here were these two, seeking a woman with passionate ardor; and that woman lay not fifty yards from the craft which carried them; nevertheless, they were proposing to row away from the scene with all speed and to seek to forget it.

From that, as we read, the veriest accident saved them—the howling of the beast upon the shore and the answering yelps of the watch-dogs at the doors of the tents.

From the dream of her lover and the joys of the infinite heaven which shielded them, Rebecca awoke to realize the truth once more, and to suffer again as she had suffered in the vivid hours. Death in a shape most horrible menaced her. The dreadful appurtenances of the grave shook her soul with a dread beyond words to measure, and while she lay there transfixed by all the horror of it, she heard the howling of the beast upon the river's brink and understood its meaning. Then, and then only, did her voice find utterance in one dreadful cry which went up to the skies as though pity should be wrung from their mysteries by the very agony which beseeched them.

Ama heard her as a man struck dumb suddenly by emotion. He stood for one tremendous instant, a majestic figure in the waning light; and as he stood, the young soldier watched him with fire in his eyes.

"She is there, my lord. God is good and He has heard us."

Still Ama did not speak; but almost

hurling himself upon the oar, he drove the bark madly toward the sheltering reeds.

There were many lanterns about the coffin and the dark faces of the awakened Arabs as scimitars cleaved the knotted reeds asunder and spearheads lifted the heavy wood which imprisoned the fainting woman. But the arms that lifted her, as it were, from the tomb, were the arms of Ama, the priest, and his was the breath of life, breathed out upon her as she lay.

"Beloved, it is I. Dost thou not know me?"

She lifted her trembling hands and he caught them to his breast. Vaguely she saw him in the flickering rays and understood that she had come down from the skies of her dreams to the earth wherein her lover awaited her. And so men turned away from them, saying, "Here are two that should be alone," while the young captain girt his sword sadly about him and bethought him again of the temple. Must he return to the priests who had done this thing? Or should he seek the City of the Horizon of God where Jehovah was worshiped? He knew not, but remembered only that he was alone and that his gods had deserted him. Ama, however, waited but for his own horsemen to come up, and the Arabs aiding him to fashion a litter, he set out at break of day to skirt the city of Thebes and reach that country of the far south where he would build a city and be the father of his people. And now, for many nights, the moon would look down kindly upon the lovers and the wilderness hear the whisper of their words.

Nor did Rebecca know, as thus she fled far from her kith and kin, that the Man of Levi's son, her little brother, was one day to liberate Israel from the yoke and that he would go to Pharaoh and cry—"Set these my people free."

But thus it befell, and thus, upon the Red Sea shore, after many years, the priest Ama heard of the flight—and taking his beloved with him, he also set out for that Land of Promise wherein Israel henceforth must dwell.



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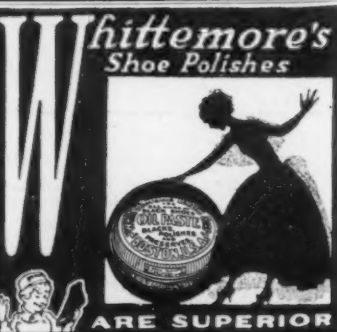
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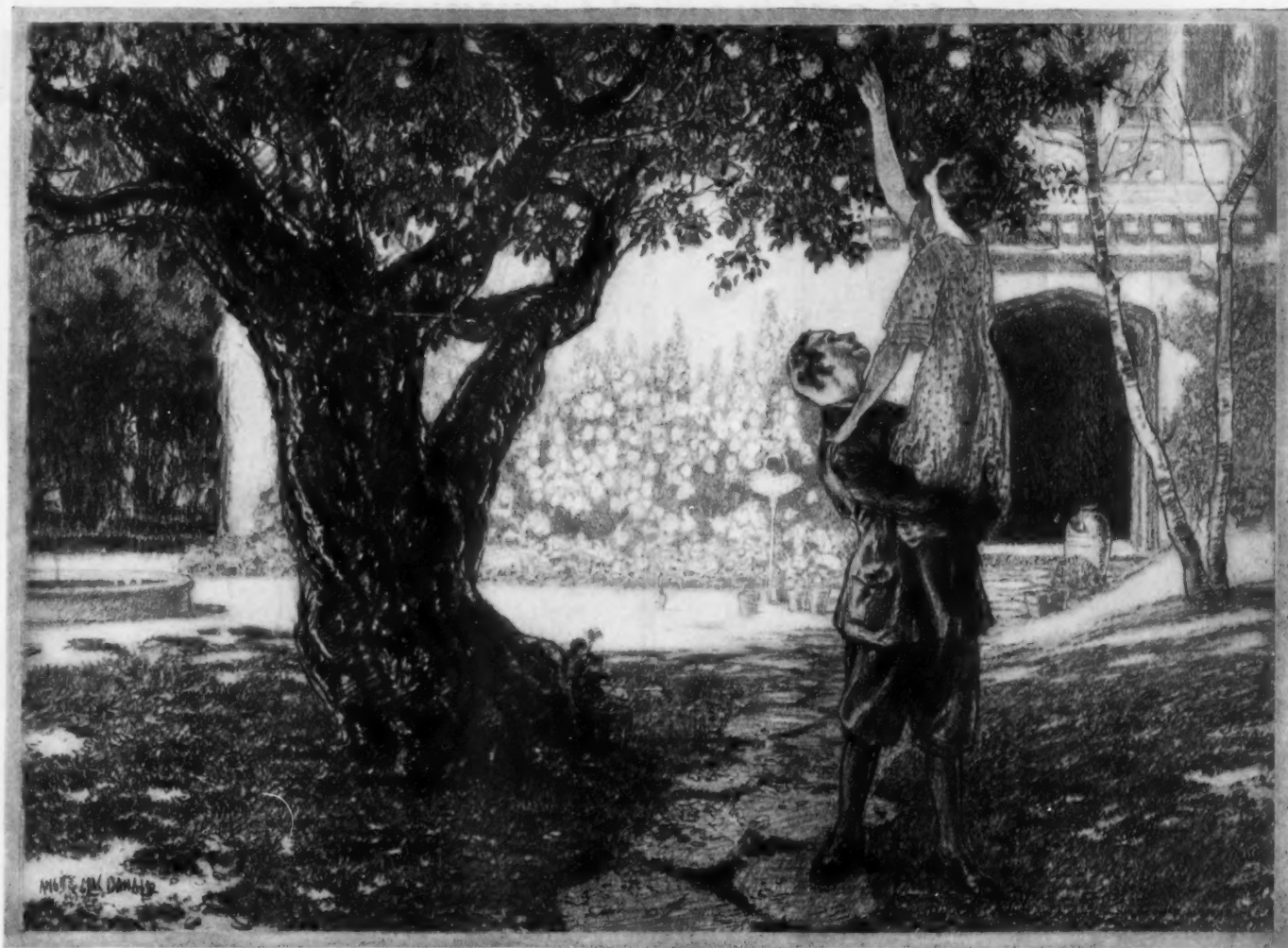
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Now, while Mother Earth keeps high carnival with lavish gifts of blossom, perfume, and pledge of harvest-wealth—all the magnificence of midsummer romance—enchantment and roads to adventure await you in the August out-of-doors



WITH the coming of July the deep hush of midsummer overlies the land. All the voice and movement of May and June—the flutter of winged life in the thickets, the busy coming and going of the bees, the whisper of fresh green leaves in the wind, is stilled to awe as Nature flings wide her treasure-chest and spreads before us the full magnificence of her wealth.

The fruits swell and grow golden under the benign sun. Peach and pear and plum and apple, drawing their sustenance from the rich earth's breast, hang pendant from the encrusted boughs. Every garden should have its fruit-trees, not mere utilitarian adjuncts, on a par with the cabbages and beans to be tucked into unconsidered corners and angles of the back fence, but treasured no less for their gifts of beauty than for their gifts of fruit. A stately cherry, whether topped with drifts of blossom snow, or hung with crimson fruit, is as fine a shade tree as a maple or an elm, and as long lived—longer lived than the poplars now used so widely for suburban plantings. Dwarf pears and plums grown on wide trellises against the wall of a brick or stucco house are forever lovely from their April budding to the end of harvest time. It is so that the European gardener puts the sheltered angles of his house wall to thrifty use, and trims his espaliers with careful hand. A quince tree well shaped and tended, may grace the most aristocratic flower border and dwell on terms of social equality with the roses and larkspurs.

If I might have but one tree under which to rest and work and dream and play all my life long, I should choose that this might be an apple. This was the first fruit which man stole from the primeval forests; upon it he lavished his first rude attempts at husbandry, and it rewarded him with a generosity beyond his dreams. In spring the pink-tipped blossoms offer a rare feast to the honey bees, and all through the summer the fruit sweetens and grows round to fill the upreaching human hand. Perhaps it is because of its long association with man that the apple tree flourishes best in settled districts. In the orchard row or at the field's edge it wears a lonely air; and it seems happiest when its roots nestle close to the foundation of man's dwelling, and its gnarled limbs stretch protectively over his roof.

IN THE Norse legends life was symbolized by the ash tree Yggdrasil, with roots that drove deep into the unfathomed earth, and branches that lifted high toward heaven. The Psalmist pictured man as a tree planted by the water's edge, "whose leaf also shall not wither," and the best beloved vision of Paradise is as a place of gardens and goodly walks, whose "trees forevermore bear fruit." Surely man has received of the trees not shelter and warmth and food alone, but companionship as well. To know a flower is a delight, but to be intimate with a great tree is a privilege unexcelled.

Earlier in the season we take our trees pretty much for granted, as no more than a background for the pageant of May. Now, in the midsummer heat we seek their shelter with thanksgiving and look out from under their green canopy at the wealth of color which floods our borders. The frail pinks and whites of the May blossom festival satisfy no longer. Instead, the garden is clad right royally in the deep-hued velvets in zinnias and petunias, in burnished marigolds, larkspurs in all shades of turquoise, sapphire and

The High Tide of the Year

By Dorothy Giles

The Ten Best Gardening Books

Selected especially for McCall's by Mrs. Francis King, Honorary President of the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association, and author of "The Little Garden."

"The Seasons in a Flower Garden," by Louise Shelton. The best book for beginners.

"Continuous Bloom in America," by Louise Shelton. For more advanced gardeners.

"The Joyous Art of Gardening," by Frances Duncan. Delightful.

"The Small Place, Its Landscape Architecture," by Elin Rehman.

"Color Schemes in the Flower Garden," by Gertrude Jekyll. For all who want true beauty in their gardens.

"Pronunciation of Plant Names," published by the Garden Club of America. Indispensable.

"Peonies in the Little Garden," by Mrs. Edward Harding. The last word on this subject.

"The Rose in America," by J. Horace McFarland. Fine practical information from an authority.

"The Amateur's Book of the Dahlia," by Mrs. Charles H. Stout. The best guidance charmingly given.

"Everyman's Garden Every Week," by Charles A. Selden. A most useful and vivacious book on vegetable gardening.

"The Book of Garden Plans," by Stephen A. Hamblen. Actual blue prints for laying out small places.

Anyone who has these books has the beginning of a fine gardening library.

amethyst, and nasturtiums that lick along the ground like a green fire with spurts of flaming bloom. Haughty hollyhocks flaunt their frilled rosettes against the house wall. So tall are they, so severely straight and prim, with their up-and-down rows of neat green buttons, waiting to open with a pop and unfurl the flower closed tight within, that they are like the stately owners of those old time gardens in which Thrift and Honesty, Bachelor's-Buttons and Mourning-Bride grew in happy confusion.

No old-fashioned garden was complete without its herbs. Even the names are aromatic—marjoram and lavender, basil, thyme and rosemary, clove and coriander. They grew in prim beds, unassuming green things of no special interest to anyone until, under the kindling July sun, their small flower buds opened breathing forth a spiced fragrance that drew the bees for miles around, and filled the garden with a heavy droning. Then, in the cool early morning, while the dew still lay upon their leaves, the blossom stalks were gathered,

spread on linen sheets to dry in an aired and darkened room, and later hung in bags from the rafters to be used for seasonings and medicines.

A knowledge of "yarbs" was one of the accomplishments of a skilled housewife. All sorts of properties were ascribed to them—a sprig of mugwort hung above the door ward off lightning; where the sage flourished the

master of the house would prove successful in business; a lotion for the complexion was distilled from bean flowers, and there is an old recipe, dating back to the days of Shakespeare, for an oil of roses and marigolds in which are to be steeped buds of hollyhocks, young hazel, and "flowers of thyme gathered near the side of the hill where fairies used to be," which, applied to the eyelids, will enable one to see the fairies.

We in America cannot know the luxuriance of the English herb gardens where the rosemary grows like a hedge and gives forth, even in the midst of winter, its pungent salt-sea perfume. But given care and a little protection against the season's changes, there is no reason why every American garden should not have its bed of herbs to add their spice to the potpourri of midsummer fragrance. Here there might be mints, balm with its glorious scarlet flower heads beloved of the bees and a special attraction to the humming-birds, catnip, chamomile, lavender, lemon verbena, marigolds, nasturtium, parsley, pennyroyal, rose geranium, sage, thyme, and southernwood—a whole fragrant bouquet. And while the air is aromatic with their spicy breath, there is mingled with them another scent, the perfume of July itself, the sweetness of new-mown hay.

Up on the hill-pasture they are cradling the rye. A week ago the wind traced silver ripples over the shimmering surface while a hawk circled high overhead with a wary eye out for a dinner of field mice or rabbit. Today, the sharpening of the scythes, the clean bite of the blades against the grain, the rustle of the sheaves as they fall in orderly precision strike the opening chords in the great harvest symphony.

THE sky is blue, blue, with a low cloud bank in the west that spurs the reapers on. "Fine haying weather" is our greeting when we turn out for the high-piled wagons at a narrow place in the road.

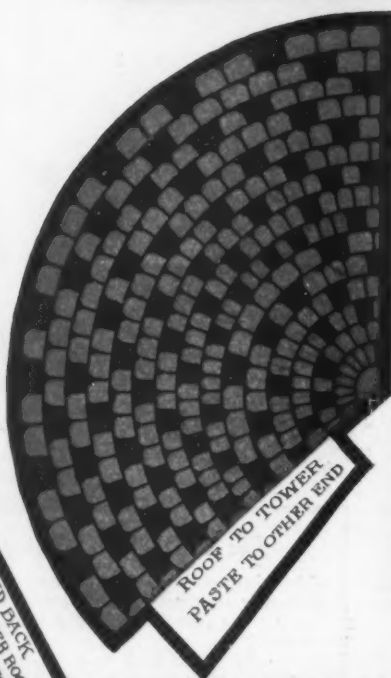
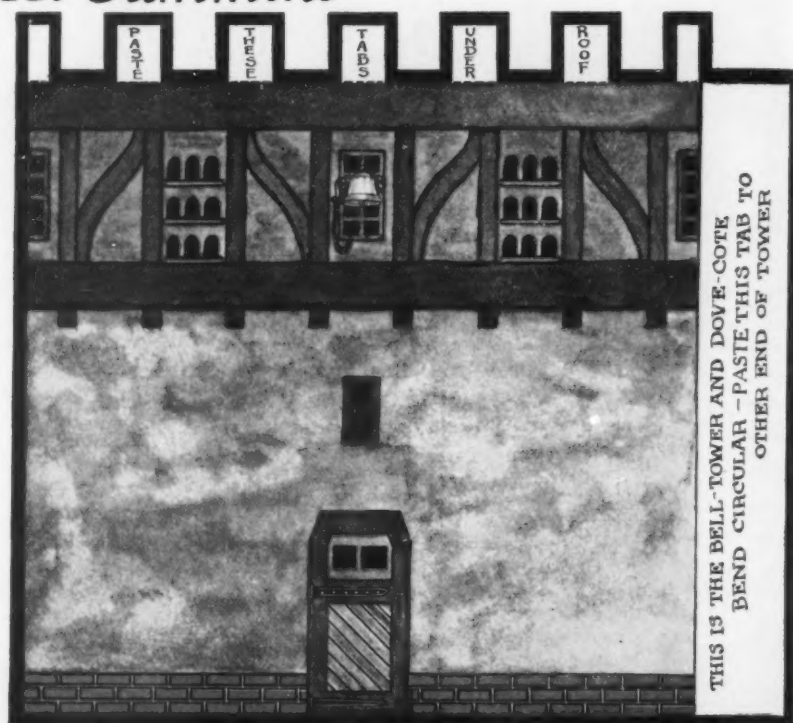
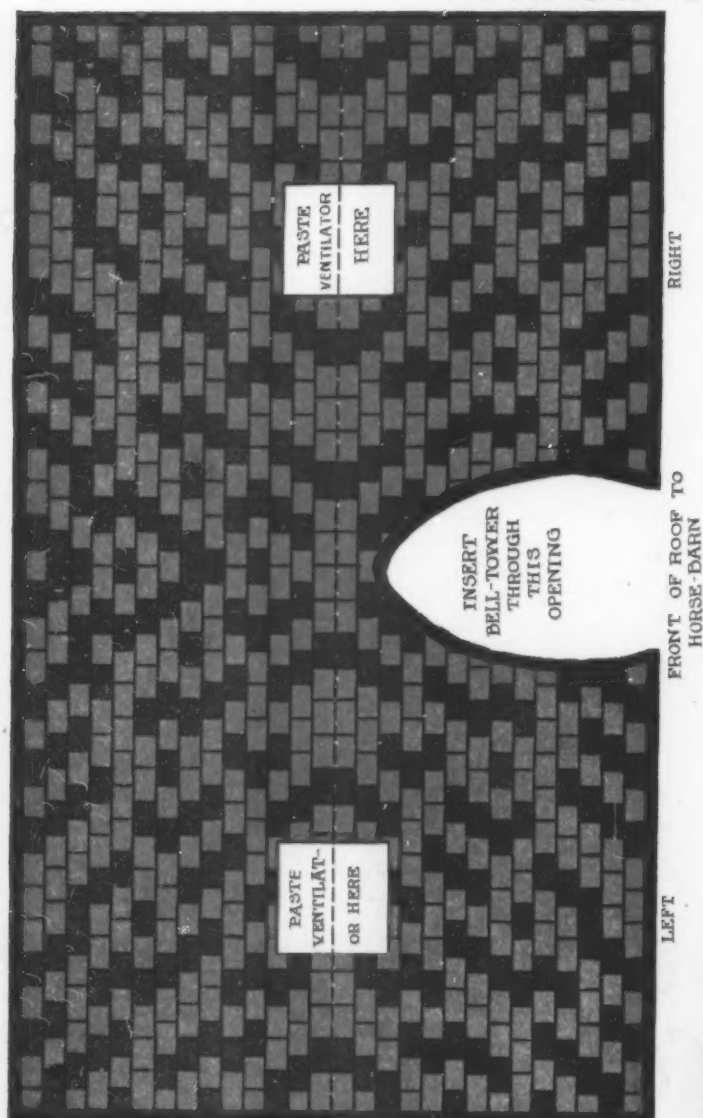
The country-bred person has a language of his own, unintelligible enough to those whose sense of the seasons' swing is drawn from the changing styles in the shop-windows.

We take count of the cherry-blossom rain, the feast of the first green peas planted as close to March seventeenth as the weather man permits; the raspberry shortcake dinner to celebrate the ingathering of the first hay crop, and the "black frost" when the dahlias bow their proud heads in mourning. Small things all, yet powerful in this, that they bring us into close communion with the eternal verities of seed time and harvest. The old symbol of the tree, holds true, only by driving his roots deep into the earth may any one of us aspire to the stars.

Man does not come into the fulness of his heritage until he sits under his own vine and fig tree, until he counts his apples with a jealous eye, and sees his children's faces grow rosy with food, which has cost him not dollars, but honest sweat in the garden row. To own a bit of land is to make the meanness of us kings, for though it be no more than several yard sticks square, it is four thousand miles deep, and that is a very handsome property.

A Brand-New Barn at Dappleton Farm

Cut-out by Mel Cummins



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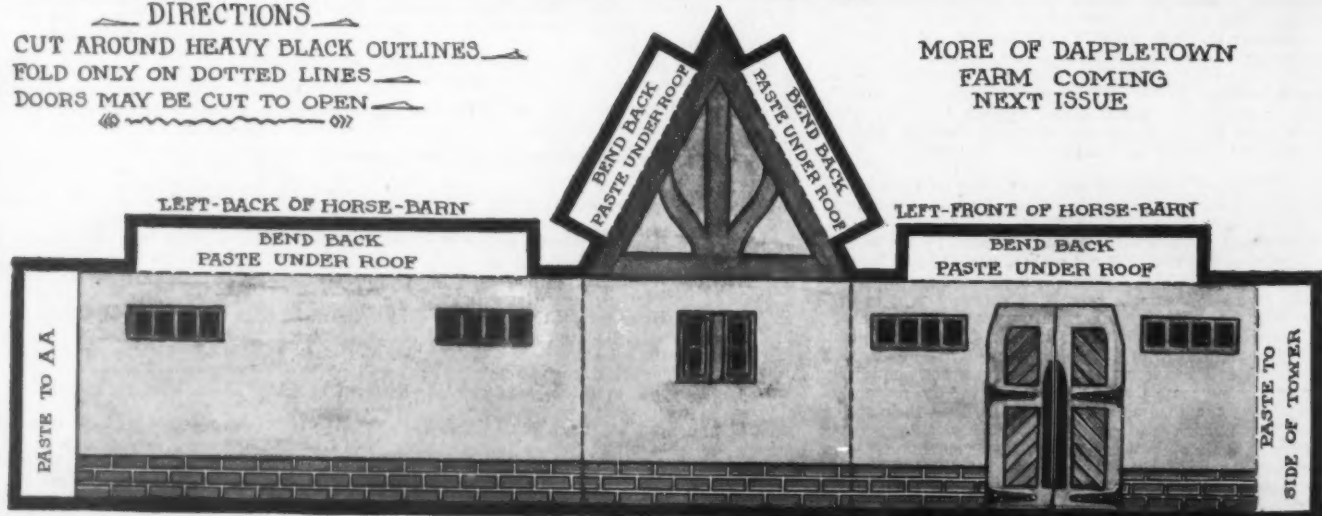
RIGHT-FRONT OF HORSE-BARN

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The Romance of a Rogue

[Continued from page 163]

that it was but part of a deserved punishment. But tonight it seemed hard to bear, and after the first hour he slipped out, and walked about the streets, thankful to be away from the noise and the glaring lights, and the sight of Charmian's tired face.

When he retraced his steps to the narrow street where the Elixir Hall stood it was long past twelve, he knew, and he kept on the other side of the road, pacing slowly up and down till Christopher and Charmian came out. Christopher raised his hat and walked away down the street as Charmian hurried off in the opposite direction. Bruce Lowry followed her, careful always to keep to the shadows. The streets were almost deserted. She went on and on till suddenly she turned sharply to the left and disappeared.

Bruce broke into a run; he was afraid of losing sight of her altogether, but as he turned the corner, he came suddenly right upon her, as she was fitting a key into the narrow door of a dark house.

It was impossible to draw back, and she gave a little start and a stifled cry before she recognized him.

"You've followed me! . . . Oh, how dared you?"

He had expected anger, but it was not anger that brought that broken tragic note into her voice, not anger that made her cover her face with her hands as if she could not bear to meet the pity in his eyes. It was humiliation, shame—anything but anger, and when presently she began to sob, weary, helpless sobbing, it seemed to Bruce Lowry that he had reached the very depths of pain and remorse.

"Charmian, don't. I can't bear it. I only want to help you."

She took her hands from her face and looked up at him, the tears wet on her cheeks. "If you'd wanted to help me, you wouldn't have followed me here," she said. "Do you think I'm proud of—of this!" She flung out an eloquent hand to the dark, ugly street.

He broke out in hoarse agitation. "Let me help you; I've got a little money. I want nothing but your happiness. Let me do something for you—anything! for God's sake."

She lifted a warning hand, glancing up at the windows of the house outside which they stood. "Oh, hush, hush!" she implored. "I can't stay here. I must go in—oh, please!"

He answered doggedly. "I'll go if you promise to see me tomorrow. It's Sunday—I know you're not wanted at the Elixir. Promise to see me tomorrow, and I will go. I must talk to you—I must help you."

"It's too late; many years too late."

"It's never too late while we live. Haven't I paid enough for what I did? Are you going to nail me to that for the rest of my life?" His self-control failed suddenly, and he broke out with increased passion: "If I could only find Hardingham! He made me what I was, what I am, I suppose you would say."

She said nothing, and he went on: "I suppose somewhere he's still a respected man, mixing with the people who would turn their backs on me. It's the rottenness of life that makes it so that money can smooth over anything. But, my God! if ever I meet him again—" He saw her shrink from him, and with an effort he controlled himself. "I beg your pardon," he said more quietly. "But if you were me—if you had gone through what I have—" Charmian stooped and picked up her violin case.

"If you go now, I will see you tomorrow," she said.

"I will be at the Park gates—the Marble Arch end, at half-past two; will that do?"

"Yes." But he did not move; he stood looking at her, the ghostly memories of the past crowded upon him—memories of happy, quiet days spent with Charmian in the country—and he broke out as if the words had been wrung from him against his will:

"If we could only have the past over again, Charmian."

She swayed a little where she stood, and put a hand to her throat as if she were choking.

"Let me go; oh, if you have any pity, let me go," she said, and Bruce Lowry stood aside.

He waited while she opened the door, and he had a glimpse of a dark, narrow passage-way, lit by a single gas-jet high upon the wall; of a steep staircase covered with worn linoleum, and a man's hat and coat hanging on a peg.

Then the door closed, and he heard a bolt slip home as he turned and walked away.

Suddenly he stopped and looked back at the bleak house. A man's hat and coat hanging in the hallway! Charmian's father was dead—but there was a man in the house. Who could it be? Bruce asked himself over and over again as he trudged back to Christopher's rooms in the gray morning light.

[Concluded in the September McCall's]



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They Whisper Our Secrets

Captivating and Pervasive, Let Perfumes Be Attuned to One's Personality, Mood and Escort

By Mary Marvin

WHATEVER scent you choose it will whisper a secret about you, reveal something of your character. The revelation may be pleasant—or it may be quite otherwise.

You have probably been obliged at the theater or in a public gathering of some sort, to sit near someone who has slathered herself with a perfume so strong and coarse as to irritate you out of all enjoyment of the play or talk. Strong perfumes arouse suspicion of uncleanness or ill-health, of lack of breeding or of a boorish disregard of others, and are taboo among sensitive people. Perfume should be used so discreetly that the suggestion is almost unrecognizable.

In the East where sanitation does not exist, where filth goes hand in hand with evil smells, the heavy perfumes originated and are prevalent.

Because of association of ideas, most of the perfumes popular in America are suggestions of the flower garden, the orchard or the field—roses, violets, orange-blossoms. They suggest out-of-doors; health; happy, cleanly thoughts. For we are at heart a clean, cheerful, happy people.

With children in whom are cultivated an appreciation of good music, harmony of color and gentle thoughts, a little time should be given to "sweet smells"—their meaning and their use. Just as in music and art you appreciate the expression of things beautiful, so in perfumes and their uses is shown personality, character, breeding. Your choice of a perfume is indication of your trend of mind.

The woman who has determined on one special odor for regular use, wisely keeps a few other perfumes on hand for those moments when her spirit craves the tonic, or it may be the quieting influence, of a contrasting fragrance.

THE occasion and the costume must never be overlooked in choosing a perfume. We have come to associate the gentle odor of lavender with old lace. So, too, we think of springlike flower-perfumes with out-of-doors and sports costumes; and of the exotic perfumes which delight the senses if used with discretion—preferably in the evening, for they belong with laces and velvets and electric lights. But imagine using one of them before going out a heavenly spring morning to play golf or tennis! Only a fresh, invigorating perfume could fit in with such a mood. There are other moments, charged with delicate sentiment, when a sense of the fitness of things demands an elusive, yet captivating odor—a mere whisper of perfume.

A perfume that is pleasing to one personality, will be irritating when associated with another personality.

Not only should one consider one's own personality, mood or dress, in selecting a perfume but one may make the choice somewhat dependent on one's escort. A woman's tastes in perfume vary as much as women's if we are to believe their own statements on the subject. That being the case, is it not

the part of courtesy to select a perfume agreeable to one's companion? Of course, one might easily be in doubt on this question—in which case remember that it is always wiser to use too little and too light a perfume, rather than too much and too heavy a scent. A noted French perfumer has said, "Discretion is the better part of perfume."

As important as the selection of perfume is its use. Too many of us are in the habit of daubing one favorite scent freely on the frill of a blouse or the corner of a handkerchief and then letting it go at that.

This haphazard method prevents us, or anyone else, from getting its full charm. There are other more subtle and more effective uses.

The first rule for the woman who would use perfume with delicate effectiveness is always to apply it by spraying it through an atomizer.

This does away with the too sharp odor which too freshly applied perfume is likely to have, since the fine spray enables the alcoholic contents to evaporate almost instantly, leaving only the lovely essence itself.

AS to the when and where of applying perfumes:

Do not wait until you are completely dressed and then give a last minute touch to your outer clothing. If you wish to surround yourself with an alluring, pervasive scent so that your garments seem to breathe a faint fragrance as you move around, you must apply your perfume skillfully indeed. In the first place your undergarments should be kept in a drawer in which a few squares of blotting paper, bearing your chosen scent are laid. This will impart a more delicately lovely odor than if the perfume is applied directly.

In your morning bath you may drop a little concentrated essence. On your hat you may spray fragrance. All the little accessories of your costume—your gloves, your handkerchief, your fan, your hat—may have their share; never very much—just a drop or two—for a little perfume carefully placed will go a very long way indeed.

When you are putting the finishing touches to your toilet—giving your nose a last touch of powder, your eyebrows a final brush—remember also to put a drop of perfume behind the ears, and at the nape of the neck.

But perhaps the trick which is most effective of all is the habit of using the perfume well in advance of the time you want it to be most delightful. As every woman knows, perfume is at its best not immediately after it is applied but several hours later. Take advantage of this knowledge and give your perfume time to mellow.

Remember that it may be a charming asset or a positive annoyance. So first select it carefully and then use it even more carefully to capture its elusive charm.





Would You Be Beautiful?

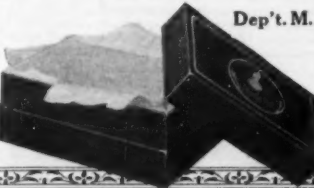
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Please send me free Introductory trial tube of Boncilla Beautifier.

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The Splendid People and Jan Po

(Continued from page 1)

How could you? Your mind is packed with hard little images that have been growing there from your earliest plastic years. Every normal mind is so filled and so guarded.

Now that I must confess—as you may have suspected—that the Splendid People of my title are the Chinese, I can but be aware that that laundryman, like the boot-black of my rather venturesome little analogy, pops promptly up to defend your settled thoughts from any such intrusion.

It is odd about that laundryman. The inpouring through the Golden Gate of strange little yellow men with pigtailed was no national movement. Nearly all of that emigration was from the neighborhood of Canton, a little piece of China lying in the tropical zone. It is as though colonies of Cubans or Mexicans were to emigrate across the Pacific, and Chinese gentlemen should murmur, over the teacups—"Ah yes! A bloodthirsty folk, the North Americans! Their national sport is bull-fighting."

It is interesting to reflect that the entire structure of our European-American culture has been erected down the ages without the conscious use of a single Chinese stick or stone or fabric or decoration. They might as well have lived on Mars. It is only within a century that we have become acquainted with a few of their products, such as tea, earthenware ("china" with a small c), fire-crackers and rugs.

When I was in China long ago, in 1907, I made a journey into the northwest interior. I traveled several hundred miles by cart and mule-litter—a red and blue litter, with little latticed doors. I slept by night in dirty and picturesque native inns in peaceful villages. I lay under arrest in Tai Yuan-fu. I was the center of unpleasant mobs in crowded cities. I rested under temple walls and by historic monuments and pagodas. I had audience with a powerful statesman who gave me soldiers and sent me lictors with trays of native wine. I saw and smelled oldest China. During a brief time I lived it.

China was beautiful. Her people were simple and kindly and most intelligent. Oh, they had missed a few things—the very recent scientific era hadn't yet touched them deeply. But in all that spells mere living they are more Christian than we, gentler, more delicate in perception and thought. We have the name of it, they the substance. We shall yet be turning to them.

Vigor is not the supreme quality of life. Salesmanship and war are not the aim of the truer philosophy. Patience and honesty and kindness are better. We must turn to the Chinese, at last, for these qualities. This people can be no more regarded as a race of laundrymen than can the historic Greeks be regarded as a nation of boot-blacks.

I mentioned silk. It is felt in every phase of Chinese history and culture. Two thousand years ago every simple home grew the worms, slipped under each a leaf on which to wind the cocoon, watched them daily and when they dried and rattled plunged them into boiling water and then unwound the lustrous thread for the girls and women to weave into cloth.

For centuries there was no silk in the world, no true silk, excepting this of China. India bought it from the junks that adventured through the Straits of Sumatra. Persia and Bactria bought it from the camel trains that came overland. They bought enormously, because from farther west, from the vast and powerful empire called Rome, came an insatiable demand for silk gauzes. The Roman women, it seemed, insisted on wearing thin silks. Roman moralists, men, lamented the evil days; no seaside puritans of today feel more alarm over the perils of the one-piece bathing suit.

Roman merchants and statesmen reached out, questioned and intrigued, in an effort to get at the sources of this mysterious product. Some said it was a plant, like flax. Others knew it was a floss scraped from the leaves of a certain tree. Whispers came of a beetle that—but this was too absurd for consideration. A worm would have been laughed out of court. So the Chinese kept the secret and sold enormously the silk. Had they surrendered the secret, every home would have felt painfully the failure of the export traffic.

With this epoch—with China, Bactria and Rome—deals my romance, "Silk," which will shortly begin its course in the pages of McCall's. It is a richly colored subject and a romantic time. We shall meet a virgin Queen of wilful temper, an Imperial Prince, one Jan Po, whose whole horizon is bounded by the noble precepts of Confucius, a dancing girl who should enlist our sympathies, a corrupt and powerful Wa zir, and certain Chinese. All this we shall approach through the rich and profoundly human mind of old China. We shall meet, I believe, gentlemen. We shall find courage and high faith. And we shall assume a background of culture and learning, a people of sturdy character and high aims, a splendid people.



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Rigaud's Cold Cream
(for cleansing)

Applied at night, or after train and auto travel, thoroughly cleanses dust-clogged pores.



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(for building firm tissues)

Pat this briskly into your skin, after cleansing. Firm, beautifully textured skin is your reward!



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(the ideal base for your powder)

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(for a rose-petal loveliness)

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The final, important, indicative touch! Upon the perfect base of Rigaud's Vanishing Cream, over the rose flush of Rigaud's Rouge, the woman of perfect grooming dusts a light film of Rigaud's Face Powder.

Rigaud's FACE CREAMS POWDERS & ROUGE

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THESE five steps in the care of the skin are five guide posts on the road to a radiant, enviable complexion for yourself. You will find that the Creams cleanse and nourish the skin, protecting it from the drying and wrinkling effects of too much water. You will enjoy the Rouge and Powder—made like the Creams—from choice French ingredients according to treasured French formulae.

Many a woman already owes her beauty to these aids created by Rigaud for a woman's loveliness.

Ask for them at your favorite drug or department store.

PARFUMERIE RIGAUD
16 Rue de la Paix, Paris
Geo. Borgfeldt & Co.,
111-119 E. 16th St., N.Y.C.
Sole Distributors

Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady

(Continued from page 2)

worn-out head lying on his shoulder and an inert arm hanging down his sleeve, was the product of their union—a butterfly little thing with a face of exquisite beauty, a tired, sleepy face, at that minute utterly unconscious. Evidently the waiters knew the couple. As they came in the direction of my table, a waiter at leisure saw them coming. He hurried to the side of the room and straightened a cushion on a bench running along the wall. The woman slid off her jacket and the care with which she folded it showed that the jacket must have due consideration even as the child must have a pillow. Indeed, the dress worn by each of these people indicated that it had been moderately bought, and carefully worn, that it must last to the Nth degree. In the blue smoke of the cabaret, amid the laughing and the blare of the jazz band, they laid the little golden-haired thing down on the bench, and it was the waiter who remembered that she needed cover. They considered the problem a minute and then the waiter took two large-sized table napkins, and laying them one on top of the other, he tucked them over the child's shoulders, her chest and her little bare arms, and set a chair so that the back would shield her face from the light. And, in that atmosphere of tobacco smoke and cooked food, the little creature lay, so deeply unconscious one could only see that she was breathing. The father and mother ordered a meager lunch and before it came, they swept into the swirl of the dance. It was half past one when my party left the cabaret. The baby was still lying on the bench and its father and mother were still dancing. Three or four times I heard the mother suggest that they ought to go.

That child is as fine an example as I can point out to illustrate what I mean when I say that, to my mind, a heavy per cent. of the Judy O'Grady's of the world are predestined. A lack of good, stern, New England fiber, of rigorous parental training in youth, have made the fathers and mothers what they are; the children are bound, with such an inheritance, to furnish the Judys of the future. I could not help thinking as I studied the couple, that there must be in the little wife's head the knowledge that a family with her must stop with that one child, or she would lose her husband. He was already a cabaret fiend to such an extent that he would drag a baby of two and a half or three years into a midnight atmosphere such as his baby was then breathing while it slept. But he could not bring two. When another child came into the world, it would be the little wife's part to stay at home and watch, while he attended the cabaret with some other woman; and then their troubles would begin. The baby on the davenport had hers outlined for her as clearly as the morning sun would outline the Coast Range.

I am not a believer in the theory that only the time, the place, and the right man are essential to wrecking the moral fiber of any woman. It is a proposition no one can prove, and which I absolutely do not countenance. God never made the man

who could wreck the moral fiber of certain women I knew in my youth, and of many women I know today. But it is precisely this one thing—moral fiber—that the Judys of the world lack, and while my mother condemned them with her voice and ministered to them with her hands, she did more than that when she faced the problem of the Colonel's Lady.

If there was anything this little woman who gave birth to and fostered our dozen had no use for in this world, it was the creature typified by the Colonel's Lady; the woman, who, through the influence of riches or political or official authority, set herself apart upon a pedestal expecting, and where possible, exacting a degree of consideration and homage that was not supposed to belong to women in other walks of life who were occupied with making homes, rearing children and sending their men forth equipped to fight the battles of this world, whether they fought with blood, finance or finesse.

My mother could excuse Judy. She just naturally bristled like a cat over the Colonel's Lady. If mother had been a stone-thrower, the lady would have been her target, and she would have made a bull's-eye hit every time she threw, because she was a woman who had learned in her youth to face Indians and savages. She knew how to pick up a gun and hold steady and aim straight.

There were two or three stories I used frequently to hear in my childhood that very clearly showed the trend of her mind on the Lady subject because, to tell the whole truth, I have even less use for the Lady than my mother had. By "Lady," of course, I mean these self-elected ladies who lack good blood and depend on assurance, who lack culture and depend on riches, who lack refinement and depend on social position, who use money and intrigue and lying to get them where they want to be. My mother knew that there was such a thing in the world as a lady by birth and training, just as I know it. In the rapid increase of leisure and riches, in the upbuilding of the government which gives high official and financial power to certain women, I see more specimens of the Colonel's Lady than my mother ever dreamed about. There are rare occasions when wealth and official position fall to the hands of the God-made lady, the really cultured woman of big heart, of broad sympathy, of delicate perception, of nice discrimination and fastidious personal habit; but in the raw, contrasting Judy and the Lady as they infest the body politic today, I am leaning to the same side my mother leaned.

I find every clip as I follow my path up the hill of life, that if I come in contact with Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady simultaneously, Judy gets the benefit of anything I have to offer in the way of sympathy and help. And the reason for this lies in the fact that Judy is predestined. The Colonel's Lady has every opportunity that leisure and money and high position can give her and succeeds only in being a toad with a jewel in its head.

Eris

(Continued from page 22)

during the Terror of '93. Miss Odell's grandmother, Comtesse Jeanne d'Espremont, and Mrs. Magnelius Grandcourt shared the same room at boarding-school in Exmouth, Virginia.

Miss Odell, who early in childhood evinced unusual artistic proclivities, had chosen the silent drama as a medium for self-expression, and is charmingly known to the artistically fastidious section of the nation's public.

But after the wedding, which will occur in June, Miss Odell has decided to retire from a career which promises such brilliant fulfillment.

Mr. Annan served his country in the Great War as Liaison Officer and was decorated for gallantry in action. He is an author of repute and promise.

After a silence: "That's her work, Eris. I told you she's a snob."

The girl looked at him with a troubled smile.

"It's rather too late to do anything except live up to what she says of us—isn't it, Barry?"

"You wonderful girl, you've already lived way beyond anything that anybody says of you."

Her arms went around his neck, tightened. "Darling! But we must make good. You know it."

He knew it. He knew that she already had. He rested his head against her breast like a tired boy. It was up to him.

[THE END]

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 230-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
3159..25	3237..35	3292..20	3297..35	3305..25	3311..20	3316..45	3322..40	3329..45	3333..45	3334..35
3185..20	3288..45	3293..15	3301..25	3308..15	3313..15	3317..45	3325..30	3330..45	3334..35	3335..45
3195..45	3289..45	3294..20	3302..25	3309..35	3314..30	3318..35	3326..25	3331..25	3335..45	3336..40
3206..25	3290..45	3295..45	3303..25	3310..25	3315..45	3321..35	3328..45	3332..45	3336..40	
3231..20	3291..25	3296..45	3304..25							

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336..15	739..15	1047..25	1092..40	1120..25	1150..40	1209..25	1252..30
646..20	848..20	1077..40	1100..35	1121..25	1177..25	1192..25	1265..40
690..20	993..25						

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Cure Yourself or Your Child at Home. Without Pain or Inconvenience, of any Spinal Deformity with the Wonderful PHILO BURT METHOD.

No matter how old you are, or how long you have suffered, or what kind of spinal deformity you have, there is benefit and a possible cure for you. The Philo Burt Appliance is as firm as steel and flexible and very comfortable to wear. It gives an even, perfect support to the weakened or deformed spine. It is as easy to take off or put on as a coat, causes no inconvenience, and does not chafe or irritate. No one can notice you wearing it.

Cure Yourself At Home

The Appliance is made to fit each individual case. It weighs ounces where other supports weigh pounds. The price is within the reach of all. Hundreds of doctors recommend it.

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The secret of killing rats

Rats won't eat food they know has killed other rats. That's why ordinary rat poisons fail. Rats remember them from night to night. But Rough on Rats is mixed with other foods, a different food each night. This fools rats. Rough on Rats economically exterminates in three nights. Don't die in house. At drug and general stores. Send for free booklet, "Ending Rats and Mice."

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DIE IN THE HOUSE

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Cleans a Toilet as Nothing Else Will

Thoroughly, swiftly, easily—Sani-Flush cleans toilet bowls. All stains, discolorations, incrustations disappear. The bowl shines.

No scrubbing. No scouring. Just sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush!

The hidden trap is unhealthful if unclean. Sani-Flush reaches it—cleans it—purifies it. Nothing else will do this! Sani-Flush destroys all foul odors. It will not harm plumbing connections.

Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot get it at your regular store, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full-sized can, postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Foreign Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.
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Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon.

Mercolized Wax

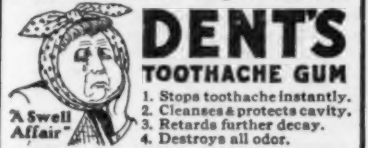
gradually, gently absorbs the discolored surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexion of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

Mercolized Wax (beautifier) 25c
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Protect that cavity!

Guard against further decay. Stop the ache. Treat cavity regularly with Dent's Toothache Gum. It does four things for bad teeth.



1. Stops toothache instantly.
2. Cleanses & protects cavity.
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Contains no creosote or harmful ingredients. Does not spill or dry up like liquids. At all drug stores 25c, or by mail upon receipt of price. Made for 35 years by C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit.

\$53.00 Sales First Day

Introducing new style hosiery. I sold \$53.00 worth of hosiery the first day, my profit \$13.00," writes Mrs. H. J. Found. "Second day's profit was \$11.00 for five hours. Up to date I have sold \$382 retail—My profit \$95.72. If I can do this much in a few hours, what can agents accomplish who put in full time? Will continue selling Mac-O-Chee hosiery. It is an easy way to get a steady income. Signed Mrs. H. J. Found. (Original letter on file in this office.) You should certainly do as well. Send at once for full details—We can use 1000 more sales agents—No experience needed—We teach you. Samples furnished. All colors, grades, including silks. Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Desk 2338 Cincinnati, O.

The Smarting Pain and Disfigurement of Sunburn Soothed gently by applying Mentholatum

Write for free sample
Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.

When answering ads. mention McCALL'S

The Lawless

[Continued from page 46]

"It is open as the day to me, and full of beauty, M'sieu," she said. "The woods are home, night and the stars its ornaments."

"You speak with a golden tongue," said Cameron helplessly. "It snares one. You are Nature's own—and true." It was on the point of the girl's tongue to answer, "True as the day—to you!" but a new restraint held back the words.

So the miracle wrought itself there in the idle summer and the Scot's heart went down to defeat. In another dusk near the end of Francine's stay he caught her hands in his, while the twilight river whispered on the shingle at their feet, and told her all the ancient tale. Francine's head went round and round with glory and she made the sign of the cross, losing one hand for the devout gesture.

"Mary, Mother!" she whispered, "I ask no more of Heaven!"

The Factor was all for a hasty wedding, but Francine would not have it so.

"Every day apart from you, mon amour," she told him, "will be eternity itself, filled with impatience, but I must have one more winter at the trapping that I may not leave my family in debt."

Francine Gitou, swinging through the forest on her homeward way, trod not its smooth brown floor, but Elysian fields of asphodel. Wonder of wonders! She was beloved by a man and loved him! No, adored him with a fire and fervor which shook her soul to its foundations. Her arrogance was gone and she was very humble in her great joy. She set about her preparations for the coming season's work with keen delight. With early snows she would go again to Fort La Croix for more provisions, and her blood leaped at the thought. Then—winter's work—and spring! Spring! And the arms of John Cameron!

A fortnight passed swiftly and at its end a *saltier* runner came to Bissage Flat bearing a letter. The young Factor, though canny and slow to fire, was a fervent lover, once he had capitulated. So Francine read her first love-letter, by the candle's light, and labored late in the night to frame its answer, which she would send back by the Indian in the morning.

THE populace of Fort La Croix thinned in a week with the coming of the snows. Trappers kissed their wives and drove their sledge-dogs out of the great gate at a run, bound for this and that far region. The post became a place of women and old men and children.

"Havers!" said young Jaimie. "I canna abide the lonesomeness, John! Why will ye not let me gang ma ain gait? There's money in yon desk, why will ye not gie it me and let me go?"

The Factor, at work on his accounts behind the railing, looked at him calmly. "Because it is not my money, but that of the Company, and because I'm always hoping that you'll see the folly of wildness and settle down to honest work as a man should. You'll soon be at man's estate. Be content till then." But the boy frowned and a cunning look came over his features.

The far North woods in winter—dull and slow and silent, when there were the lights and thoroughfares of Quebec to be had for the taking at the end of a journey—a cold, dangerous, long, long journey, to be sure, by dog-team and snow-shoe—but what was that when excitement called? And Jacques Picquard was leaving at day-break with his team.

Late in the following day five dogs whirled a light sledge up the main way of Fort La Croix and Francine Gitou sprang from her fur robes. There was no one on the factory steps to greet her and she opened the big door, laughing already. John Cameron sat behind his railing with his head upon his hand.

"Beloved!" cried the girl. At that voice the man sprang up and folded her in his arms. He kissed her lips and her long black lashes and murmured a dozen words in the Gaelic, each one of which meant "darling." "You are sad, John!" said Francine, sharply. "What has befallen?"

"The lad," said the Factor frankly. "He ran away this morning, bound for Quebec and all its pitfalls, with Jacques Picquard, the most dissolute ruffian this side the Pays d'en Haut!"

"Voilà! That's bad hearing. And he so young. Can you not go after him, M'sieu?"

"Of what use would it be? He would only hate me for interfering, and do it over when opportunity presented."

"For the sake of his dead mother," she added and did not finish. Beneath the stern exterior of this man there were unexpected depths of tenderness. Francine kissed him again and went to the cabin of Nina Souvire.

The three days of Francine's visit were a time of close communion with the man she so ardently loved. John Cameron was mourning the loss of his brother.

[Turn to page 58]

SANITAS

MODERN WALL COVERING

One of the rooms in the Sanitas exhibit at Atlantic City

Your walls express your real self

Decorating a room is almost like making a confession. The selection of the wall covering, especially, indicates pretty well what sort of people live here.

An appropriate use of Sanitas Modern Wall Covering is a beautiful expression of the good taste of the inmates of a home. And it is so easy to use good taste with Sanitas—every pattern and coloring seems to have a distinctive place all its own.

Sanitas comes in styles for every room in the house. It is made on cloth, sturdy and durable, and machine-painted with oil colors. It does not fade, crack, tear or peel. Wiping with a damp cloth keeps it clean and fresh. Sanitas is not an expense, but an investment.

Enamel-Finish in plain colors, striped, mottled, tile and mosaic effects, for kitchens, bathrooms, laundries, etc.

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Your decorator will gladly show you Sanitas. Write us for samples and booklet.

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Make a Dress While You Learn to Sew!

Step by step you learn all the principles of good dressmaking—and at the same time you are making a pretty summer dress.

Photographic illustrations, almost actual size, show clearly every step in every process.

It's a marvelous new way to learn to sew—a whole course in home sewing for 10c—in the new

McCALL PICTURE LESSON
Of Ladies' Dress 3178

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I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Mesaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to get in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

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Don't Say, OUCH!

Stop worrying about that ugly, painful Bunion. Try this new marvelous solvent to treat bunions. Stops the pain almost instantly—banishes that disfiguring bump, and relieves that swollen, burning sensation.

Send for **PEDDDYNE**, the complete Bunion Treatment. Try it at your risk. No clumsy plaster or rubber protector; no uncomfortable leather shield or felt pad. An absolutely new method. You will say it is wonderful—amazing, so quickly do you find relief. Don't suffer longer and waste time and money on useless "cures." Just write today—at once, for **PEDDDYNE**. Just say, I want to try **PEDDDYNE**. Address

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LIQUID Face and Toilet POWDER

Brings instant, natural beauty to face, neck, arms, hands. Simply wonderful! Removes eruptions, sunburn, tan, freckles, itching, itching, itching. Try it 4 colors: Brunette, White, Fresh-Pink, Rose-Red. Sold by all dealers, or direct from us, 75c postpaid.

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WAR ON FLIES

THE 100% INSECT POWDER

Sure Death to Ants, Flies, Roaches, Bedbugs, Mosquitoes, Fleas on Pets, Chicken Mites At Druggists and Grocers

30c 60c \$1.20 TRIAL SIZE 10c

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Harmless to Humans Harmless to Food

KILLS ALL INSECTS

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TINTS SILK FAST AND BRIGHT

LEAVES LACE SNOWY WHITE

Cuticura Soap

—The Safety Razor—
Shaving Soap

Cuticura Soap shaves without nags. Everywhere 25c.



The Expectant Mother Advice of Doctors

THE expectant mother bears a double responsibility. Her own health, as well as the safety of the tender, growing life in her keeping, depends upon the bodily care exercised during this period. Not only is she burdened with the elimination of a double waste, her own and that of the infant, but she must guard against constipation which so commonly afflicts the expectant mother.

If the food waste is not regularly and thoroughly eliminated, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood and carried through the system. As a prominent authority states, inevitably these poisons affect the cells which provide for the unborn baby's nourishment.

Laxatives and cathartics are particularly to be avoided by the expectant mother, for as eminent physicians point out, they are likewise absorbed, thus endangering the infant, and produce only temporary effect at the expense of permanent injury. No wonder that science has sought a newer, better way. After years of study there has been found in *lubrication* a means as simple as Nature itself.

Lubrication

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated there is not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They discovered that the gentle lubricant, Nujol, acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it.

As Nujol is not a laxative, it cannot gripe. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word, and like pure water, it is harmless and pleasant to take. Unlike laxatives, no particle of Nujol is absorbed into the system and thus it cannot affect the infant. Nujol is used in leading maternity hospitals throughout the world and is widely recommended by baby specialists.

Test Nujol for yourself. For sale by all druggists.

For Constipation
Nujol
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
A Lubricant—Not a Laxative

FREE TRIAL
BOTTLE

Nujol, Room 112-44 Beaver Street, New York. For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet, "The Expectant and Nursing Mother." (For booklet only check here ☐ and send without money.)

Name _____

Address _____

The girl made her winter's debt at the factory, not forgetting the cloth which she had promised to Lorene and on the evening of the last day was ready to depart at dawn. Her sledge stood loaded at Nina's door, her fast dogs were sheltered, waiting the morning's start. She had whispered her last promise in John Cameron's ear and was eager to be gone that the winter might be begun and lived through to the spring. A soft snow was falling. So, thinking of many things, she fell asleep under Nina's warm coverlets—to sit up sharply in the dark, her every sense alert. What had awakened her? What had called to her out of the night and the silence? The swish of the snow was dull and thick, heavier. There was a sound at the little window at the south, as of a hand fumbling, and a voice thick with anguish. Francine leaped from her bed to push the pane outward on its hinge.

"Who's here?" she said distinctly. For answer a cold hand touched her face and a voice she knew with a terrible thrill, said:

"Lassie! Is it you? Thank God!" And Jaimie Cameron lurched in across the sill, his fair head in the bend of her arm. "A'm deen!" he gasped, whimpering. "Shot through—an by ma ain brither!" Francine raised him up.

"Tell me," she demanded sternly. "What's this? All of it."

"I can't back—for the money," he panted. "The money in the—big desk. Picquard—waitin' for me—ahint the bend of the river—I got the bag—but John—damn him!—shot at the window as I was gaein' out! Oh, lassie—tak' me to Picquard by the bend! I canna abide John's knowin'!" "No more can I!" she gritted through set teeth. She was hearing again the Factor's apologetic voice saying, "For the sake of his dead mother—" The Factor who had tried so hard to save the boy, who loved him deep down in his stern heart, who had rather see him lying in his shroud than sinning away his youth in Quebec! How—Oh, how would John Cameron with his deep fanatical sense of justice ever support this ghastly knowledge?

It seemed that all the cold of the great North was creeping in around her heart, chilling it with the touch of death. Then the strength and the spirit which had borne her so gallantly through her lonely life came flooding back upon her and she took her course upon the instant.

"Show me the wound, Jaimie," she said, taking his cold hand in hers. "I would know if it is vital."

It was in the left shoulder. Francine tore the sleeve from her gown and rolling it into a ball thrust it tight against the spot. "Hold it there," she commanded, "and stay still. I'll need five minutes—ten."

With flying fingers Francine dressed herself. The Factor would arouse the post—in half an hour every way would be full of figures. . . . She must be quick and silent. When she was fully clad she hung a blanket over the latch of the door between the rooms and lighted the candle on the little table. With a stub of pencil from her pocket she bent above the light and wrote for a moment on a fly-leaf torn from Nina's prayer-book which lay within reach of the bed:

Monsieur le Facteur: I am a liar and a thief. It was I who took your money—and I will not marry you. I leave my useless load—that I may have light going for my dogs. For the shot you sent through the window after me I will take payment from the first who follows. The love-play, it has been amusing, perhaps unfair, you were so earnest, but what would you when a woman plays for high stakes, like the heavy bag from the desk of the H. B. C.?

Good night, M'sieu,
FRANCINE—THE LAWLESS.

Then with noiseless haste she forced her big body through the window, tore the load from her sledge and covered Jaimie Cameron deep among the robes, setting back a scant portion of provisions. It took but short time to harness and hitch, and

She could not ask the girls to follow her. She told them so, and Orpah, the widow of Chillion, agreed that it would not be wise for her to leave her village. She bade Naomi an affectionate farewell and remained in the land of Moab. Ruth, the widow of Mahlon, however, refused to leave the old woman. She decided to stay with Naomi. So together the two women traveled to Bethlehem.

Of course, they had no money with which to buy bread. But years before, Moses, the wise law-giver, had ordained that the gleanings which were left after the harvest must be given to the destitute.

When Naomi and Ruth reached Bethlehem, it was harvest time. Boaz, the cousin of Elimelech, and his men were out in the fields. And Ruth followed the gleaners that she might get bread for Naomi. This she did for several days.

The Lawless

then the sledge pulled away into the white darkness of the heavy night.

IT was five day later. On the banks of a frozen stream a little fire was burning, its ghostly radiance lighting up the pale trunks of a thicket of birch trees. Close in five dogs were curled in uncomplaining quiet. In the lee of the sledge, amid a huddle of robes, a pale boy lay and looked at the woman who sat across from him.

"Lassie," he said haltingly, "will ye no say that prayer for me again tonight? I'd rather ye drove a knife into ma vitals!" The girl looked at him.

"If you do not wish," she answered gently. "But how can I not, when the Blessed Virgin has let the wound heal so well—and we have come so far on our journey to my friends, the Crees? All is so well with you—" But here the boy rolled over on his face and began to weep.

"The knife—" he sobbed, "you turn it with your kindness, Francine! I wish that I was dead!"

For the first time on the tragic journey Francine Gitou smiled.

"When the soul is sick unto death," she said softly, "it is getting ready to live, Jaimie. I thank le bon Dieu."

"It was Picquard pit me up to the theft!" he wailed. "Will ye no believe?" Francine rose and going around the fire sat down beside him that she might take the fair head on her knee.

"An' maybe some day ye'll tell John for me?" Again the girl smiled, and the sight was pitiable.

"John," she said gently, "is a good man and would crucify his own heart for the right. He would send you to jail."

The boy had ceased his crying and stared at the flame with blue eyes that were aging daily, while Francine's thoughts were as tragic as death. A spruce tree cracked sharply under its white burden and somewhere far to the right a wolf howled. Francine reached for more wood and laid it on the fire, which leaped in answer. She did not see the right ear of her leader prick to attention nor feel the sudden tension in his motionless body. But presently two more of the team roused to listen, and this time Francine stirred.

"Peace, mes enfants," she said drowsily, then saw that cocked ear. In one instant she was wide awake. She had barely time to get to her feet, a tall figure in the fire's glow with her gun at ready, when out of the darkness beyond a voice cried sternly: "Surrender, Francine Gitou—in the name of the Law!" and the faint radiance picked out palely from the shadows the face of John Cameron, Factor of Fort La Croix!

It was a dead face, gray and drawn and thinned in the cheeks, and but for the flaming blue eyes that lighted it would have been hardly recognizable. There were others behind it, a ghostly galaxy. The girl's heart leaped heavily at the sight. She wet her lips and tried to smile with her old abandon, fingering her rifle.

"Go back!" she cried. "Back—or I fire!"

But John Cameron strode straight toward her. They stood face to face across the little fire and Francine's very soul bled for the anguish in his honest eyes.

"I—Ma'amelle," he said thickly, "I would have spared you but I had no choice—I am a Factor of the H. B. C. And to the Law a thief is—a thief. I must take you back to Fort La Croix."

For the first time in her life Francine knew not where to turn, had no glib answer ready. A terrible silence fell, there in the night on the far fringe of the Pays d'en Haut, as these two stood and looked so desperately into each other's eyes, a silence charged with destiny. And then from somewhere at John Cameron's feet there came the quick whistle of a gasping breath and a hand flung back the robes.

"Thief!" cried Jaimie Cameron, looking up with awful comprehension. "Thief—

did ye say? To her? Ye'll go on yer knees for that, John, when ye know! Yer bag o' money's hid by the stockade wall—damn it!—an' here's your marksmanship!" He tore open the plaided coat to show the bandages which Francine had wrought.

The Factor's mouth fell open and he swayed twice, forward and back, and from the shadows behind Henri Souvire sprang to put an arm about him. "Steady, M'sieu!" he said.

"I am the thief ye want, John!" the boy went on passionately, "and I'm glad to ma soul ye've got me! She took me out the post that night when I went rinnin' to her—she's lappet me like ma mither would—she's washed ma wound an'—an' comforted me—an' she's prayed for me by night! An' ye call her thief!"

And the speaker rolled over with his face in the robes and fell to weeping. As if his knees bent under him without volition John Cameron went down in the snow and gathered the slim form in his arms. His head was bowed and slow tears scorched his own cheeks.

"Ye have come through, laddie!" he said hoarsely, "ye have come through, and for your redemption I have wronged another beyond forgiveness!" And in the abandon of his grief the Factor of Fort La Croix rocked on his knees.

But Francine Gitou, waiting till the first flood of his passion had spent itself, put a light hand on his shoulder.

"In love, M'sieu," she said softly, "there is no forgiveness, for true love cannot sin. I love you—and—I would have served you, though Fate wills otherwise. I prayed that you should never know." John Cameron raised his haggard face and looked at her.

"Know?" he said. "I have this night found the most precious knowledge of my life!"

When the Factor made ready for the stern duty of taking his brother to Quebec to answer to that Law for which he stood so squarely, Fort La Croix rose to heights peculiarly its own. It waited on him in the big room at headquarters in a body, and Henri Souvire was its spokesman.

"M'sieu, our Factor," the Frenchman began softly, "Fort La Croix has but one heart. Also one mind. And one allegiance."

"It pleads for young M'sieu Jaimie. The law—it is hard thing, blind. An' the Company, it has lost nothing. The money was all in the bag, is it not so? Then what is gain' if you give a youth to the law? Nothing. Fort La Croix—it beg that you reconsider—an' forgive—an' let us all forget."

John Cameron's stern mouth quivered at that, and he saw his brother's blue eyes, and the dark ones of Francine Gitou smiling softly, over against the farther wall. He closed his hands and opened them while the sweat broke on his body. His stubborn sense of justice went down hard before that Divine thing, human understanding. He stood hesitant for another second. Then the clear voice of Francine came over the heads of the populace.

"M'sieu," it said sweetly, "it is bribery, nothing less, but I was ever of a huge disrespect for law. Listen, *mon amour*, how will you ever endure the happiness of that new cabin—and the tender spring, green and blue of its new grass and its clean washed skies, with the lad shut up in darkness for money he left by the stockade wall in the changing of his heart? Think, M'sieu—for me." At that voice the Factor snapped his fingers, flung up his head.

"Who am I to set up my judgment against a host?" he muttered, "if there's none to bring a charge. Oh, my beloveds, come to me!" and he went down between the populace with outstretched arms to where those two stood together by the door.

"We are not lawless any more, M'sieu," said Francine softly. "Jaimie and I, we are captive ever to the law of love, our wildness done."

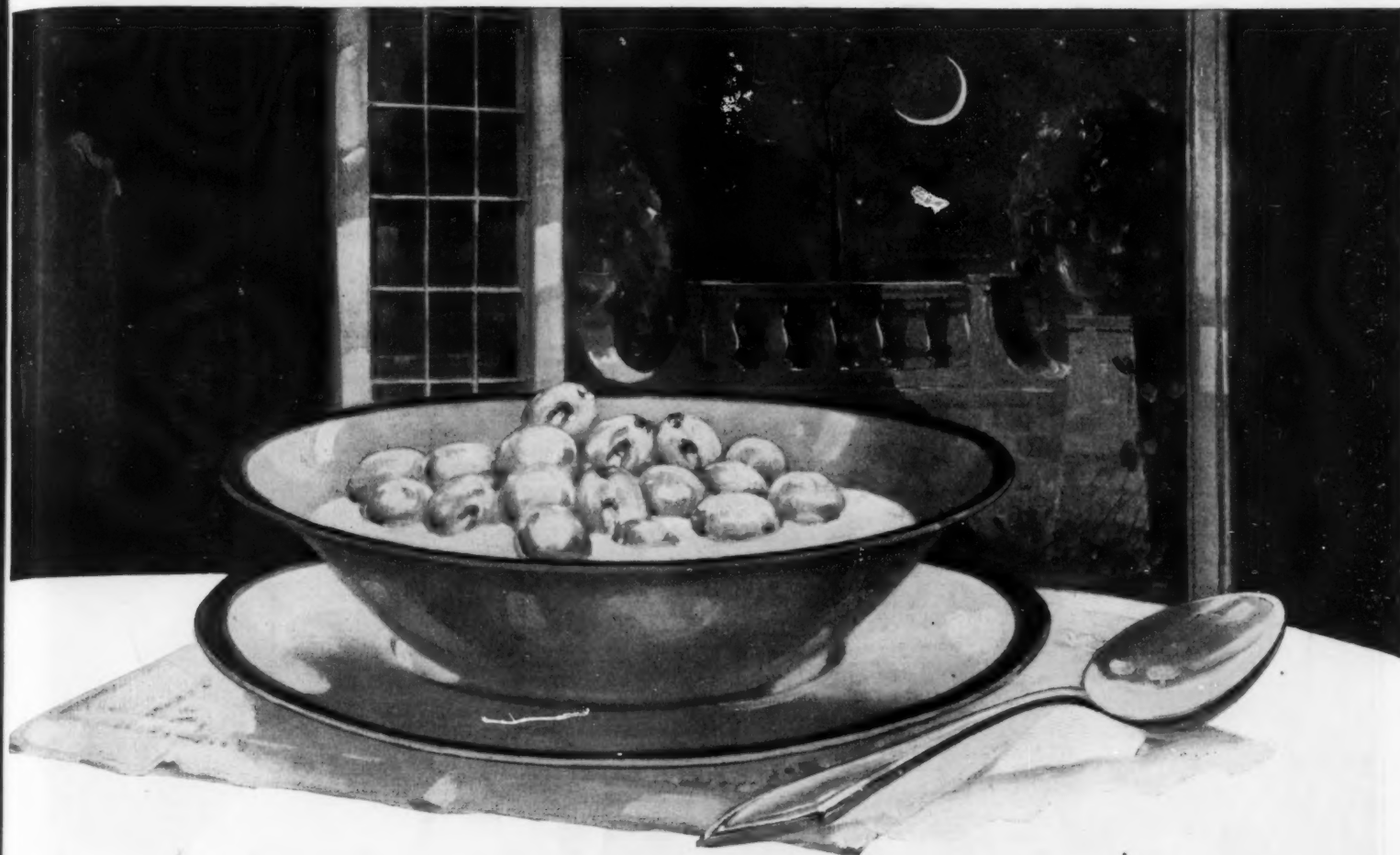
The Story of the Bible

[Continued from page 20]

As she was a stranger among the Jewish women of Bethlehem, people asked questions about her. Soon every one knew her story, and finally it reached the ears of Boaz. He was curious to see what sort of girl this might be. One day at noontime, he invited her to sit down with him and the workmen and he gave her all the bread she needed. Ruth ate only a little. The rest she took home to Naomi, who was too old to work. Early next morning, she was back in the fields. Boaz did not wish to hurt her feelings and yet he wanted to lighten her task. He therefore gave orders to his reapers that they must not be too careful in their labors, but must allow a plentiful supply of grain to remain in the fields. All day long Ruth worked. At night, when she made ready to carry her load home, she discovered that she had gleaned so much that she could hardly lift

it. She told Naomi of what had happened. It made Naomi very happy. She hoped that Boaz might make Ruth his wife. And so it happened. Boaz bought back the land which belonged to Elimelech, his cousin. Then he asked Ruth to take him as her husband. She accepted him and Naomi went to live with her until the day of her death. But ere she closed her eyes, she had seen the oldest child of Ruth who was called Obed. Obed grew to manhood and he had a son called Jesse and a grandson called David. David became King of the Jewish people, and he was a direct ancestor of Mary, the wife of Joseph, the carpenter of Nazareth. And in this way did Jesus descend from the gentle Ruth, who had left her people to follow the kindly impulse of her heart and tend the woman who had been a mother to her.

[Continued in the September McCall's]



Summer Suppers

which millions now enjoy—invented by Professor Anderson

Consider how much Puffed Wheat means to you and yours in summer.

Here are wheat grains steam exploded. They are puffed to airy globules, 8 times normal size. Each grain is a food confection, flaky, crisp and flavory.

They make the milk dish so delightful that children eat milk in abundance. And they should.

Steam exploded grains

These grains are steam exploded. They are sealed in guns, then revolved for an hour in fearful heat. The bit of moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam.



Quaker
Puffed Wheat

When the guns are shot, over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Thus the food cells are broken for easy digestion. This is the best-cooked wheat food in existence. That's why Puffed Wheat is so ideal at night.

Minerals—vitamines bran

Puffed Wheat supplies 12 needed minerals, including calcium, iron and phosphorus. Countless children suffer for too little of some.



They Add to Berries what crust adds to pie

Mix Puffed Rice in every dish of fruit. It will make the dish doubly delightful. It adds as much as a flaky crust adds to a berry shortcake.

The Quaker Oats Company

It supplies the bran, so essential to good health. The milk and wheat supply the vitamins—all three. Whole wheat and milk are two foods children should eat in plenty. Here they are made more inviting than they ever were before.

Think how tempting

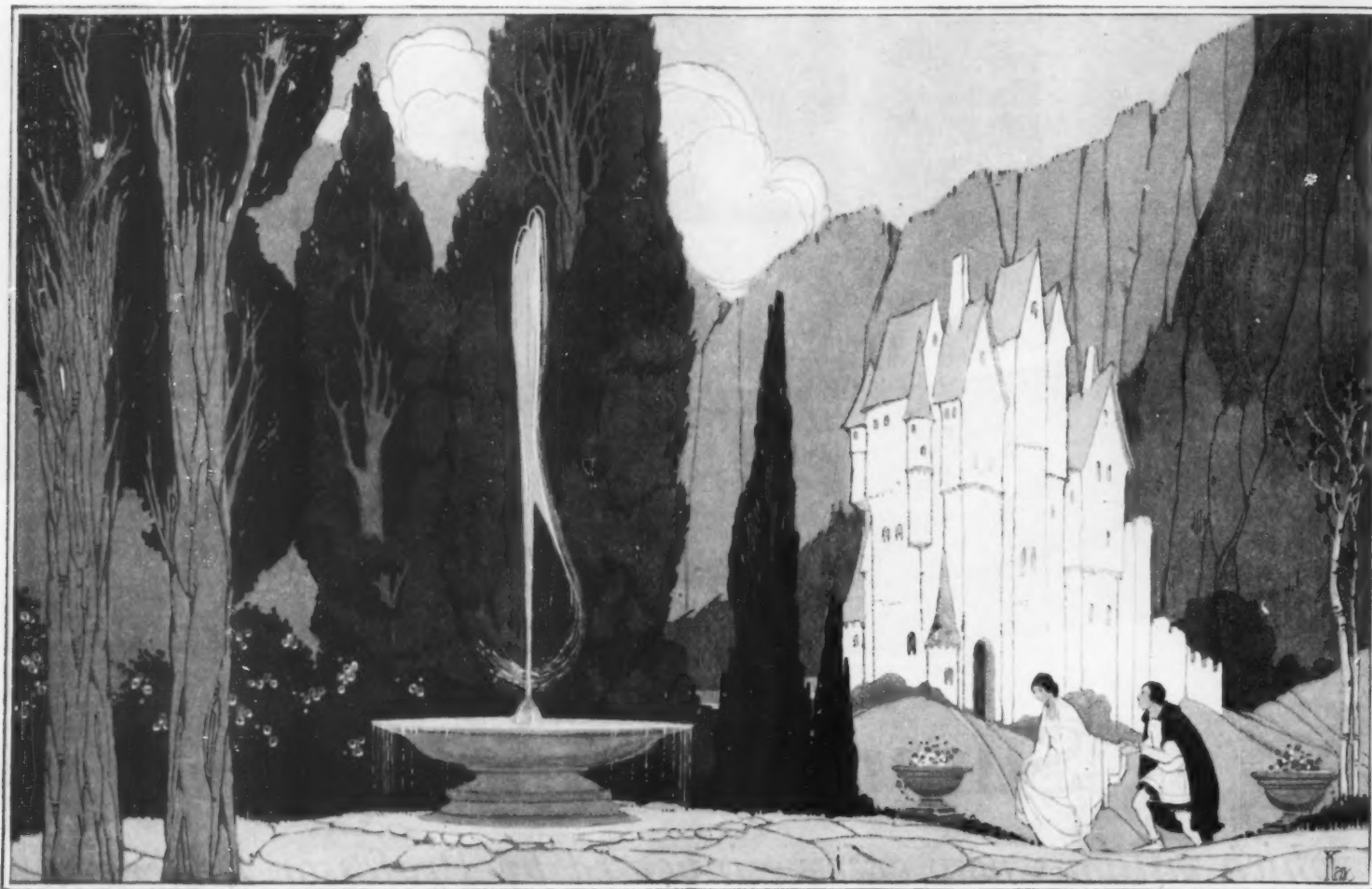
Think of wheat grains puffed to gigantic size, as flimsy as snowflakes, as flavory as nuts.

Have them ever handy. Serve for luncheons and suppers, between meals and at bedtime. If you think whole wheat and whole milk good for children, make them tempting in this ideal way.



Quaker
Puffed Rice

Mrs. Wilcox's Page



A Monthly Discussion of the Heart Problems of Women

COMPLAINTS about life as a failure in one way or another—as disappointing in happiness, as offering spiritual ideas which prove unattainable, as unfair in its distribution of material good—are common today. At least one antidote for the poison may be detected in the following items of dramatic human experience, and bits of modern life as it is lived intensively. It is common to them all, if sometimes written between the lines; it is simple enough; it is as old as the first code of conduct and as new as science.

Little Adventures In Living And Loving

Life often goes wrong for lack of the truth about it. The big thing needed to make life beautiful is—the truth; the truth about one's personal emotions as well as one's public deeds; the truth between human beings in two's, three's, thousands or millions.

Only a woman of leisure could find herself involved in the emotional mix-up outlined below:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox: Do most of us have more than one affinity of the opposite sex? More than one to whom we are drawn by an unexplainable attraction? To be definite, I am happily married and have three beautiful children. My husband and I are the best of pals. We seldom have differences of any kind.

Yet there are three other men to whom I feel an attraction which I cannot overcome, three fine men, who reciprocate the feeling. No word to that effect ever has passed between any one of them and me, but the smile, the expression and the handclasp convince me that the feeling is mutual.

I have chided myself for thinking of any one save my husband, feeling that I am over-sentimental. I have resolved never to think of another man again but the resolution fades when I meet any of the three.

I am not writing because I expect this matter to cause any domestic trouble nor because I expect to wreck anybody's life. There is no such possibility.

My husband, no one—except the men themselves—ever dreams that I have a thought for any one but my husband and family.

I am curious to know if my case is typical? Or am I simply letting myself be over-sentimental?—B. F. L.

THREE complexes combine in the normal love of the happily married: a physical, a mental and a third which relates to the family and the home.

A husband perhaps may continue to be actuated by all three but often the second does not exist and the third disappears.

A normal wife finds her satisfactions in all three, or in the third if the other two fail. A woman normally is exclusive—she may love three times in succession but seldom three men at a time.

Evidently the writer of the above letter diverges from type. She belongs to a class whose physical and psychical energy is not used up in the care of home and children. Thus her sex-instinct seeks fresh stimulus. Perhaps she could be described as over-sexed rather than over-sentimental.

WHAT kind of husband does a cave-man make? A recent paragraph concerning the senseless adoration some girls give to the cave-man produced a number of letters from wives who have failed to find durable qualities in cave-man love.

Loud Echo From the Primitive

Dear Mrs. Wilcox: The cave-man destroys his own charm. I married one, twenty-one years ago. He became a successful business man who spent seven thousand dollars or more annually to maintain his home and family properly.

Until prohibition came, he never took a drink; then to prove he was still a regular he-man, he defied the law and began to drink a little. Now he never is sober.

He has a pugnacious disposition, his original cave-man temper, I suppose, now out of control so that he is always ready to murder some of us.

I am middle-aged but worry has grayed my hair. Tears have ruined my good looks. My husband gives me no money, we live on thirty dollars a week earned by my two beautiful young daughters at an age when they should be in school. He says that rather than give me one penny, he will go to jail.

I am competent and industrious, but what business man would employ me if he could get an attractive flapper? Any one would hire my untrained and delicate daughters in preference to me.

I do not stand any better show than a convict released after twenty-one years in prison.

And this, girls, is the fate of the wife of a cave-man! —Distracted Mother.

Dear Mrs. Wilcox: After ten happy and contented years of married life, I see a distressing change in my adored husband. Sometimes he is his old dear self, and devoted to our child, but ordinarily he is absorbed in a young girl who makes her home with us. She openly encourages him, goes to his place of business, takes every opportunity to criticize me and to flatter him.

She is an orphan. I promised her dying mother to care for her and so I feel it is my duty to keep her.

I can bear it no longer but I shrink from disgracing my little daughter by leaving the daddy whom she adores.—B. L.

Flatter-Patter On Its Job

THE course is straight. Get the girl out of the house. A dead hand must not be permitted to rule a house to its destruction.

Send the girl away immediately; not for revenge, but because the environment is as unwholesome for her as it is for the man in whose mind no justice for a wife is possible so long as a young girl pursues him with her flatter-patter.

NO Judas betraying his brothers is the young man who contributes the following letter, but rather a student of sociology who believes the too-popular girl is entitled to a certain hard fact which only a man can give her.

Popularity Marked With Bargain Tag

Dear Mrs. Wilcox: In my three years at a university, I find that the average young man likes to go with two different types of girls at the same time. The type he is most interested in is the exclusive-minded who won't pet, the trustable kind he hopes some day to make his wife.

The other type is the fuser, the girl he likes to play around with, and who is nothing to him but a plaything. And why girls are willing to be playthings and fusers I cannot understand.

Some girls explain that they are a lot more popular since taking to petting. What do they mean by "popular?" Is it that more men date with them?

Well, here's how some of the dates are arranged:

A fellow has dated with a fuser several times. He gets tired of her. His friend also is tired of the fuser he is going with. They trade girls, and arrange dates for each other. In this manner the fuser is passed along from one man to another and they get rid of her.

And she imagines this is popularity!—G. L. D.

Amma Wilcox

TO CONSIDER love at any cost the ideal solution of life's enigmas is the fashion. If love fails to work the enchantments, is it wise to settle down to enduring a muddled existence? Once that was the only way. Today the affinity triangle may be worked out by sociology, psychology, eugenics and economics. Why not put your problem, big or little, to one who will try to show you a straight path? For a personal reply, send an addressed and stamped envelope. Address your letter to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.





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are easily kept fresh and colorful
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